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# The Guilford Collegian.

VOL. XI.

SEPTEMBER, 1898.

No. 1.

## THE SAME.

LUCILLE ARMFIELD.

I cried : " The soul desires the heights above,  
And ever nobler things our hearts beguile :  
To hear the nightingale, for many a mile  
He wanders, who has only heard the dove ;  
So we shall change and know no cause thereof.  
Now we must part, 'tis fate ; a little while  
Our sundered hearts will ache, then we shall smile  
To think again of our first, foolish love !  
Ah ! Many a cruel smile between us lies,  
And long, long years our lives have been estranged ;  
Our love is as a half-forgotten name.  
But yet last night I gazed into his eyes  
That sadly asked, " O, love, has thy heart changed ?"  
And mine replied, " It is the same, the same."

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## THE INFLUENCE OF THE PURITAN SPIRIT.

LYDIA N. WHITE.

In the fourteenth century, during the reign of Edward III., arose one of England's greatest reformers. He soon secured a large following, and with them set on foot a reformation, not only of the church, but, as a result of the movement, a reformation of English prose. Such is the importance of the life of Wyclif, the father of later English prose. To him who so much enlarged its value by his translation of the Bible, untold praise is due. He it was who set the stamp of literary genius upon a nation hitherto undeveloped and inexperienced. His adherents were the forerunners of the

Puritans of New England. During the reign of subsequent kings this spirit of reformation held its own, others following Wyclif as leaders.

At the beginning of the sixteenth century Henry VIII. was on the throne of England. A dispute having arisen between him and the Roman pontiff the king threw off his allegiance to the pontiff and declared himself the head of the church. In consequence of this the Church of England was established. Every one was expected to adhere to this church, and there was no greater crime than to disobey its precepts. But not even under these dogmatic teachers could it be supposed that all the people would allow themselves to remain under this most severe yoke. Almost immediately it was discovered that all were not of the same mind, and many of them would not consent to be subjected to so unjust a requirement, but they rebelled, crying for reform and more liberty. The church, however, would not listen to their plea. On the contrary, it subjected them to the most cruel persecutions.

As is natural in a change of administration there is also a change in the state of existing affairs. So when Queen Mary ultimately succeeded Henry VIII. the Church of England re-acknowledged its allegiance to Rome. But she, too, persecuted the Puritans, and many of them fled to Holland, where they could act with more freedom.

Elizabeth next occupied the throne, and she again tore the church from Rome, and endeavored to make the Church of England all in all, and in her efforts she declared that all her subjects should think alike, and should worship in no other way than in accordance with the ritual of the English church. It is needless to say that her efforts were not successful—she could not make her religion uniform. The Puritans without hesitation revolted against so arbitrary a rule, and though they did not intend to separate themselves entirely from the church, they were determined to secure a reform in accordance with their own views.

This party of revolvers was composed not only of the middle class, but many leading men, members of Parliament, were Puritans. They were found in almost every seat—in the universities and in the church.

The cruelty with which Elizabeth persecuted the Puritans is not to be compared with that undertaken by her successor, King James. In one of his interviews he was heard to say, "I will make them

conform or I will harrow them out of the land." But they would not conform, and after enduring many harsh oppressions they made plans in 1606 to flee from England. Several efforts were made, but they were at first withheld from any action. Finally they secretly embarked and entered Holland. Here they could have freedom of thought and they at once began to advocate their doctrines and to organize churches of their own. In this they were successful and their number was rapidly increased. They remained in Holland for eleven or twelve years, but at the end of that time they found their descendants were wandering. The country was too small for them, and fearing their church would soon be weakened, they cast about them for a home they could call their own, where they could worship. Where they could find such a home was the question which confronted them. Their minds were finally directed to America, and they at once decided to embark thither. After slight preparations they entered the "Speedwell" and with many hardships reached England. From Portsmouth they sailed for America on the "Mayflower," that flower that blooms in the heart of every American.

Who can picture the difficulties and hardships which this company of true-hearted, patriotic men and women must have endured? After spending sixty-four long days on water they touched land on the 19th of November, 1620. With great gladness and joy they first beheld Cape Cod on that bleak and wintry day, and with a feeling of thankfulness they lifted their hearts to God. But this was not their place of destination. After much wandering and perplexity they landed finally on the famous rock, which they called Plymouth, in honor of the port from which they had deserted Old England. They endured untold hunger, cold, sickness, and peril from savages. Still they kept up their faith, and, though half their number died within the first year, they always felt they had reason to thank God.

For what purpose was all this? Have all their sufferings been fruitless? A thousand times, No. From this little group of fanatics, for they were regarded as such, has sprung a nation unsurpassed in wealth of resources and in liberty of conscience and expression—a more God-loving people than which cannot be found.

To the Puritans we are indebted for the home-life we enjoy, for home, as we consider it now, was their creation. Had it not been or them doubtless we would not be so enrapt in the home circle—

we might be a people distant to each other as so many nations are. We have a description of the Puritan's home-life beautifully illustrated in Longfellow's characters of Miles Standish and Priscilla. Such a life may be an inspiration to many and we should never be regardless of the joy and pleasure to be attributed to them.

From our Puritan ancestors arose that poet, Milton, who is one of England's greatest, and were it not for whom we would now be in ignorance concerning great poets.

We should notice that before the Puritans left the ship they drew up a constitution by which they would be governed. This was a paper such as the world had never seen. It was a constitution formed by the people—the beginning of popular government. Who can imagine of what priceless value this silent influence has been to our nation? That deed, almost the first entered upon after our forefathers touched the North American shore, has echoed and re-echoed in the heart of every American since that day—we are a nation having a government of the people, by the people, for the people. The descendants of the Puritan spirit may rightly be proud of the fact that their ancestors not only gained for them freedom of religion, freedom of thought, but freedom of self, freedom of country. Thanks to them we are as we are, and God grant that our principles may ever be in unison with those of our forefathers, that we may never for a moment surrender our rights.

And, too, the Puritans did not bring with them the principles of the feudal system as practiced in England, neither any great wealth. And it was necessary that the land and property be divided—in short they were to be on an equality. Hence from them we can trace the equality that now exists among the people of America.

As we see the Puritans leaving England we at once recognize that it is for the sake of their religion—that they might worship God according to their own conscience. From whence has the greatness, the superiority, of our nation arisen but from within the hearts of the Puritans? It is an undisputed fact that we owe it largely to the spirit that ruled them, to that book, the Bible, from which they caught their inspiration, according to whose principles they moved and had their being. We are a Christian nation, a God-fearing people, and may we never fail to cherish as sacred the spirit which stimulated our Puritan forefathers, cherish their sentiments, extend their influence, in the full conviction that that is the happiest society which partakes in the highest degree of the mild and peaceful spirit of Christianity.



## A FLINTLOCK.

A Revolutionary or Flintlock gun is a curious thing. I have one. It is an heirloom. I don't know what that is, but that's what it (the gun) is any way.

It is sort o' like me. It is tall and slim, but it has a good stock and is stout—so am I. It is taller than I am now, but then, it is older. Perhaps when I am as old as it is now I will be 6 feet 6 in., too. The biggest difference between us is, that it is hollow and I am not. At any rate it is not best to tell me so to my face.

My grandfather fought with it. I don't see how he could, unless he was a very tall man; it was taller than he. But, then, patriotism fired his soul and enabled him to fire his gun. Oh! how he must have suffered—tramping thro' the rain and snow with inadequate (I found that word in the dictionary and can testify that it is all right) clothing, and all the time lugging that great hollow mechanism after him.

And yet, we speak of the Revolution and its heroes, as if they had done nothing. I would like to see a 5th Avenue dude carry a gun like that a mile. He would be fatigued before he had got it on his shoulder, and would go from one set of convulsions into another before you could tell where the last one ended, before he could make 10 feet.

Did you ever shoot a Flintlock. It is fun, I assure you. Its loading is a very elaborate operation (I also got that word out of the dictionary. I thank God every day for Webster's unabridged, for without it I could not get along) and requires attention to an infinite amount of detail. First you drop the gun butt upon the ground (taking care to have your toes out of the way). Then you pour a little powder down the barrel, then you make a spit-ball and ram it down with the ramrod that goes with each gun. Next you pour some shot in and ram down another spit-ball; then you are ready to kill something—only you must have some flint on the hammer.

Firing is an other elaborate (I could not find any other word that means what I mean, so I had to use it—I beg the reader's pardon for using the same word twice) operation. First you must see that your target, which may be a man, or a cat, or a rat, or a plank, or any other creature, is not above your head, for after you have taken careful aim and pulled the trigger nothing is attained save a

deal of exasperation, for your target, if it be alive, comes out on the end of the limb and makes faces at you. The gun fails to go off because the spark does not fall in the pan, and consequently the powder is not ignited. So to save your feelings be sure that your target is not above you. When your target is satisfactory take careful and deliberate aim—pull the trigger—bang! and you are turning double somersaults thro' the grass at the rate of about two a second, and when the smoke clears away your target is calmly and deliberately laughing at you, and in your rage and anger you fling a nineteen-jointed epithet at him and accompany the same with a brickbat which hits your target square on the head and your joy is full.

Then you fall to meditating and come to the conclusion that the gun's liver is out of order, because it is such a chronic kicker.

I think I have solved the mystery that nearly all the old settlers built their houses on the hills. You see if you build your house down in the valley and your enemy comes up on you you can't shoot him and he can shoot you, because a flintlock won't shoot up hill, so you are at a decided disadvantage. Whereas if your home is on a hill when your enemy comes you can shoot him and he can't shoot you—and then you don't have any enemy.

A Revolutionary gun is a very nice relic and looks very pretty with a red, white and blue ribbon tied around its neck, but when you want to kill a squirrel you had better take a brickbat, or a sling-shot, or a Winchester rifle, but don't take a flintlock.

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### A STRIKE.

It was the hour of midnight,  
And the clock in the old North tower  
Was striking for higher wages,  
An refused to strike the hour.

## FRANCES E. WILLARD.

RUTH M. WORTH.

‘Through the ages an unchanging purpose runs,  
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns ’

In the closing years of this nineteenth century, like an enthusiastic traveler scaling some Alpine height, we pause to look backward over the devious path of ascent. The backward glance shows that the directing of the progress has been largely through the life-work of individuals—in different departments and at different times.

Through the persistent thinking of the few, great strides have been made in science and men are beginning to realize that Nature’s forces are best ruled when obeyed. Others have been seers of moral and spiritual truth, and have been powerful instruments in dispelling spiritual darkness and in alleviating human suffering. To such benefactors, whether a Tyndale, an Edison, a Gladstone, a Moody or Miss Barton, we owe a debt of gratitude, which only deeds can express.

Among the greatest of the world’s workers Frances Elizabeth Willard has stood a peer. Her beautiful life began more than fifty-eight years ago in Churchville, N. Y. Mrs. Willard was not only a mother, but a friend to her children, and was always willing to enter in their work or play with an inspiring sympathy and enthusiasm. Her life was very closely linked with that of her daughter Frances, and it matters not what other forces were at work which resulted in such a wonderful career, a mother’s plans and prayers for her daughter’s highest development should not be forgotten.

As a little girl, our heroine lived on a Wisconsin farm. While there she was denied the pleasure of having many boys and girls as playmates, but in those bright, happy days on the prairie her physical development was untrammelled. She grew up in accordance with Nature’s law. Her mother’s plan was to let a girl grow as a tree grows. The result, as we know, was a woman tree-like in her beauty and strength of character. The birds and flowers became such dear friends to her that as she listened to the little songsters’ notes her heart was thrilled with gladness and the perfume from the blossoms wrought their sweetness in her life. In

after years, when the trials came and the shadows fell, the light from those sunny days would oft dispel the darkness.

In early life she began to realize the importance of always looking for the best in everybody, and in accordance with this idea the following verse from Emerson was chosen as a motto:

"I pray the prayer of Plato old,  
O! make me beautiful within;  
And may mine eyes the good behold,  
In everything save sin."

Perhaps another reason for choosing this is understood when we know that as a little girl she was quite homely, and feeling very bad about it she was determined to make up for it if possible by cultivating other graces of mind and person.

As she grew older the desire to know became the ruling force in her life. It was her mother's greatest desire that the children should be Christians. It was her next greatest that they should be educated. Her daughter Frances coöperated very heartily in this and made good use of her opportunities.

The college days at Oberlin and Evanston were filled with school-girl's pranks, hard work and serious thought. She was an exemplary student. Not satisfied with a superficial knowledge of any study, she was willing to delve deep that she might get the truth. In those days it was her recognized right to be first in everything in which she wished to lead.

Her religious life at this time was rather undecided. From her journal we know that often there was an intense yearning after God; there was a deep longing to know Him and be like Him; but when approached by those who wished to help her this young woman, who had doubts, would say, "I don't know; I am trying to find out." A little while after leaving college *she did find out*, and her life from that time was a demonstration of the same truth which she had once questioned.

After college days were over she taught for several years; then went abroad. On returning she accepted the position of dean in the Woman's College and Professor of Aesthetics in the Northwestern University.

She was a wonderful teacher. To her was given that power of imparting enthusiasm and inspiration to her students. No young person coming under the influence of her teaching left, to be the

same as if their life had not touched hers, for with that magnetic personality she impressed herself upon all with whom she associated.

As a disciplinarian she held that restraint should come from within, as truly as from without; consequently, while she was in authority the self-government system was adopted and very nobly did "her girls" prove that the trust of their teachers had not been misplaced.

After her successful work in the Northwestern University, five positions were open to her. She loved her school work and often there were bright visions of what the future would mean if she followed her chosen occupation. As she mingled with her pupils her heart was touched by the lack of high ideals in so many of their young lives, and a deep love for them stirred her often to speak of temperance in all things and to impress the necessity of purity in thought and action. She did much good in this sphere of life, but sometimes her quiet moments were filled with the thought that her life was selfish and narrow and she began to long for wider fields and greater freedom.

It was just about this time that the wonderful Woman's Crusade against Intemperance was started in Hillsboro, Ohio. Miss Willard was not in any way connected with the movement, but she became intensely interested in reading about it, for she recognized that the principles it embodied were those in which for so long she had thoroughly believed.

One of the crucial tests of her life came to her about this time. She knew that to follow as she felt her conscience was leading would mean the displeasure of friends and the most rigid self-denial in many respects. For a little while there was a conflict, a struggle, but soon a decision was made.

"Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide  
In the strife of truth with falsehood, for the good or evil side.  
Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each the bloom or blight,  
Parts the goats upon the left hand and the sheep upon the right;  
And the choice goes on forever, 'twixt that darkness and that light."

One day two letters came to Miss Willard. One was from the president of a young ladies' elegant college in New York, offering her a flattering position, good salary and congenial work. The other from Chicago was from a woman who felt that the little band of temperance workers in that city needed a leader. They offered



no salary, made no great promises, simply asked that Frances Willard come to act as the president of their local Woman's Christian Temperance Union. With characteristic earnestness and devotion to other people's good the offer which meant personal ease and popularity was promptly declined. The one which to all appearances meant just the opposite was joyfully accepted. This whole-souled woman then went into the work of the W. C. T. U. with a determination to put into it all of the knowledge from her experience and all of the force of her enthusiasm.

Of the hard battles of these early days she says: "Many a time I went without my noon-day lunch down town because I had no money with which to buy, and many a mile did I walk because I had not the requisite nickel for street-car riding. For several months I went on in this way and my life never had a happier season. For the first time I knew the gnawings of hunger, whereat I used to smile and say to myself as I elbowed my way among the wretched people to whom I was sent, 'I'm a better friend than you dream; I know more about you than you think, for, bless God, I'm hungry too.'"

That year Miss Willard was elected Corresponding Secretary of the National Womans' Christian Temperance Union, and became personally connected with the *Union Signal*. Soon began her appeals in legislative halls which taught her much of the political condition of her country. She was also an assistant of the great evangelist, Moody, and in writing to Mrs. Moody she says: "Mr. Moody views the temperance work from the standpoint of a revivalist. But to me as a woman there are other phases of it almost equally important to its success, viz, saving the children, teaching them never to drink, showing their mothers the duty of total abstinence, rousing a dead church and a torpid Sunday-school to its duty; spreading the facts concerning the iniquitous traffic far and wide, influencing legislation so that what is physically wrong and morally wrong shall not, on the statute books of a Christian land, be set down as legally right."

The movement broadened. There was something in the grand principles and lofty ideal which this organization exemplified that appealed very strongly to our brave women all over the land and soon in State and Territory the temperance work was thoroughly organized.

Miss Willard was made National President, and it became evident

to all that she was pre-eminently a leader. Some one has given as the secret of her power that she held in hand the hearts of all who followed.

In her abounding love to humanity she recognized no territorial boundaries. Her travels in every country were marked either by a beginning of better times or a revival of that which "makes for righteousness and peace."

The name of Frances E. Willard will go down in history as one who championed the temperance cause. But she lived and loved not only as a temperance reformer. The keynote to her life of service is found in her assertion, "Only the Golden Rule of Christ can bring the Golden Age of man." What she longed for, what she worked for, was the universal acceptance of the principles of this Golden Rule of Christ.

Her noble father was a son of the Puritans, descended from the best blood of Old and New England, a man of ability, culture, and character. Her mother was a woman of rare piety, of marked native refinement, and *uncommon* common sense. These imparted to their daughter high aspirations and noble ambitions and when she began to think herself the consciousness was forced upon her that every one is born into the world with a mission. She did not know what hers was, but when she made it the rule of her life to enter every open door she soon found herself the central figure of one of the most progressive organizations of the day. Public duties pressed continually, but there was time for her to show those "sweet little courtesies of life," which have so much to do in making up earth's brightness.

"A perfect woman, nobly planned,  
To warn, to comfort and command,  
And yet a spirit still and bright  
With something of an angel light."

As a daughter the friendship with her mother is beautiful to behold. As a sister, her love for Mary sweetened all her life. As a friend she was true as truth, faithful as faith. She herself says, "the real romance of my life is unguessed save by a trio of close friends. For the rest, I have been blessed by friendships rich, rare and varied, all lying within the temperate zone of a great heart's geography, which has been called cold because no Stanley has explored its tropical climate, and set down as wholly *island* because no adventurous Balboa has viewed its wide Pacific sea."

A few months ago when the message spread from pole to pole that Frances Willard was lying dead in a New York hotel, there came into many lives a strange, sad void.

There is rejoicing that now "our uncrowned queen" wears a diadem placed on her head by Him who knows how to rightly reward her.

Miss Willard is still acting and speaking through the lives of a vast multitude, who, catching an inspiration from her life, are living not for time but for eternity, and never until all things are understood will the good that she has done be realized.

"The Century  
With anxious thought,  
Among the beautiful and good  
Unwearied sought  
The type of perfect womanhood  
And gave us thee."



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*Exchanges.*  
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SEPTEMBER, 1898.

WE WISH to speak a word for our advertisers. In every case our advertisers will be found to be honorable business men and we are sure that it will be to the best interest of our students and subscribers to help patronize those who patronize us. We also wish to state that those of our old subscribers who are behind in their dues will confer a great and necessary favor upon us by sending a remittance *now*. We cannot continue the publication of the COLLEGIAN without funds.

## SALUTATORY ADDRESS.

It is customary each year for the staff to grievously bemoan the gods that have created them without the ability and the capacity to successfully enter upon the many and arduous duties of conducting the COLLEGIAN.

We feel very painfully that such an address is needed for the present staff more than for any other we have ever heard of, but as we lack the ability we regret that we cannot write the aforesaid salutatory address.

We hope and pray that we may be able to conduct the COLLEGIAN as well as our predecessors and will promise to strive with all our might to sustain the reputation which they have earned for the COLLEGIAN.

**IMPROVEMENTS.**

Never in the history of the College have there been such prospects for a prosperous year. Never have so many new students matriculated, and never have so many of the old ones come back. Archdale is full and running over, while King Hall and Founders—the girls' hall—have been taken possession of as temporary quarters by the incoming male students.

The Y. M. C. A. is being renovated and will furnish comfortable rooms for several young men. King Hall and Archdale have each been varnished and look quite gay in their new coats. The desks have also been varnished and the scars and rent of former years are quite well covered up.

The library has been greatly improved by the addition of several new books, and in fact the campus and buildings have been greatly improved.

The water supply being inadequate, pipes have been laid from a large spring about a mile from the campus and a hydraulic ram supplies an abundance of good, pure water to all the buildings.

Much has been added as a requirement of the Senior year, and several new professors are prepared to give thorough instruction in the old branches of learning.

We cannot but feel that with all these advantages the students will "forge ahead" and continue to reflect credit to the institution that has always "helped them that help themselves."

---

**WRITE.**

THE COLLEGIAN is the student's paper. It is published solely for him, and, we started to say, by him. Unfortunately this has not been the case. The student has had very little to do with it. It has been only by the use of an unlimited amount of persuasion and eloquence that he could be prevailed upon to write the article which he could so easily write.

This should not be the case. What is his he should feel interested in. It is needless to offer as an excuse lack of time or talents. The *time* spent at the store and the talents used in making some low sallie of wit, would if expended in the right direction make a first-class article. There is talent in the college. Plenty of it. You know it. You have it. Student! love your paper! Take inter-

est in its welfare—pride in its progress! Its progress is your progress! Can you afford to stand still!

There are several ways to help us. *Will you do it?* We know how you can help us most. We will tell you. *Write!* That's the first thing. Don't have us sending all over the country to Alumni and old students for articles. *Write them yourself.* What matter if they are not accepted. The time and effort expended on your article is not lost. You have gained experience and we will help you. *Write! Write!! Write!!!*

If you can't contribute a serious, solid essay, no matter. Write something else. We get too many essays anyway. Bacon gave the world enough. Write a poem; a good story; or simply relate some humorous incident that has come under your observation

This is not the only way to help us. "There are others!" Plenty of them! When anything happens around here tell the Local Editor. He may not have heard of it. Anyway, he'll thank you for the information. Perhaps you know something of interest of an old student, or have seen a bright piece in some college magazine. Let us know!

Students, love your paper! Honor your paper!! Support your paper!!! How can we succeed unless *you* help us? How can we get articles if *you* won't write? How can we get subscribers when you won't subscribe.

Give us your support and patronage and we will turn out a paper that will be an honor to old Guilford.

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### Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

To attend the Summer School of the Y. M. C. A., held at Asheville, N. C., each year is a privilege granted a few. There one comes in contact with the leading workers of the movement and with the representative men of the Southern colleges. At the last session of the Summer School there were delegates from fifty-one institutions, embracing every Southern State except Florida. And to hear the inspiring addresses of some of the most noted men in the country, who are connected with the work, and to enjoy the association of such a body of Christian young men is of untold benefit to the individual attendant.

From year to year the importance of the Summer School becomes more apparent from the results that issue from it. The difficulties

of each association are presented and are solved from the actual experience of other associations. One may read a pamphlet on a certain department of the work and however practical the suggestions are, it seems, in some degree theoretical, but when one hears an explanation from the lips of those who have actually solved the problem in their own association it becomes at once a reality and he sees the solution of the difficulty in the home association. No association can afford not to send one or more representatives to the Summer School, because the benefits received more than repay for the expense, provided the one sent has the welfare of his association at heart. At Guilford steps have already been taken to make the association mean more than it has formerly. More attention is to be paid to the weekly prayer meetings, both in preparation and in conserving the results. Classes in devotional Bible study are being formed and before this is in print they will be in working order. Without a doubt, daily Bible study among the members is the key to the success and progress of the association, and also the spiritual development of each individual member engaged in it.

The Thursday evening prayer-meeting at the Y. M. C. A. are largely attended this term and it is our purpose to make the meeting each week as attractive and as beneficial as possible.

#### RECEPTION.

The Young Men's Christian Association and the Young Women's Christian Temperance Union gave their annual reception Saturday night, August 27. An interesting program was rendered. Opened by devotional exercises of song, reading and prayer.

J. W. Lewis, President of the Y. M. C. A., welcomed both the new and old students in a brief but strong address. The Y. W. C. T. U. was represented by their President, Nellie L. Jones, who in an impressive manner spoke of the work of the Y's in the college.

President Hobbs in his usual pleasing manner welcomed all students to Guilford, especially calling their attention to the work of the Y. M. C. A. and other religious societies of the school. The Glee Club favored us with a song.

Each class of the College was represented by a speaker, who told of the greatness of each class. "On the Banks of Havannah" was then sung by C. D. Cowles and chorus.

A violin solo by Mr. Fred Watson, Mrs. Albright at piano, who always captivates his hearers, ended the program, which was followed by a general introducing of students. But the evening passed rapidly and the bell, which means "go," rang all too soon.

## REUNION OF THE CLASS OF 1897.

On Monday evening of last May the Freshman class of '89, the first organized class in the history of the College, held its reunion in Memorial Hall. This was the first time the class had formally met in nine years. The class numbered thirty members and though all were living at the time, only about twelve or fifteen were present at the reunion. Mrs. Lee S. Smith, formerly Miss Gertrude Smith, was the only female member present. A very interesting program had been prepared, but several of those whose names appeared on the list were absent, which detracted much from it, but perhaps this deficiency was supplied to some extent by the extemporaneous speeches.

W. P. Ragan, president of the class, welcomed the members with a short, but well directed, address. It was delivered in the style and filled with the humor characteristic of Mr. Ragan. Roland H. Hayes was expected to respond to this, but he being absent there was no response.

"Is Marriage a Failure" was the subject discussed by J. T. Matthews, familiarly known as Uncle Tommy. Mr. Matthews is acknowledged to be a man of rich experience in this line, hence the subject assigned him; and he "spake," too, "as one having authority." With quite a number of the members of the class marriage has been a success, but Uncle Tommy is a living witness to the fact that in one case, at least, marriage has been a decided failure for they say he has been courting ever since he was nine years old and is not married yet. Mr. Matthews' wit and humor never fails to amuse his hearers.

Mrs. Smith sang a solo, "Why don't you speak for yourself, John," which very appropriately followed Mr. Matthews' discourse.

F. W. Grabbs gave a short history of each member of the class since their separation in '89.

At the business meeting W. P. Ragan was re-elected president and Mrs. Smith secretary of the class. It was decided that the next reunion should be held at Guilford ten years hence. May the next meeting be as well attended and as successful as the one of '98.



## ATHLETICS.

No institution in our knowledge has such difficulties to overcome to send out a winning team in athletics, foot ball especially, as Guilford. Athletics here do not receive the support of the College, the student body and the alumni which they should, and to send out a winning team in both base ball and foot ball, as we did last year, is saying much for our institution. Since about half of our students are girls, that diminishes considerably the number from which we have to take our teams. Still enough would be left if the boys who are able would give us their support by being regularly on the athletic field in a suit instead of standing in the shade dressed in their *Whites* and *Yallors* looking at twelve or fifteen men trying to make a foot ball team, in whose victories or defeats they will share as much as any one else. Boys, don't let us have to suffer defeat this fall because you did not help. Your health demands daily exercise and nothing furnishes this needed exercise better than foot ball. So come out, boys, and help to make a team of whose record we will not be ashamed. We cannot afford to fall behind the record of last year. The material this year is one hundred per cent. better than it was last, and if we fail to have a good foot ball team this fall it can be laid to the non-support of the student body. It is true only a few of the team of '97 returned this year, but practically we have to work up a new team every fall, and what we have done before we can do again. With the support of every man in College, whether large or small, a strong team this year will insure a strong team next year. So, with the advancement being made at Guilford in other lines, let's keep pace with them even in athletics.

At the semi-annual meeting of the Athletic Association held the first Monday in the term the following officers were elected: President, L. L. Barbee; secretary, D. B. Hill; treasurer, W. W. Allen.

## LOCALS.

—Everybody *play* foot ball!

—New rule—Boys must not tease the *ram*.

—Everyone will admit that the Freshman is a *first-class* fellow.

—T. G. Pearson and Walter Blair were on the campus Aug. 22.

—Hurrah! Big school, largest in several years. Everything full.

—We have big men enough to clean up the Spaniards—playing foot ball.

—Mrs. Blair spent two weeks at Piedmont Springs during the summer.

—Eliot Stone spent the summer visiting in Scranton, Pa., and vicinity.

—Prof. W. W. Haviland was at the College several days during the summer.

—Mrs. Blair has been sick and unable to attend her classes for a week or so.

—Mr. George Barbee and family have moved into Mr. David White's house.

—Frank Johnson was at the College a few days during the summer. You know where.

—Mr. J. B. Griffin and family spent a portion of the summer at their old home, Woodland, N. C.

—There was a lawn party held at the College July 1st in the interest of the girl's day room.

—Blair, from Randolph, would like to be informed where the ram is which supplies Archdale with water.

—Sallie Edgerton Wiggs, of Wayne County, visited the College a few days ago for the first time in many years.

—John W. Lewis represented the College Association at the Y. M. C. A. Summer School at Asheville this summer.

—The reading room has recently been enlarged to make space for the library of the late Dr. Hartshorn, of Philadelphia.

—The COLLEGIAN extends a hearty welcome to both old and new students.

—A certain Junior wants to know if the battle between the Merimac and Monitor was not fought at Hampton's cross roads.

—A certain Freshie said in the Ancient History Class the other day that Rameses II. carried on war with the Whigs and Tories.

—V. L. Brown has been at the College all summer. He has been engaged in putting in the water works system.

—If you want it to rain at Guilford just call a meeting of the trustees. Their meeting on the 29th ult. brought a very good shower.

—Among the visitors present at the Y. M. C. A. reception were Messrs. Redding, Greenfield, Chas. Kerner, Pepper, Hooper, Gant and Snow.

—A temperance meeting was held in Memorial Hall at 7.30 P. M., August 25. Jacob Maule, of Ohio, addressed the students in a pointed speech.

—Founders' Hall was opened as a summer resort this vacation, and numerous guests from different parts of the country enjoyed old Guilford's justly celebrated hospitality.

—Leach to Prof. Wilson as he entered his room one night: "Prof., I know what'll paralyze you." Prof. Wilson: "What?" Leach in all earnestness: "A stroke of paralyism."

—Miss Lilly White was called home by a telegram which announced the serious illness of her mother a few days after school opened. We hope she may be able to return soon.

—Mr. L. M. Stewart, of Greensboro, has bought David White's place in front of Mr. Samuel Taylor's residence and is erecting a dwelling on it. We welcome all new comers to Guilford.

—A certain student wants to know if "vale! vale! sed non semper," doesn't mean, "you'd better get, Pa's coming." His best girl made the remark to him the other night, and he got—kicked.

—Joseph Purdie, from Matamoras, Mexico, will teach Spanish here this year. Now, with Latin, Greek, German, French and Spanish in the curriculum, no wonder King uses so many big words.



--What's the difference between a blackboard and a whitewashed wall? One is crow shaded (chrochettet) and the other nit.

--In addition to the numerous improvements that have appeared upon the campus during the summer why not have an electric light plant? It would save its cost in a few years, for oil can be stolen, but electricity—never.

--Prof. Woody and family have gone West. Mrs. Woody goes to Indiana and the Professor to the chair of History in the University at Wichita, Kan. Mrs. Moore and family will occupy the Woody residence.

Stone—"What is it you see at the seashore that you don't hear anywhere else except at a wedding?"

Billy the Kid—"Oh, I don't know."

Stone—"Belles peeling (bells pealing)."

--Subscribe for THE COLLEGIAN! It has been said that the man who refuses to subscribe for his college paper is mean enough—well, are you guilty? If you are you had better do penance by giving the business manager one dollar to pay for a year's subscription.

--The Sophomore and Junior classes have organized and elected the following officers: Sophomore—President, Thomas Hinton; Secretary, Emma King; Marshal, Fred Watson. Junior—President, Harold Taylor; Secretary, Nellie Taylor Jones; Marshal, Pinkney Groome.

## PERSONALS.

Lena Blair is detained at home this term.

✓ <sup>Charles</sup> C. W. Sapp is studying law with his brother at Asheboro.

Lena Freeman, '98, is spending the summer in Pennsylvania.

✓ <sup>John</sup> Jno. M. Greenfield will attend the State University this year.

✓ James Wray is now with Seabolt's Hardware Co., Winston, N. C.

✓ Emma Hammond, '94, is teaching in the Graded School of Asheboro.

✓ Ruth Blair will return to her school at Kernersville again this year.

- ✓ Anna Anderson, '98, will begin a school near here on September 5th.
- ✓ Geo. Fulp and Miss Rosa Griffith were united in marriage on June the first.
- ✓ Archibald Worth is in the service of the U. S. Hospital Corps, in Jacksonville, Fla.
- ✓ Frank S. English is going to Baltimore to study pharmacy.
- ✓ Cornelia Roberson goes to High Point this year as a teacher in the Graded School.
- ✓ Vernon Brown, '97, has gone to Mt. Airy to teach in the Graded School of that place.
- ✓ Mary Hare, a student here in '94-5, was married to Joseph Rabey on the 11th of May, 1898.
- ✓ T. O. Pearson has accepted a position as clerk with Kirkman & Company, grocers, of High Point.
- ✓ We learn with sadness of the recent death of Mrs. Sarah Woody Mann, an old student of the N. G. B. S.
- ✓ J. K. P. Idol, a student here in "the N. G. B. S. days," is now a practicing physician in Alden, Kansas.
- ✓ Ottis Mendenhall, '95, passed here recently on his way to Bridgewater, Va., where he takes a position as teacher in a school.
- ✓ Cecil Boren, of Guilford College, and Miss Ada McMichael, of Summerfield, once students of G. C., were married on June 28th.
- ✓ W. G. Frazier has taken a complete course in optics in New York, and is now in charge of the department of optics of W. B. Farrar's Son, of Greensboro.

## EXCHANGES.

In entering on this department the Exchange Editor, though he sees his incapability for the undertaking of such a task, desires to increase as much as possible the amount of interest given to the exchanges in our numerous college magazines, and he regrets to see so many prominent magazines do not have this department included within their publications. At the same time he is indebted to the many others, who, from time to time, have passed worthy and just criticisms on our publication. It will be the purpose of the present editor, from an unprejudiced standpoint, to pass criticism on any article he may see fit, and give due credit to the editors who strive so hard to make their magazines attractive.

The *State Normal Magazine* is up to its usual standard of excellence, and the "Ode to the Tree" is a good production.

*The Reveille*, for June, has a poem, "For Humanity's Sake," which is very expressive.

In the *Central Collegian* may be found a very nice little poem, "Bottled Sunshine."

The "Ode to the Closing Century," in the *Georgetown College Journal*, is a very fine production.

The *Carolina University Magazine* ranks among the first of our exchanges, and reflects much credit upon that institution.

Among the numerous other magazines which we are not permitted to comment upon for want of space, are *The Usurinus Bulletin*, *The Crucible*, *The Crescent*, *The Earlhamite*, *The Haverfordian*, and many others.

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Statistics from sixty-seven colleges in thirty-seven States show that foot ball men stand one-half per cent. higher in their studies than the average of the whole college.—*Ex.*

One reason why "it pays to be honest" is because there is less competition along that line.

Yale has 35 women in her graduate department.

## THE IRONY OF FATE.

The quarterback, in accents low,  
 Was bidding his love good night;  
 The ground was covered with ice and snow,  
 The moon was shining bright.

He'd been spinning his foot ball yarns to her,  
 Trying to teach her the game,  
 But more than all to impress on her  
 As a quarterback his fame.

Alas ! As he started down the steps,  
 He slipped and howled with pain;  
 But she called out, with taunting laugh,  
 First down, two feet to gain."

—*Pardue Exponent.*

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 DIRECTORY.
 

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## HENRY CLAY SOCIETY.

*President.*—L. L. Barbee.  
*Secretary.*—C. D. Cowles.

## WEBSTERIAN SOCIETY.

*President.*—Jno. W. Lewis.  
*Secretary.*—B. W. Leavitt.

## Y. M. C. A.

*President.*—J. W. Lewis  
*Secretary.*—Harry Daniels.

## Y. W. C. T. U.

*President.*—Nellie L. Jones.  
*Secretary.*—Pearl Lindley.

## PHILAGOREAN SOCIETY.

*President.*—Emma King.  
*Secretary.*—Ocia Redding.

## FOOT BALL TEAM.

*Captain.*—Jesse Armfield.  
*Manager.*—J. W. Lewis.

## Y. P. S. C. E.

*President.*—J. W. Lewis.  
*Secretary.*— ———.

## ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

*President.*—L. L. Barbee.  
*Secretary.*—D. B. Hill.



**A**NNOUNCEMENT.—I am pleased to announce to the students and friends of Guilford College that Mr. W. G. Frasier, a former student, has just returned from New York where he graduated in optics under Dr. Julius King, a celebrated oculist of that city.

Mr. Frasier is now in charge of the Optical Department of my business and will be pleased to serve those suffering with defective vision.

EXAMINATION FREE.

**W. B. FARRAR'S SON, Jeweler and Optician,** GREENSBORO, N. C.  
 Established in 1868.

# The Guilford Collegian.

VOL. XI.

OCTOBER, 1898.

NO. 2.

## GOOD MANNERS NECESSARY TO TRUE SUCCESS.

“ADOLPHUS.”

“It is the bearing of a man toward his fellows which oftentimes, more than any other circumstance, promotes or obstructs his advancement in life. Among the many good qualities of mind and heart absolutely necessary for a merchant to insure worldly success, there is no one the importance of which is more real, yet which at this day is so generally underrated by many of our business men, clerks and salesmen, as courtesy—that feeling of kindness, dignity and love for our fellows, which expresses itself in pleasing manners. It is an undeniable fact that many of us are unfortunate in not being the happy possessors by nature of this desirable and charming quality, good manners. For all such it is an imperative duty to study, to cultivate and improve themselves in this qualification, by keeping a vigilant and watchful care over their actions and transactions in everyday life with their fellow beings. History is crowded with examples showing that, as in literature, it is the delicate, indefinable charm of style, not the thought which makes the work immortal.

Emerson says: “Give a boy address and accomplishments and you give him the mastery of palaces and fortunes wherever he goes; he has not the trouble of earning or owning them; they solicit him to enter and possess. Among strangers a good manner is the best letter of recommendation, for a great deal depends upon first impressions, and these are favorable or unfavorable according to a man’s bearing, as he is polite or awkward, shy or self-possessed. Manners, in fact, are minor morals, and a rude man is generally assumed to be a bad man.”

Lord Chesterfield wrote to his son: “You had better return a dropped fan genteely than give a thousand pounds awkwardly; and you had better refuse a favor gracefully than to grant it clumsily.

All your Greek can never advance you from Secretary to Envoy, or from Envoy to Ambassador, but your address, your air, your manner, if good, may."

When we come to look into the history, past and present, of some of our best and most successful business men of the present day we find that nine out of ten are men of pleasing manners, and that they owe in a great measure their success in life to this important trait of character, for by it they have made friends and customers, though they may not have had a dollar of capital to commence life with. Their good manners and pleasing address made capital for them, or brought it to them. As Chesterfield said of the Duke of Marlborough, "His charming manner often changed an enemy into a friend, and to be denied a favor by him was more pleasing than to receive one from another man." A charming manner not only enhances personal beauty, but hides ugliness and makes even plainness agreeable.

It is said that the ugliest Frenchman that ever lived was Mirabeau, yet his manner was bewitching and fascinating, his language finished and elegant, his public harangues from the Tribune were sublime and powerful.

These marked and striking illustrations from history, showing as they do the effect and power of good manners and pleasing address, should create within every one fresh incentives after greater improvement in these desirable respects. A true gentleman is recognized by his regard for the rights and feelings of others, even in matters the most trivial. In society he is quiet, easy, unobtrusive, putting on no airs, nor hinting by word or manner that he deems himself better, wiser or richer than any one about him. He is never "stuck up," nor looks down upon others because they have not titles, honors, or social position equal to his own. He prefers to act rather than to talk, to be rather than to seem; is distinguished by his quick perception of and prompt attention to those little things that may cause pleasure or pain to others. Honesty of purpose, frankness and cordiality mark all his intercourse with his fellows, and however high his station the humblest man feels instantly at ease in his presence. Almost every man can recall cases within his knowledge where pleasing manners have made the fortunes of lawyers, doctors, divines, merchants and, in short, men in every walk of life. Lord Raleigh's politeness and regard for Queen Elizabeth were so great that he flung down his laced coat into the mud for her to walk on, and got for his reward a proud queen's favor.



These instances from history might be almost indefinitely multiplied, but knowing full well, as we do, that we all have a mission to perform in this world, and if we are deficient in any one respect calculated to retard our successful progress in life, it is our duty to overcome the imperfection with all our might, because it is our duty, our enjoyment, or the necessity of our being. Remember that the battle of life is one of continual warfare, both spiritual and temporal. The talents which God has given us, whether they be many or few, we are responsible for their wise employment. If you cannot do all you wish, you can at least do your best, and, as Dr. Arnold says, "If there be one thing on earth which is truly admirable, it is to see God's wisdom blessing an inferiority of natural powers, when they have been honestly, truly and zealously cultivated. Life's battle cannot be fought by proxy; you must be your own helper; you must be laborious, earnest, watchful and vigilant; and if you do not win success, you will have done the next best thing, you will have deserved it."

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## THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

E. K. STONE.

This is the age of progress. Knowledge has stretched forth her hand in every direction. Steam has revolutionized the world. The iron horse roams the plains and climbs the mountains, carrying the traffic of a continent, where a few years since the bones of settlers marked the lonely way.

Electricity has been mastered and is under man's control. It flashes our messages from place to place; it lights our cities and drives our machinery. By its miraculous powers the wonderful X Rays are produced, which enable us to see thro' substances thought hitherto opaque.

The housewife no longer toils her weary way with thread and needle—the sewing machine is at her service. The negro no longer patiently plucks the seeds from the feathery down, but runs it thro' the cotton-gin.

The breechloader and torpedo have taken the place of the flint-

lock and the cannon, while swift, armored battleships roam the seas, where a few years since only a few high-decked wooden vessels were found.

Schools or colleges have been established in nearly every district, and superstition is fast giving way to common sense. In our fathers time the inventor of the telephone or phonograph would have been accused of being in direct communication with the "Father of Evil," while now the invention of a flying machine would occasion no surprise or comment.

It is the age of Liberty. Nations have broken the shackles of tyranny and despotism. At the commencement of the Nineteenth Century our country was free, while other nations were heroically struggling for that independence which they have since obtained.

Great has been the progress made in Government, in Society, in Science. But greater has been the progress made in Literature and Art. "Old forms have been expanded, new ones created." Authors and painters have ceased to draw their inspiration from the classics. Modern thought and modern problems are the fountains from which they freely drink.

The printing press is scattering literature broadcast thro'out the country. Books are being published with remarkable rapidity, while the newspaper daily sends out its million sheets, that bind together the people of a nation.

Periodicals, weekly and monthly, deluge our country with a flood of literature.

Foremost among the latter stands the American magazine—the nursling of the Nineteenth Century, but not its child. It is a modification or particular kind of periodical and is the offspring of those earlier productions which sprang up in England about the beginning of the Eighteenth century.

These were founded by such men as Defoe, Addison, Swift and Steele, and had a great influence over the political, financial and moral affairs of England. To the modern reader these would seem rather dry matter, but we must consider that they appeared at a time when the reaction from the Puritan severity was fast setting in. Men and women were becoming tired of long, serious faces and no pleasures, and in breaking away from the *regime* gave themselves up to the most profligate licentiousness.

But it was not until 1731 that the first magazine proper was published. This was not much in advance of its predecessors, contain-



ing only a few book reviews and essays, but it was closely followed by others, some of which exist to this day.

Benjamin Franklin is intimately connected with the growth of the magazine in America. It was in 1741 that he began the publication of the *General Magazine and Historical Chronicle*, the first magazine in this country. This unfortunately failed after running thro' a few issues and was followed by the *American Magazine*, which met with the same fate. Notwithstanding, he deserves great honor from the American people as the pioneer of American magazine publishers and as the inventor of newspaper advertising.

Since this time magazines have sprung up with marvelous rapidity. Where a few years ago they were counted by the dozen, they are counted by the scores.

And the improvement has been made not only in numbers, but in quality. They are no longer the scavengers of literature, but the cool, refreshing springs. They occupy a field as broad as literature itself. There are magazines devoted to every calling in life.

The best thoughts of the world's great thinkers, the cream of her poets, are found first in the columns of the magazine. For them the writer weaves his most charming romance; the artist draws his most beautiful pictures; the scientist toils to make clear the labyrinths of science, while the editor and politician strive to elucidate the problems of the day.

A few years ago Harpers, Century and Scribners held their places without rivals, in America or in Europe. But there was one drawback to their usefulness and influence. This was the price—25 and 35 cents per copy. But new magazines were constantly springing up, and as rapidly working their way from fifth and sixth to second and third places. With increased competition came new demands. Publishers found it necessary to fill their pages with spicier jokes, more fascinating stories, more beautiful illustrations. Each strove to outdo the other. At last the inevitable happened. The price was reduced. *The Cosmopolitan* was the first to take this step, when it was offered on the newstands for 12½ cents per copy. This was soon lowered and now a very good magazine can be purchased for a carfare.

Since the reduction in price the readers of the magazine have not been limited to the rich, the educated and the refined, but are drawn from all classes and conditions of men. The laboring man

and messenger boy read them with the same zest as the Wall street banker and millionaire lobbyist.

The dime novel has seen its best days. It is doomed. Its tendency is to ruin; the magazine to build up. The cheap novel saps the minds of our young man and womanhood with its pernicious literature; the magazine fills their minds with nobler thoughts and higher aspirations.

The day of the orator is passed. His power and prestige have declined. He can no longer throw flowery dust into the people's eyes. They *will* not be blinded by eloquence. They *will* know the causes and reasons for action and will hold the orator responsible for them. The people may thus be blinded for a short time, but the calm, cool, logical utterances of the magazine will eventually prevail.

In the political world the magazine wields the greatest influence. Legi lators seek to enlist the sympathies of the magazines, while voters depend upon them for their knowledge in political affairs.

The magazine is also one of the foremost educators of the day. Question after question has been brought before the people, ably discussed, pro and con, and decided. Many a famous scholar has had his mind first awakened by some article in the magazine, while the historical novels constantly appearing in one or the other of the innumerable productions create in one a thirst for history which can only be satisfied by deep draughts from the sparkling springs of Cleo.

Not content with the educational advantages derived from their columns, the magazines have become philanthropists and have established schools and colleges, where the youth of our land may be educated without cost. Scientific expeditions have been fitted out at their expense and vast researches made at their instigation.

This is the age when genius is recognized. The poet no longer starves in some lonely garret, the author no longer goes unrecompensed and the funny-man no longer ceases to smile because his joke is a drug on the market. Hundreds, aye thousands, of dollars are paid authors for a single romance. Thus encouraged, authors do their best, which accounts in no small degree for the otherwise unaccountable number of first-class story writers.

There is, however, one disadvantage in the liberality with which magazines pay their contributors; when once an author has made his

reputation anything he may write, whether it be worthy of his name or not, and in this way many a poor story has been read when a better one could have been written.

The American magazine compares favorably with any one on the face of the globe. Even England, with all her great and boasted achievements in this line, does not surpass our best in quantity or quality.

The progress that has been made in Religion, in Science, in Literature, in Art, has been closely connected with that of the magazine. It has stood for liberty and the advancement of mankind at every point. It has been a paper "of the people, for the people and by the people." It has stood loyally for American interests at home and abroad and has done more than any one agency to make this land of the free and this home of the brave the richest and most powerful nation of the earth.

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### ANSWERED.

Are you related to the Woods?

The maiden sweetly cried.

O no! indeed, how *would* I be?

The punster quick replied.

## THE GUILFORD COLLEGIAN.

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## EDITORS.

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J. W. LEWIS, '99.*Locals.*  
R. C. WILLIS, '01.

W. W. ALLEN, '99.

*Henry Clay.*  
E. K. STONE, '00.*Exchanges.*  
C. D. COWLES, '00.*BUSINESS MANAGERS.*  
R. N. KING, '01.*Philagorean.*  
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OCTOBER, 1898.

"The devil always pays his dues." We wish some of our old subscribers would.

## A JOINT DEBATE.

Joint debates between the Henry Clay and Websterian Societies used to be quite common occurrences, but for the last few years they have spent themselves in agitation.

We do not know why this is, as the debates always redounded to the honor of the two Societies—the Society winning scarcely claiming more honor than the other.

There is some agitation going on now. Let it not stop there. Let the good work go on, and let the old joint debate be a thing of the past no longer.

Oratory is not dead yet, for all the essays by learned Seniors to the contrary. Men still love to hear the cool logical tones of the orator. If this is not the case, why do people walk miles to hear a Bryan or a Moody. Altho' Guilford cannot boast of orators like these, she has some of whom she need not be ashamed.

The College is the orator's "athletic field," his training ground. It is there in the Societies that he is nourished and made strong.

And in the joint debate he is made twice as strong; then not only his self-pride, but his patriotism for his society is appealed to, and he throws himself into his labor with all the energy of which he is capable.

The result is a debate of which the contestants, the Societies and the College are justified in being proud of, and, in popular words, "It's a good thing; push it along."

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#### THE CHRISTIAN IN COLLEGE.

There is no place in the world where a Christian can be a Christian to such advantage as in the college. There he is associated with young people in the turning point of their lives, with people who are trying to follow "in His steps," and those who are or have started on the downward journey; but, at any rate, with young people whom he can encourage and inspire.

To be a Christian means a good deal to the Christian and to his comrades. He is closely watched; a narrow path is established for him to walk in, and if he stumbles many note his fall. But it means a good deal. His influence tells consciously or unconsciously; his daily actions have their effect in the character of his comrades. He becomes a part of their lives.

It is true, also, that a Christian has no better opportunity to do good than in the college. Nowhere is he treated with such respect when expounding the glorious Gospel of Christ, and nowhere are his words more heeded and accepted.

Surrounding him is a sympathetic crowd of companions, under the same general influences. The Y. M. C. A. and C. E. stretch out their welcome hands and everywhere friends beckon him onward to a nobler life.

The cry of the age is for Christians. The college is the arena where the Christian gladiators are trained to combat the evils of life.

Be a Christian in college and the world will find a Christian in you.

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#### THE FOUR CLASSES.

It is commonly supposed that there are only four classes in the College—viz., the Freshman, Sophomore, Junior and Senior Classes.

This is correct, as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough.



There are four others which, altho' they are not commonly considered, play quite a prominent part in the college life. They are the natural classes in which each student *unconsciously* places himself. Nevertheless, he does place himself in one or the other of these classes; and his comrades know it, whether he does or not.

These four classes are the *Student*, the *Crammer*, the *Bluffer* and the *Flunker*. To the first class belongs the patient, toiling plodder. He is scarcely ever a genius; his merits are not recognized, but "he conquers all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things," and conquers in the end.

The *Crammer* needs no description. His indolence and "I-don't-careness," until about a week or two from examination, when he crams himself for all he is worth (which isn't much), is familiar to all.

The *Bluffer* "knows that he knows not," but tries to conceal the fact from his teacher. His efforts generally fail, and even when he does manage to fool his teachers, his fellow students, know him.

And the *Flunker*. Well, perhaps the least said of him the better.

Of the last two it is hard to tell which is the most contemptible. It all depends on the way one looks at it. One who hates a hypocrite and a liar would probably give the bluffer first place, while one who despises pure and undefiled laziness would place the bluffer as the one most worthy of contempt.

The Flunker, at least, is honest, and let us give him credit wherever we can, for he needs it. He don't know and he don't care. The Bluffer don't, either, but he tries to cover up his ignorance with a coat of profoundness. But, at the same time, the Bluffer is ashamed of himself (which the Flunker is not), which is certainly a credit to the Bluffer.

But, whichever is the most contemptible matters little. They are both bad enough, as is also the Crammer.

If *you* belong to either of *these classes* it would be the best thing to work your way out, and thus win the esteem and respect of all self-respecting students.

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#### WHY SHOULD IT BE THUS?

In every college community the literary societies ought to be and are very important things. At this institution there are two classes of students in reference to the societies. The same may be said of



almost all institutions. The first class are those who realize the importance and value of the work done by the literary societies and also the opportunity given for the development of the latent talents which it is the object of these organizations to cultivate. This class is always in the minority, but upon them the college depends for the vitality of the student life.

Then, there is the class, some of whom are members of one of the societies and some are not, which put a very low estimate upon the value of the work done by the societies and of their worth to the college. This class cannot be depended upon for anything that is for the best and highest interest of the societies and college life. They do not realize that the societies have a standard to uphold and that they are to help uphold it or lower it, and that the opportunities given for training their neglected powers are being passed unheeded and unimproved. With the advantages given by the societies at Guilford for thorough work, it is folly for a student to remain here a term without connecting himself with one of them and making good use of his time and opportunities.

Some students, when asked to become a member for a society, decline to do so, giving as an excuse that they cannot make a speech. For that very reason he should be a member and the writer has pity on such a person who is so blind and narrow as not to see and comprehend the primary object of a literary society. Those who give such an excuse have never spoken on their feet in their lives, or if they have, their experience is limited to one time, and because they could not speak with the composure of a trained orator the first time they concluded that it was useless to make a second effort, so they speak truthfully when they say that they cannot make a speech; but we can all learn.

Composure and fluency in public speaking comes only by practice, and many cases by determined effort on the part of the ambitious young orator. And right in the literary society before your fellow-students is the place to acquire these things, where you may correct your faults, profiting by your own experience and by the experience of others who are going through the same mill with you.

Do not wait until you are out of reach of these favorable advantages to try to cultivate the art of speaking in public, for you may be called upon later and unexpectedly, and if you have failed to acquire the art your experience will be keener and more trying than it would have been earlier in life. One's college days is the

time to develop these talents, and compulsory membership in one of the societies of every student in or above the Freshman Class would not be much out of the way.

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"WE TOLD YOU SO!"

In our last issue, in an article entitled "Write," we requested every student to write something for THE COLLEGIAN, giving various reasons why they should do so, and added that we would help them.

To prove this last statement, we have decided to make the following offer: We will give a first-class tennis racquet to the student who submits to us the best article on or before December 1, 1898, subject to the following rules and restrictions:

First. Each article must be signed by the full name of writer, accompanied by the words "Prize Contest."

Second. Each article must be of not less than 800 or more than 4,000 words.

Third. Junior orations and articles written according to the rules of the Societies will not be accepted.

Fourth. Each contestant must consign, wholly and unreservedly, the right to publish any article, whether it be a winner of a prize or not.

Fifth. Every student, save members of the staff and Senior Class, is invited to participate in this contest.

Sixth. No article will be accepted after December 1, 1898, when as soon after that date as possible, we will make an unprejudiced opinion.

Everyone cannot win this prize, but all can try. *Student!* make the effort, and you will find that by December 1 you are well repaid. The benefit in writing an article cannot be estimated in dollars and cents. It cannot be estimated at all; but the *writer* is never a *loser*.

## ATHLETICS.

We were disappointed this year in not having a coach for the foot-ball team, for two or three weeks at least, and considering this fact, the work done in foot-ball this season is very creditable for Guilford. Our first game with the University team showed that we had the muscle and grit for a good foot ball team, but not the training. The Athletic Association here is so handicapped financially that we cannot provide proper equipments for the team, and to pay a man to coach our team is out of the question. Mr. Joel Whitaker, who trained our boys for a few weeks last year, had promised to do so again this year for his bare expenses, but unavoidably he could not be with us, so we were thus without hopes of getting a trainer, for there are so few men in this part of the country who can be had for such work, because they are not fitted.

So, considering the circumstances surrounding our team and that of the University, we have nothing to be ashamed of in the score made on October 1st. We have no coach, they have; we have only about thirty boys who can be induced to put on a foot-ball suite during the whole season, they have at least a hundred; their team is thoroughly equipped and ours is not. And from the fact that we have so few who play foot-ball, there is hardly any competition for a position on the first team and this lessens the stimulus for hard work on the part of those who compose the first eleven.

At the same time, Guilford claims to have the second best college or school team in the State, and if disputed by any we are ready to prove our claims on the gridiron.

The games in prospect for the season are with Oak Ridge, Bingham School at Mebane, and Bingham School at Asheville, Clemson College, S. C., which claims the championship of South Carolina, V. P. I., of Blacksburg, Va., and the A & M. College of Raleigh; and at the end of the season we mean to have a good string of scalps hanging to our belt.

## THE GAME.

On Saturday, October 1st, the first foot-ball game of the season was played with the University team at Chapel Hill. The day was a fine one and quite a large crowd was in attendance. The game was called promptly at 2 o'clock, with the teams lined up as follows:

GUILFORD.	POSITION.	U. N. C.
Moiar.....	R. E.....	Klutz
Fox.....	R. T.....	Bennett
Farlow.....	R. G.....	Cromartie
Bennet.....	C.....	Cunningham
Foust.....	L. G.....	Miller
Joyner.....	L. T.....	McIver
Lewis.....	L. E.....	Tate
Cowles.....	Q. B.....	Rogers, Captain
Taylor.....	R. H. B.....	Gregory, Buxton
Armfield, Captain.....	L. H. B.....	Howell, Copeland
Daniels.....	F. B.....	Graves
Substitutes—For Guilford, Fox, Hill, Groome.		
Referee—Dr. Charles Baskerville.		
Umpire—Prof. R. N. Wilson.		

Guilford wins toss and chooses west goal and kicks off.

FIRST HALF—This is characterized mostly by fumbles and off-side plays. The principal gains are Gregory, 27 yards; Taylor, 17, and Howell, 13.

Time up, ball in Carolina's territory on 35-yard line.

Score—Guilford, 0; U. N. C., 0.

SECOND HALF—Buxton relieves Gregory at R. H. B., U. N. C. kicks off. In this half Howell makes three good runs around ends, longest run 60 yards. U. N. C. scores a touchdown at end of 3 minutes, another at 9½ minutes and third at end of 14½ minutes. Goal kicked each time by Graves.

Score—Guilford, 0; U. N. C., 18.

In this connection we would like to mention the kindness and courtesy shown to Guilford's team while at Chapel Hill. We hope to make arrangements for another game before the season's close.

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## Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

OUR HOME.—One of the most attractive of the six buildings on our campus is the one of the Young Men's Christian Association. The location of this is perhaps the most desirable of any of the group. Large, substantially built, and well lighted, this building affords an excellent home for our Association. The upper story is occupied by students. On the lower floor is the spacious room of the Y. M. C. A. Here, every Thursday evening, immediately after supper, the young men of the Institution gather for prayer

and a religious service of one hour. The committee intend to make from time to time, such improvements in the hall as they think advisable. This room is indeed a serviceable and comfortable one for work of this nature.

OUR MEETINGS.—Very gratifying it is to see so much interest taken in our work, and such a spirit manifested by those students who have come among us this term for the first time.

The meetings so far have been elevating and instructive, and seem to have been appreciated by the large number of young men attending them. These meetings, coming as they do in the middle of the week, are a source of much benefit to us all. Here it is that we come to know that we are interested in each other's welfare, both spiritual and temporal.

Careful, thoughtful and prayerful preparation on the part of the leader for each week, personal invitation of new students to the services, the conscientious performance of our duties during the meeting, and the striving to obtain good results through the influence of these meetings and through the daily life of our members, will serve to develop our association to its fullest usefulness.

OUR CLASS IN BIBLE STUDY.—There has recently been formed under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. a class of about thirteen young men, for the daily systematic study of the Bible. The text books used in this course are "The Harmony of the Gospels," by Stevens and Burton, and "Studies in the Life of Christ," by Sharman. We feel that in the formation of this class, a long-desired and much-needed deficiency has been supplied. The banding together of these young men portends to be a power for good in our Association. By this act, they have laid for themselves corner stones of the characters which it is their intention to build.

They seem to realize that a college is, of all places, the most proper and necessary place to make thorough preparation for their future advancement and success in life.

The members of this class feel so absolutely sure of the good results to be obtained from this, that they are able to comprehend the fact that, though success along this line may not be apparent at present, yet rich blessings are sure to result in the future. This prayerful study of the Bible for twenty or thirty minutes each day, with a recitation of an hour on Sunday morning, conducted by the leader of the class, bids fair to be a great impetus to the work of the Y. M. C. A. here.



## LOCALS.

- One of the College horses died recently.
- There was a social at Founders September 3d.
- Oscar Moffitt, '97, was on the campus October 3.
- Herbert Petty was on the campus September 16th.
- An addition has been erected to the girls' cottages.
- Ask George Roberson about that widow in Greensboro.
- The hydraulic ram has become the *butt* of the community.
- The Juniors are bemoaning that they have to write orations.
- Miss Mamie Jones has gone on a visit to Indianapolis, Ind.
- French Hunter has returned to school after a prolonged illness.
- Will Hedrick has been at home several days on account of sickness.
- The Juniors cry with great glee: "Oh! to be nothing, nothing" ('oo).
- For information about apples and bullet-proof clothing call on Palmer.
- Some old books and magazines have been recently rebound for the library.
- Gurney Knight has been out of school several days on account of a bicycle accident.
- Mr. Moore is at home from Raleigh, where he has been critically ill with the fever.
- Miss Ada Field was at the College Sunday, October 2, on her way to Bryn Mawr College.
- Lister Jones, Thomas Hinton and Bernard Leavitt were home on account of sickness. We are glad to see them on the campus again.
- Willard Tomlinson, of Durham, an old student, was on the campus several days recently.
- Miss Mary Petty, of the Normal and Industrial College, was at the college Sunday, October 2.



--Pearl Lindley has been to Baltimore to have her eyes treated. Calvin wasn't lonesome. Oh, no!

--Mr. and Mrs. Dalton, of Winston, were on the campus several days recently on a visit to their son.

--Ed Farlow, '96, was on the campus several days recently. His many friends were glad to see him.

--We suppose that the reason why Pinkney Groome took Jack for his partner is that "*Love* never faileth."

--Lee Briles, praying: "Good Lord, give us some sign by which we can find more apples than we did last night."

--Messrs. Edwin and George Wilson have recently been at the College on a visit to their brother, Professor Wilson.

--New desks have been placed in King Hall, but they are still insufficient to accommodate the large number of students.

--Sunday-school Teacher.--"Joseph was never pitied." Smart Junior.--"Oh, yes he was; his brothers pitied (pitted) him."

--Miss Martha Woody is at College studying Spanish, under Joseph Purdie, to prepare herself for missionary work in Cuba.

--At a recent social given in Founders Jim Fox said that he did not know that there were but two persons there--himself and--

--President Hobbs' old office in King Hall has been fitted up for THE COLLEGIAN office. We expect to feel at home in our new quarters.

--Miss Arta (in Plane Geometry). "Parallels never meet." Charles Haynes (under his breath), "It's a good thing we're not parallels."

--The rooms in the Y. M. C. A. Hall have been completed. They accommodate about twenty boys, are neatly furnished and supply a long-felt need.

--Miss Laura Lindley is at Neil, Va., on a visit, while Miss Tina teaches in the Brevard Epworth School at Asheville. Guilford will miss these young ladies.

--Some sayings heard upon the campus: Carrel, "When I was a young man." Stone, "I don't know; do you?" Barbee, "That's right." Grantham, "No tickee, no washee."

—On Saturday September 10th Professor Davis delivered the first lecture of the term. His subject was, "Language Relations of Modern Europe." He spoke of the relation of our language to the European Language in a very interesting way.

—Several Founder's girls were walking out toward Joseph Parker's a few days since and passed by a patch of ripe pumpkins. "Now, wouldn't we have a feast if we just had some salt and pepper," ejaculated one of the company at the sight of the yellow fruit, supposing that they were muskmelons.

—President L. L. Hobbs gave the first of his series of lectures on September 11. They are to treat the subject of "Elementary Psychology," with a special view of giving as much information in the elements of this science as is required by our State Board of Examiners in granting first grade life certificates to teachers in the public schools of North Carolina. He emphasized the especial importance of every teacher asking himself the questions, "What is the child?" "What is he to become?" "What method shall I adopt?" "We have passed the age in which men thought that a child's mind could be made to order and live in an era when scientists tell us that there is a natural process of mental evolution which cannot be disturbed without injury."

—Newton Farlow has turned poet. He was heard recently to groan at his desk during school as if with great labor. Going to his desk we found the following verse ground out by the "muse" with apparent difficulty:

"The boy stood on the burning deck,  
When all but he had fled;  
The reason why he did not fly,  
He had no wings, he said."

—On September 24th President Hobbs, continuing his series of lectures on "Elementary Psychology," showed by statistics taken in the city of Boston some startling facts in regard to what the children did not know. For example, 7 per cent. had never seen the moon, more had never seen the stars, more did not know what a cow was, still more did not know a pig, etc. He emphasized the effect of alcohol and narcotics upon the human brain.

—It was the day of the great game. Old Guilford was contesting for athletic honors on a scorching gridiron. The suspense was terrible. Could old Guilford hold down a team selected from five

hundred of North Carolina's heaviest sons. To beat, or not to beat, that was the question. And it was decided in favor of the negative by a telegram announcing the score, Guilford, 0; U. N. C., 18. However, this is not as bad as it appears on first sight, taking into consideration the number of students from which the University can select her team. Accordingly a large bonfire was built in front of Archdale, a royal supper was prepared and when loud shouts proclaimed the arrival of the team a large crowd gathered about the fire to welcome them. After supper the boys made for the old gymnasium, where the girls gave them a reception and a rousing good time, only to be dissipated by the ringing of Miss Louisia's bell.

—We would like to know—

Where Cartland gets his apples?

How Daniels raises a moustache, and if it is a paying crop?

Who opens the gate for Junius when he goes to Mr. Griffin's?

Where Pete Wilson learned to play *dynamocs*?

Why Maie Sampson don't like the boys?

Who purloined the water bucket in King Hall?

Why the hydraulic ram don't work?

And why our old subscribers don't pay their dues?

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## PERSONALS.

- ✓ William Blue is at the U. N. C.
- ✓ George Wilson is in New York City studying law.
- ✓ Bertha White, '97, is teaching near Woodland, N. C.
- ✓ Dora J. Bradshaw, '95, is teaching near Franklin, Va.
- ✓ Annie Wiley is teaching school near Jamestown, N. C.
- ✓ Robert and Joel Blair are at Westtown again this year.
- ✓ Lloyd Moore is assistant postmaster at Goldsboro, N. C.
- ✓ Ben Hooper is now an employee of the Southern Railway.

✓ Will Hammond is teaching in the High School of Randleman, N. C.

✓ Walter Blair and Herbert Petty, of the class of '98, are at Haverford this year.

✓ O. P. Moffit, '97, is traveling for a wholesale grocery company of Philadelphia.

✓ Ethel Diffie holds a position as typewriter for a manufacturing House in Atlanta, Ga.

✓ Halstead Tomlinson, '98, is traveling for the Globe Furniture Company, of High Point.

✓ Percy Worth, '98, will remain at home this year on account of the infirmity of his father.

✓ Clara Woodward, on account of a protracted illness, was unable to return to school this year.

✓ Virginia Ragsdale, '92, is teaching in the Bryn Mawr Preparatory School, in Boston, Mass.

✓ Leonard C. Van Noppen holds a responsible position in a large publishing house in New York.

✓ H. S. Williams, '95, is the republican nominee from Yadkin county for the House of Representatives.

✓ Pinkney Mendenhall, a student of former days, is now the principal of the graded school at Asheboro, N. C.

✓ William McCulloch, otherwise known as "Josh Billings," is attending the Peabody Institute, at Nashville, Tenn.

✓ Eugene Burns, a former student of G. C., and Miss Lillie Smith, of Guilford College, were recently united in the holy bonds of matrimony.

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## EXCHANGES.

We welcome a number of our old exchanges on our table again, but regret that some are so irregular in coming, which we hope is not due to lack of interest in THE COLLEGIAN but to negligence. This matter we hope will be attended to, as much interest is always to be found in our college exchanges, and we intend to make this department as attractive as possible.

It's hard for the man to make both ends *meet* who makes one end drink.—*Ex.*

The wallflower at a ball is often the only girl present that can bake bread.—*Ex.*

"He who will not ride in the chariot of progress must be chained to its wheels."—*Ex.*

In the *Earlhamite* for October there is a very good poem, "Eatin' Watermelyon."

The last number of the *Crucible* is better than usual. "Our Ships at Sea" is a good poem.

The *Davidson College Magazine* for June contains quite a number of good stories and poems. It is one of our best exchanges.

A very forcible article on our late unpleasantness may be found in the last number of the *Westonian*, entitled "War at No Price."

The *Penn Chronicle* is not up to its usual standard. The literary department, as in many other exchanges, is wanting in literature.

The *Land and Water* is again welcomed on our table. It is, as usual, filled with general sporting items, which afford much interest to the college student.

Herr Oil: "Haf you heard dat dog of mine ate a tæpe measure undt died?" Herr Kut: "I suppose he died py inches?" Herr Oil: "Aber nit; he vent oudt in the alley und died py der yard."—*Ex.*

The last numbers of the *Silver and Gold* contain two very creditable articles entitled, "Culture and College Life" and "College Spirit." Both are very accurate productions of the subjects on which they treat.

Says the poet: Whatever is, is right. The anarchist: Whatever is, is wrong. The optimist: Whatever is, is best. The pessimist: Whatever is, is worst. The philosopher: Whatever is, accept.—*Texas and Pacific Quarterly.*

Hereafter any student who cheats in examination at the Northwestern University will not only be expelled from the institution, but his name will be published in the college paper and sent to the faculties of other colleges.—*Ex.*



A comparison between Cornell, Harvard and Yale shows that one-quarter of the student's time at the first institution is devoted to the study of Natural Science; at Yale, the same amount of time is devoted to the classics; while at Harvard it is devoted to the study of the European language.—*H. S. Student.*

The *College Athlete* is a very attractive magazine and contains a number of good productions. "Camp Life at Chickamauga," is not only well written but also well illustrated. An article on "Worth Bagley" is also well worth one's attention. There is, in addition, much information as to the track and field athletics and the cycling world, which always is of interest to the college student.

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## DIRECTORY.

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### HENRY CLAY SOCIETY.

*President.*—J. Wilson Carrell.  
*Secretary.*—A. S. Parker.

### WEBSTERIAN SOCIETY.

*President.*—R. C. Willis.  
*Secretary.*—Harry Daniels.

### Y. M. C. A.

*President.*—J. W. Lewis  
*Secretary.*—Harry Daniels.

### Y. W. C. T. U.

*President.*—Nellie L. Jones.  
*Secretary.*—Pearl Lindley.

### PHILAGOREAN SOCIETY.

*President.*—Nellie L. Jones.  
*Secretary.*—Elizabeth Wilson.

### FOOT BALL TEAM.

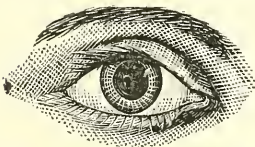
*Captain.*—Jesse Armfield.  
*Manager.*—J. W. Lewis.

### Y. P. S. C. E.

*President.*—Anna Anderson.  
*Secretary.*—Edna Hill.

### ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

*President.*—L. L. Barbee.  
*Secretary.*—D. B. Hill.



**ANNOUNCEMENT.**—I am pleased to announce to the students and friends of Guilford College that Mr. W. G. Frasier, a former student, has just returned from New York where he graduated in optics under Dr. Julius King, a celebrated oculist of that city.

Mr. Frasier is now in charge of the Optical Department of my business and will be pleased to serve those suffering with defective vision.

EXAMINATION FREE.

**W. B. FARRAR'S SON, Jeweler and Optician,** GREENSBORO, N. C.  
 Established in 1868.







LEWIS LYNDON HOBBS.

# The Guilford Collegian.

VOL. XI.

NOVEMBER, 1898.

No. 3.

## LEWIS LYNDON HOBBS.

The editors of the COLLEGIAN have asked me for a sketch of the life of him whose portrait appears upon the first page of this issue, and more from a desire to accommodate them than because I esteem myself suited to such an undertaking, I have made the attempt.

Lewis Lyndon Hobbs is the youngest of the nine children of Lewis and Phoebe Hobbs, and was born at the Hobbs homestead, about one mile west of the College, on the 17th of May, 1849.

In just three months his father died, leaving the mother with six living children—three little graves in the old burying ground showing the resting place of the remaining three. Of Lewis Hobbs, although taken away so early, a word should be said in any account of his son. He was a man above the average in education and spiritual refinement—a dignified, lovable character. I have this from my own father, who attended him as his physician during his last illness, and was forced to tell him that he could do no more for him.

The manner in which he received this communication greatly impressed father, and years after, he said: "I do not remember to have ever felt so drawn toward any man."

He bore his sufferings and the certainty of the approaching end with fortitude, the only lament which has come down to us being that "his little boy would have to grow up without knowing his father."

Lewis Hobbs was a teacher. If I mistake not, our beloved Addison Coffin first went to school to him, and I know that he taught in "the little brick school house" which New Garden Friends ruthlessly tore down to make underpinning for their present meeting house.

The mother upon whom devolved not only the management of the household, but of the farm as well, showed herself equal to the responsibilities thus thrown upon her, and although heavily stricken by the death of her husband, made a cheerful, bright little home for her children, and by her own devoted life taught at least one of them the most enduring lessons of his life.

The children were sent to the boarding school as day students, and there, under different teachers, my own father among the number, Lyndon prepared himself for Haverford College, which he entered in 1872, and there spent four delightful and highly profitable years. He studied from a love of learning, and entered the college games with zest from a love of sport, which I may say in passing he still retains. Consequently his time was well spent, and his standing everywhere in the front rank.

After graduation, in 1876, he came at once to the boarding school as teacher, at first as assistant, with George Hartley as principal, then as principal for several years. When Joseph Moore left Earlham for a few years and came south on account of his health, Lyndon Hobbs gladly resigned his position as principal that it might be filled by Prof. Moore, and devoted himself to what has always been his chosen field of work, the Latin language and literature. When the boarding school was transformed into Guilford College, he was elected president, and from that time to the present has worked unceasingly for the welfare and improvement of the entire college, not only for its better equipment and increased endowment, but for the growth and symmetrical development of the individual students in all that is best and highest. I think I am correct in saying that students are never "lumped" as a whole by him, "a collective noun conveying the idea of plurality," but stand one by one, and are regarded as single minds, as individual lives of infinite importance, and deserving the very best effort to develop, strengthen and save.

He will not prejudice a boy or girl, but always seeks to give to each one a fair chance to show what is in him.

When under adverse circumstances it becomes necessary to request a boy's parents to call their son home, the President is only less grieved than the parents themselves that the young fellow will not seek those things which make for his own peace and has shown himself obdurate to all the overtures of kindly opportunity.

Of the religious life which has been lived "open and read" of

all about him, I hesitate to speak, not because I can not speak sincerely, but because in this day there is so much parade of belief for effect, and even one's religion is used as a kind of figure-head for advertisement and applause; a kind of flambeau, instead of a lamp for the feet and a light to the pathway.

Still in any account of him for his friends, it were not meet to omit the mainspring of his life. As a mere boy, at the request of his good mother, he was received into membership by New Garden Monthly Meeting of Friends. All of his life he has been a regular attender of the meetings of the Society and a member of the First-day school since its organization. My own first recollection of him is in the Sabbath school, where he attracted my attention because he recited more verses of the Sermon on the Mount than I did, which fact did not particularly please me at the time. At Haverford the spiritual and religious life was deepened and established, as well as the intellectual developed and trained.

He seems to have come to a more decided stand to consecrate his life to the cause of righteousness and truth. In his associations he met many of the delightful Friends of Philadelphia and Germantown, and greatly appreciated the depth and purity of their consecrated lives, and their influence, together with that of members of the Haverford faculty, was most helpful and beneficial, not toward outward form and rigorous conservatism, but toward an unfeigned faith and loyal devotion to Christ.

I should like to mention some of those of whom I have heard him speak time without number: Dr. Henry Hartshorn, Pliney Chase, Samuel Gummers, Prof. Dillingham,\* Thomas and Francis Cope.

And now, if I say how his faith seems to me, I trust I shall not be misunderstood. He has the simple faith in God of a little child, and often makes me think of Whittier's

"I have no answer for myself or thee  
Save that I learned beside my mother's knee.  
All is of God that is and is to be,  
And God is good.  
Let this suffice us still, resting in childlike  
Trust upon His will,  
Who moves to His great ends unthwarted by the ill."

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\*One sermon of Prof. Dillingham's I have heard him speak of as most impressive. In the silence of the Haverford meeting he arose and said: "Lay hold on eternal life." "That contains it all, and is more powerful than many long sermons."

This faith makes an optimist of him, both for the individual and the nation.

His attachment to the Society of Friends is warm and sincere, and his execution of every trust imposed upon him by the church is faithful to the extent of his ability. For several years he has been an elder in the meeting, and has served as clerk of the yearly meeting for more than a decade.

He has traveled in England, Scotland and Ireland in the interest of the college, and added about five thousand dollars to its endowment fund. He has been diligent to stir up the membership of North Carolina Yearly Meeting on the subject of education, and has participated in the movement for bettering our public schools. No one has done more to urge the introduction of local taxation as the means of aiding public education than he.

MARY MENDENHALL HOBBS.

Guilford College, Nov. 7, 1898.

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## A LETTER FROM HAVERFORD.

HAVERFORD, PA., NOV. 1, 1898.

*To the Editors of the Guilford Collegian:—*

Some time ago I was rash enough to promise you an article for the present issue of THE COLLEGIAN. The time is now at hand for the fulfillment of the promise, but no subject has yet occurred to me which I feel able to discuss to the edification of your readers, and for this reason I have concluded to write you, by way of novelty, an ordinary letter, in the hope that it may recall pleasant scenes and memories to some, and may not prove entirely uninteresting to others of your readers who have not known the joys of student life at Haverford.

The college is situated near Haverford station, on the main line of the Pennsylvania Railway, nine miles from the city Hall of Philadelphia, and about four miles from the city limits. The idea of the founders of the college was to establish it in a quiet and healthful locality, free from the distractions of a large city, yet of easy access to it, and their choice of situation was a wise one. On all sides is a beautiful rolling country, dotted with fine country



places or substantial farm houses. Haverford is not a village in the ordinary sense of the word, at all, but simply a country community, although a rather large one. There are no shops, no hucksters, no Mayors, no policemen. At the same time, all the comforts and conveniences of city life are within easy reach. Going in and out of town is a very small matter, as there are forty trains each way per day.

College opened on September 28th, and recitations began on that day. The attendance this year is 116, a larger number than has ever been enrolled before. Students coming from other colleges find it more or less difficult to take just the studies they wish to, because the program of recitations for the year is made out weeks before college opens, and it is not supposed to be changed to suit individual preferences, unless it can be very easily done. At the end of the first week, however, four Guilford representatives had everything arranged satisfactorily, and since that time matters have been going smoothly for them.

The Guilford students here noticed at once the lack of interest manifested by the students in literary and debating society work. There is only one such society in the college, and comparatively few of the students, I am told, take part in its meetings, in fact, until after the close of the football season, late in November, and none later than the spring vacation which comes early in April. The literary society seems doomed to become everywhere a mere incident, instead of a feature of college life. It has been asserted that the Greek letter fraternities have been largely responsible for this state of affairs, but there are no fraternities at Haverford, and the same condition exists here as elsewhere.

Almost every one at Haverford is interested in athletics. Some of the students play golf, but football is the game of the college in the fall; and cricket in the spring. It is simply impossible for one who has not experienced it to imagine how complete the football idea pervades this whole section of country during October and November. Not a school or college, not a town, or city ward but has its football team, which plays a match once, and sometimes twice, a week during the entire season. The matches between the big college teams, such as Harvard-Pennsylvania, or Princeton-Yale games, are frequently attended by thirty thousand persons or more, among them the most prominent and fashionable people of the country. I am told that the same thing is true, in less degree, of the

cricket, baseball and track contests in the spring. Football seems to be growing, rather than decreasing in popularity. Our team has been playing very well this season, although it is probably not so good as last year. Swarthmore is our especial rival, and we look for a very close match with her this year. The rivalry between Haverford and Swarthmore reminds one very much of that which has existed so long between Guilford and Oak Ridge, minus the bitter and personal features unhappily present in the latter case.

On Saturday, October 15th, the Haverford Alumni Reunion was held. These reunions are to occur every five years. This year it was expected that there would be an attendance of more than 800 alumni and invited guests, but the rainy weather of the preceding day caused the attendance to be somewhat smaller, besides rendering the grounds unfit for the games of tennis, baseball and cricket which were to have taken place in the forenoon. The program for the afternoon and evening was in no wise interfered with, however, —lunch, football game, alumni meeting and speeches in the afternoon, and in the evening, reception, dinner, and speeches by alumni representing the different classes, and by invited guests. Everything was characterized by a spirit of the most hearty good will and good cheer. Why should Guilford not bethink herself of something of this kind, on alumni day at the next commencement, for example.

Philadelphia has been having holiday for the past week, the occasion being the celebration of the great Peace Jubilee. For many days workmen had been busy placing the wires for the splendid electrical illumination, erecting imposing columns and arch-ways, and building grand stands along the streets where the parades were to pass. The celebration began on Tuesday, October, 26th. with the Naval Parade on the Delaware, in which a number of the smaller war vessels took part. The larger cruisers and battleships could not be present because their draught is too great to permit them to come up the river with safety.

Wednesday was the day for the civic parade, but it had to be postponed until Friday on account of the rain. Thursday the weather was clear, and the great military parade was brought off. We had holiday and went in to see what was to be seen. There were 20,000 troops in the parade, besides 5,000 marines, sailors, and G. A. R. men, and the column was three hours passing a given point. It started on Broad street, two miles south of the City Hall, came up Broad to Chestnut; then down Chestnut to Fourth;

from there up Market to the City Hall, and then two miles up Broad, where the ranks were broken. President McKinley, Vice President Hobart, Secretary Long, and other prominent officers of the government were present. General Miles rode at the head of the column, Capt. Sigsbee led the marines and sailors, and General Wheeler the Cavalry. They were roundly cheered, as were, also, the Governor of the state, and the Mayor of the city, but when Hobson and the others of the Merrimac came by in a tally-ho coach, modestly dressed in citizens clothes, a perfect storm of applause broke out. The Rough Riders came in for their share of the cheers, as did the colored troops who saved them from destruction at Santiago. On Friday came the Civic Parade, in which many of the great industries, trades-unions, clubs and societies of the city were represented. The display of the arts of peace was not less imposing or interesting than that made by the warriors on the day before, and it is estimated that perhaps 1,000,000 people witnessed each of them. There are many other interesting matters of which I could tell you, but perhaps I have written enough for this time, and so, with many hearty good wishes for yourself and your paid-up subscribers, I bid you and them farewell.

ALUMNUS.

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## MUSIC! A DIVINE GIFT OF GOD!

LACY L. BARBEE, "'OO"

In reviewing the history of music, as a factor in modern culture one cannot avoid noticing that next to religion it has been one of the greatest powers toward civilization.

It is found to have flourished in all periods and countries. It has been warmly loved by millions of men and has been passionately followed as a profession by thousands, representing the most diverse classes of society. There is an inborn love for song in all men. The power of music is so great that in the legends of all nations the invention of the art is ascribed to the gods.

For over 3,000 years the idea of celestial music has engaged the human mind. It is this sort of music the psalmist must allude to when he sings "The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament sheweth his handiwork." Music is a means to refine and ele-

vate the social condition of man. God in his infinite wisdom has given us this art for a high and noble purpose, and it is our duty to prepare for its blessed influences. While learned scientists have successfully grappled with many great topics they have failed to discover the true nature of music. There is a close connection between religion and music too often overlooked, or even denied, by many musicians. In its relations to religion music attains its highest meaning. This does not mean that all music must be wedded to sacred texts or be used in connection with worship, but that all pure music is sacred or religious in its character and mission. The purpose of both is to spread the spirit of love, which is the atmosphere of heaven, and when love shall once reign supreme then also will music exercise its greatest power. Not until the art is used with a spirit of reverence can it accomplish the work for which it was designed. When far away from home and loved ones what language is so powerful to keep alive affections as that of music? The heart hardened by trials and dangers; the heart that has long since learned to govern its emotions, yields to the few notes that make up the little tune "Home, Sweet Home." Music is not only a social art but it also inspires our purest and noblest thoughts and is best felt when we are alone, just as the most fervent prayers are offered in private.

It would be degrading for man to say he learned music from the birds or bickering breezes; for the same hand that fashioned the bird also planted in our breasts the love of song. While all intelligence can hear the sounds of nature, not every one can catch the music in them. When one hears music of any kind he must have the spirit of song in his heart else he hears nothing but sounds. When the elements rage, when the rain comes down in torrents, when the wind breaks the limbs of trees as an excited harpist snaps the strings of his instrument and the very earth seems to be shaken to its centre; what sublime majesty! Imagine the heavenly bodies speeding their way through the realms of infinitude making sounds like peals of mighty organs while myriads of beings shout Hallelujah in honor of Him who made all things.

But let us leave the heavens and visit places on earth where wondrous sounds are heard. On the battle field of Marathon are heard voices at night which remind one of the march of an army. It is said that Miltiades is still crossing over the plains where he won his famous victory. The echo is one of nature's mocking instru-



ments. While God's earth is so wonderful in its grandeur, no less worthy of our admiration is the smaller forms of creation. There is sweet sound in the rippling brooks, in the whispering winds, and in the songs of the birds. Poets of all ages have sung of the nightengale.

It is a remarkable fact that no bird of prey sings, so people who study only the things of this world, who selfishly prey upon their fellows have no music in their souls. What can be sweeter to the laborer at eventide than to hear the distant chimes as the sound is wafted to him by the gentle breezes calling him to rest. Ah! they are like sweet dreams telling the aged of youth that has past and fondly picturing to youth the future that awaits him.

As there are sentiments which the poet has never expressed, as there are scenes which no brush has yet spread on canvass, so there is music in *nature* which has never been and never can be written in the language of art.

Common to all men are the fond recollections of home and the scenes of their childhood. How eagerly the mind turns homeward especially when away for the first time. How strong is the *desire* to see once more a father's face and to feel again the touch of mother's lips.

It is but natural that such feelings should arise when contemplating home and childhood.

Deep into the heart goes the music of nature and it leads us, as it were, up the mountains from whence we may behold the distant landscape through which our journey has lead us. If one studies the influence of christianity he must confess that something higher than human learning was required to bring the world to its present state of advancement. In the house of worship we hear the peals of the organ, the strains of the choir and the mighty songs of the congregation. When we listen with believing minds and hearts, our souls are wafted upward on the wings of song until in the imagination we are in the blessed realms above.

If this language of the heart had not been needed, God would not have given it to us, neither would He have given us power to understand it. It is the language of heaven for it seems to be the only one admitted there. Who then would dare to play with such an art? Who would dare to trifle with the works of such a master? Who would use such an art for selfish purposes?

Every thing that calls into activity our spiritual natures is intel-

lectual, and who dares deny that music does this in a high degree?

It behooves teachers as its messengers to study well the arts, eternal principles, and while new inventions, new systems, new methods come and go to be in readiness for a questioning world as to music's vital significance. Men of thought begin to appreciate its worth; women of society begin to apprehend the dignity of its message.

Could all the noble army of musicians, with David, the sweet singer of Israel, at their head but know the hallowed influence upon the melodies of the ages, would not they and St. Cecelia herself die a second death?

Music is the heart language, it is to be the language of the great beyond, it is love, and love can only come from God and must lead to Him again.

Then let us accept music as a gift, as a "Divine gift of God." "With power to raise a mortal to the skies or bring an angel down."

Its benign influences appeal alike to the most lowly and most exalted. Mightier than the king's sceptre it holds sway over the whole created universe—the requiem of sorrow, the natal ode of gladness.

In the eternal cycles the music of the Spheres and of the Angels will become the victor of the immortal.

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#### LIFE.

A crust of bread and a corner to sleep in  
 A minute smile and an hour to weep in,  
 A pint of joy to a peck of trouble,  
 And never a laugh but the moans come double,  
 And that is life !

A crust and a corner that love makes precious,  
 With the smile to warm and the tears to refresh us,  
 And joy seem sweeter when cares come after,  
 And a moan is the finest of foils for laughter,  
 And that is life !

—*Exchange.*



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NOVEMBER, 1898.

Whatever else you do, pay your *dues*.

In our last issue, at the bottom of page 30 and top of page 31, is found the following sentence: "There is, however, one disadvantage in the liberality with which magazines pay their contributors; when once an author has made his reputation, anything he may write," etc. It should read: "There is, however, one disadvantage in the liberality with which magazines pay their contributors; when once an author has made his reputation, anything he may write is accepted," etc.

## INDIFFERENCE TO SCHOLARSHIPS.

The indifference that students (can we call them that) show in their studies, their scholarships, and in fact to all that will tend most to build up their characters, is painful to see. We doubt if there are actually twenty students in school who are really trying to do well in their studies, who are earnestly competing for the scholarships for Bryn Mawr and Haverford.

A scholarship to either one of these institutions is an honor

worthy of long-continued and earnest efforts, but for some remarkable reason they are actually treated with contempt by the vast majority of students, who are incapable of appreciating the value of these scholarships.

We think that exactly the opposite should prevail, and that all our students (as all *true students* will) should strive with all the energy and talents of which they are capable, to carry off one of these scholarships.

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#### A COLLEGE NEED.

Why should Guilford not have an inclosed athletic park? To be sure we need it; this was clearly seen at the football game on Nov. 5, and to invest a little capital in such a thing would by no means be an unprofitable one. We have one or more match games on our grounds every year. We might have more if we had the means. The visiting teams must have their expenses paid, and why should not those who witness the game pay for their amusement? As it now is, we have to take a popular subscription before we can think of inviting another team to come to our grounds. It is true we sometimes stretch a rope all around the campus and charge a small admission, thus raising a small part of the expenses of a game, but still we have to depend on the liberality and politeness of the spectators for their fee, for it would not be much trouble to pass the ropes, or even to witness the game from the outside. This way of conducting a game is very troublesome and very unsatisfactory, for we have to keep about twenty men on duty as marshals along the ropes, because boys will try to slip in. But if we had a park two men could conduct this part of a game and thus make it a more convenient, more economic, and we might say a more decent way of conducting such an affair.

The athletic association will undergo the expense of building a park provided the college authorities will permit it to be done.

But first we should consider where we should build it. Our present athletic field is not the best that might be had, and if we are going to put ourselves to the trouble of building a park we should have a better ground if possible. Also the present field would be a little inconvenient to inclose, for the road running toward Founder's would necessarily have to run through it, and on

account of being in the fork of the roads it would be somewhat cramped. Then again, an inclosure at the entrance to the campus would not be a very attractive thing. The field behind the Y. M. C. A. building would make an excellent athletic ground. It is a square piece of ground, level, and does not wash, and could easily be improved. It is out of the way, yet more convenient than the present grounds. Another thing to be considered is, would a park at Guilford pay? Not as a financial scheme alone, but would it be a good thing for the college and community? As a financial investment we have every reason to believe that it would be a paying thing, and thus athletics here would be put on a stronger financial basis, the lack of which has always been the drawback in athletics at Guilford. The park would be a source of revenue from which the teams could be more thoroughly equipped, and it would be a support to the financial manager in arranging games on the home grounds and also on others.

As an attraction to the college and community, both students and citizens of the community would take a great deal of pride in a park. It would be an incentive to a more healthful athletic and college spirit. We would have a ground which we could call our own, and one which we could improve from year to year.

Briefly, nothing unites a body of college men more than a sound college spirit, and nothing creates this more than a hearty co-operative spirit of athleticism. At the stage which athletics has now reached at Guilford, nothing would arouse this spirit more than an improved athletic field. Just think of it! An inclosed athletic field, level, not paved with cobble stones as our present one is, and a grand stand to seat the spectators. What would arouse the spirit and pride of the students more? A donation for a new building would not be more appreciated in the present condition of the college. Shall we have an athletic park? It is not an impossibility. Let everybody think about it, talk about, and act. Trustees, what do *you* say? Students, what do *you* say?

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#### A NATIONAL TENDENCY

We have noticed with alarm and surprise the rapidly increasing tendency on the part of Populistic stump orators to consider any act of any administration as the very one of all others calcula-

ed to ruin our country, and to attribute these acts to the selfish interests of those in power. If this tendency was restricted to these dogmatical hypocrits of lesser breed, we would pass this by, with the contempt it merits, but unfortunately the contagion is so spreading that it will ere long be too late to check it. The much talk of the *classes* and the *masses* and the more frequent strikes forcibly illustrate how much the doctrines of the stump-speaking pie-eaters are believed and accepted by many toiling individuals, who are unable to think for themselves.

There is always such a natural tendency on the part of the ignorant and the poor to be discontented with their lot, and with those in a better condition than themselves, that it is easy for the self (or rather office) seeking demagogue to convince these unfortunates that their condition in life is due solely to the tyranny and merciless oppression of the "Wall Street Banker and Millionaire Lobbyist" and not in any degree to their own ignorance and incompetence. To their already fierce desire to see "all barriers burned away" and the coffers of the rich laid open at their feet is added the eloquence of the socialist or demagogue who easily leads them into the strikes which have resulted in the loss of so much property and life.

The rich are partly to blame for the demoralizing effects of this tendency, in that they do not enter into proper measures to relieve the wants of these unfortunate strikers. They not only, in the majority of cases, refuse to meet the strikers half way in their demands for fairer treatment, but they deny them that which would, in a short time, destroy all strikes—a college education.

When once a man has obtained his education, he is his own man. He is not the tool of the demagogue or the heeler. He is capable of studying the issues and questions of the day and of deciding them according to his own convictions. He is capable of seeing that it is not to his interest to strike and thus throw himself out of a position for the small hope of obtaining an advance, which if higher would probably be unjust. It is only by this means that an intelligent vote can be made, and it is only with an intelligent majority composed of intelligent voters that a wise and worthy candidate to any office can be elected. The best and truest measures, those most conducive to our country's good can only be obtained by intelligent voters, and these can only be procured by a *college education*.

It is impossible for any one to receive a good education in the

district schools of the land, for in the majority of cases these are poor, to say the least of them. It is a difficult matter for any poor man, save a genius, no matter how great his push or activity, to secure a college education, for the reason that his means, even with the most careful saving and with the aid of such scholarships as he may be able to secure, are insufficient. It is true that scholarships and fellowships have been made more numerous in the last few years, but even these are insufficient to offer any material aid to the struggling students.

The sooner millionaires "catch on" to this important truth and set their money and brains to work on the question of a College Education for the masses; and the sooner they perceive that it is the only way to materially increase the progress of our country, the better it will be. In a country ruled by the few the education of the masses is not so essential, but in a country like ours where the many are the government, it is the only means of preservation.

Hence it is not only essential but absolutely necessary if we wish to preserve untinted the government of Washington and Adams, that the rich should open their pocket-books and provide means for the proper education of the masses. A few have so done and won for themselves the undying love and gratitude of their countrymen. They have been benefactors of mankind and the names of George Childs, Washington Duke, Seth Low and several others will go down in history with the names of Dewey and McKinley.

The rich are constantly seeking for some new means of securing pleasure and for some safe investment. For both of these purposes the millionaire will find no better investment than in endowing or adding to the endowment of some deserving college. He will find no more pleasure in anything than in the knowledge that he has earned the undying gratitude of a people, and no more profit than in seeing the results of his beneficence.

He who clears the path of education, even if it be only by removing a pebble, is greater than a king.



## ATHLETICS.

GUILFORD O, V. P. I. 17.

On Saturday, November 5th, Guilford played the second game of the season with the Virginia Polytechnic Institute, of Blacksburg, Va., on the home grounds. The day was a little warm and cloudy and a light rain fell during the progress of the game, nevertheless about four hundred people were present. The game was called at 2:30. Guilford wins the toss and chooses the north goal. V. P. I. kicks off to 5 yard line and Daniels catches the ball and advances a few yards. Cowles tries to kick, but V. P. I. breaks through and destroys it and gets the ball. After a few rushes the ball goes over for a touchdown. Guilford's lack of team work let the visitors make two more touchdowns in first half. They fail one goal and the score is 17 to 0 in favor of V. P. I. Time was called with the ball in Guilford's possession near the middle of the field.

Guilford kicks off at beginning of second half, working up hill. Guilford has the ball only twice during the second half. The playing of the home team was equal to that of their opponents throughout the last half, and could easily make five and ten yards through the line. No fault could be found with a single Guilford man as to individual work, but team work was sadly wanting, especially during the first half. The entire line-up for the game had not practiced together at any time previous except a few minutes in the morning before the game. Twenty minute halves were played.

The line-up of the two teams is as follows:

GUILFORD.	Position.	V. P. I.
Hill.....	R. E.....	Hubbard
Wilson.....	R. T.....	Woods, Capt.
Farlow.....	R. G.....	Cox
Bennett.....	C.....	Stull
Foust.....	L. G.....	Carper
Fox.....	L. T.....	Thomas
Lewis.....	L. E.....	Jewel
Cowles, Capt.....	Q.....	Bell
Daniels.....	F. B.....	Painter
Moir.....	R. H.....	Hardaway
Groome.....	L. H.....	Ingles
Substitutes—For V. P. I., Huffard, McGavock, McCrackin, and Roseback.		
Referee—Mr. Cowan, of Blacksburg.		
Umpire—Professor Wright, of Oak Ridge.		



## LOCALS.

—V. P. I., 17 ; Guilford, o. Ain't that bad ?

—Lost—A red string with a trunk key tied to it.

—Taylor : “ Does Thanksgiving day come on Friday ? ”

—Talking about colors, Miss Josie says she likes *Pink*.

—Feed ink to your thoughts and pen them up for the COLLE-  
GIAN.

—One of the college horses ran away recently. No serious damage.

—Will some one please inform us why Taylor senior is also Taylor junior ?

—Prof. Davis, in German class : “ All right, boys, he's flunked ; next please read.”

—Vance Fulp has left school to become a teacher near his home, Kernersville.

—Miss Martha Woody has left school to teach in Alamance county. She expects to return in the spring.

—“ Eli ” Perkins proposes that we all go in together and buy “ Father ” Grantham a library and make him a *literaturist*.

—A good many students left college in the middle of the term on account of sickness. Among them were: Jones, Hinton, Edwards, Leavitt, Hedrick and Finch.

—Mr. Henry Blount, “ the Apostle of Sunshine,” lectured at the college Saturday night, Oct. 22, in behalf of the athletic association. The lecture was much enjoyed by those who attended.

—Prof. Wilson delivered a very interesting lecture on “ The Anatomy of the Human Brain ” Saturday night, Oct. 8. By diagrams on the blackboard he showed clearly the arrangement of the organs of mental action and reaction. The lecture was ably delivered and impressed the readers perhaps as much by the simple language in which the lecturer spoke as by the profound thought which it contained.

—Nunn : "Is Durham in Randolph?"

—Several new college hats have appeared on the campus recently.

—Walter Grantham has been sick for several days, unable to attend classes.

—Wilson Carrell went home to election. Too bad Wilson wasn't a candidate.

—Mr. and Mrs. Palmer, of Gulf, were at the college recently visiting their son Jude.

—Mr. and Mrs. Lewis, of Greensboro, came out to witness their son John's fine playing in the Blacksburg game.

—A large number of students, especially Winston boys, attended the annual Tobacco Fair at that place some days ago.

—Mr. Lee S. Smith has bought the house and land formerly occupied by B. Y. Edwards. Mr. Edwards has bought and will erect a house on a piece of land east of Daniel Worth's.

—Messrs. Clem Wright and Garland Daniels, of the Greensboro eleven, were on the field at the Blacksburg game. They both spoke in terms of high commendation of Guilford's playing.

—There was a class game between the Seniors, Juniors and Sophs. and the Freshmen and Preps. on the evening of Oct. 20. After a very close contest the upper classes won by a score of 2 to 0.

—A very interesting and instructive lecture was delivered Saturday night, Oct. 15. Mrs. Hobbs was the lecturer, and the subject was "Hygiene." This was appreciated by the student body, who are always pleased to hear Mrs. Hobbs. We hope to be favored with another such lecture from her soon.

—It is reported that the faculty are thinking of making several additions to the museum. Why, *Great Scott*, they could have a large one, and *Much Moore* besides. In the first place there's a *Lamb*, a *Sheppard* to take care of it, a *Stone* for the *Sheppard* to throw at the *Foxes*, who would harm the *Lamb*, and then there's a *Hunter* to chase the *Foxes*. Oh yes, indeed, let the faculty enlarge the museum.

—Farmer Knight ain't saying much, he just saws wood.

—What do you think of a man who beats in a fifteen cent lecture? Nothing.

—Mr. "Fatty" Johnson, of Greensboro, came out to take in the Blacksburg game, but was compelled to return before the game was called.

—What do you think of a Guilford man who will not pay twenty-five cents to witness a game of football, on the home grounds, when expenses of the visiting team are to be paid? He has no patriotism.

—Misses Annice Wheeler, Pearl Lindley, Bertha Snow, and Messrs. Hammond, J. O. Ragsdale, Paul Lindley, Joseph Blair, and others were present at the Blacksburg game. We are always pleased to see familiar faces on the campus.

—We failed to mention in our last issue that the Senior Class had elected the following officers for the present term:

President—Elizabeth Coffin.

Secretary—John W. Lewis.

Treasurer—W. W. Allen, Jr.

—We wish to present the following conundrums to test the ingenuity of the students. If you can answer none of these apply for terms, etc., to the local editor.

1. Why does Allen like winter?
2. What boy is there in school whose first name is Charles and the rest is not long?
3. Who does Stone refer to when he sings "The Love that Never Dies?"

—Prof. Hodgin gave a lecture on the evening of November 5th, on English Elementary Public Schools. The lecture was prefaced by some account of the time of Joseph Lancaster and Andrew Bell, and the Monotorial system. Then followed brief account of the English system of elementary school showing the influence of the "British and Foreign School Society" and the "National Society" in Elementary English Education. The subject of secondary Education was also briefly touched upon, with an account of some of the best English public schools—their systems, working, etc.

—What do you think of a first team man who will not spend ten minutes sewing up his football suit? He is lazy.

—What do you think of a man who makes a subscription to the Athletic Association, and then won't pay? His word is no good.

—What do you think of two individuals (not men) who leave their own College and foot-ball team in the middle of the foot-ball season, and go to another school and team which has a game arranged with the team they left, and expect to play against their former team in suits which they took away with them and which are the property of the Athletic Association of the College which they left?

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## PERSONALS.

✓ Mollie Roberts '96 is teaching at Corinth, Va.

✓ Flavius Brown is running a livery stable in Reidsville.

✓ Annie Petty '95 is taking a Librarian's course at Drexel.

✓ Ida Moore is teaching in a school near Goldsboro, N. C.

✓ Elbert White '94 is a practicing dentist of Hertford, N. C.

✓ Elvira Lowe is teaching a public school near Asheboro, N. C.

✓ Vera Armfield is attending a Normal School in Asheville, N. C.

✓ Ruth Copeland is a sales-lady in a dry goods' store at High Point.

✓ Amy J. Stephens is teaching school at her home in Eastern Carolina.

✓ Marion Lynch is a conductor on the Atlantic and North Carolina railroad. Success to him.

✓ W. B. Trogon, of Reidsville, an old student of the N. G. B. S., is now a State Inspector of fertilizers.

✓ It is with pleasure that we learn of the promotion of G. Raymond Allen '95. He is employed in the service of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company in New York city.

- ✓ Ruth Worth is staying at home this year.
  - ✓ Frank Leach is merchandising at Star, N. C.
  - ✓ Lily Barnwell is a trained nurse in Jacksonville, Fla.
  - ✓ Eunice Darden, '95 is teaching in a mission school at Augusta, N. C.
  - ✓ H. <sup>erlaent</sup>C. Fields, here in '92-3 was married on Nov. 2d, to Miss Artie Bourne, of Kentucky.
  - ✓ Laura Cox, a former student of Guilford, was married, not long since to Mr. Wm. Allen, of Kansas.
- 

## EXCHANGES.

The *P. H. S. Monthly* is on our table for the first time. It contains a very good poem on "Courage" and is a credit to its editors. We hope to see it often.

*A Generation at Cornell* is the title of a pamphlet found on our reading table, giving a very interesting sketch of the career of one of our large universities.

The "*Silver and Gold*," for Oct. 14th, contains a very good article: "A Nation's Sentence," in which the writer pays a tribute to Benedict Arnold, who was, according to him, one of the most courageous and daring Generals of the Revolution, instead of, as he is held by the public of to-day, a traitor in the first degree.

The October number of the *Wake Forest Student* is a very well gotten up and well edited magazine. Among the many first class articles within its pages is found a very good character sketch of Chas. Dickens.

We are proud to mention the receipt of the *Intercollegian*, the official organ of the International Y. M. C. A., and student volunteer movement for foreign missions. It contains quite a number of interesting articles.

The *University Cynic* is one of our most welcome exchanges. It is brim full of bright and interesting stories and articles well worth reading. "Just an Ordinary Girl," tells in a very pleasing manner the same old successful struggle of mother and child to secure

an education, even in spite of a father's prejudices and obstinacy. The editors are doing much to stimulate activity in literary pursuits among the students by offering prizes for the best short stories submitted during the year.

Among the numerous others on our table we take pleasure in mentioning *The Crescent*, *The Hiram College Advance*, *The College Message*, *The Philomathean Monthly*, *The Trinity Archive*, *The Davidson College Magazine*, etc, etc.

### CLIPPINGS.

Lives of Seniors all remind us  
We can make our lives a pest,  
And departing leave behind us  
Feelings of relief and rest.

—*Exchange.*

### SONNET.

(I have a sweetheart that I love full well,  
Each day I woo her and I strive by night  
To win her heart but soon the morning light  
Drives her away and where no one can tell.  
She has for me a strange mysterious spell,  
Her wondrous love I never can requite,  
I could not live without her, yet in spite  
Of this, I often try her power to quell.  
I know not when she comes or where she goes,  
This gentle maiden I have never seen,  
I only know that when she comes between  
The world and me, mine eyes enchanted close.  
But now her charmes once more upon me creep,  
And I must go to meet my lady, sleep,

—*University Cynic.*

“ ‘Breathes there a man with soul so dead,  
Who never to himself has said,  
I will a college paper take,  
Both for my own and family's sake?  
If such there be, let him repent,  
And have a paper to him sent;  
And if he'd spend a happy winter,  
He in advance should pay the printer.”



## IRIS OF LIFE.

Like tiny drops of crystal rain,  
 In every life the moments fall,  
 To wear away with silent beat,  
 The shell of selfishness o'er all.

And every act, not one too small,  
 That leap from out the heart's pure glow,  
 Like ray of gold sends forth a light,  
 While moments into seasons flow.

Athwart the dome, Eternity,  
 To Iris grown resplendent, fly  
 Bright gleams from every noble deed  
 Till colors with each other vie.

The glimpses of this grand rainbow,  
 Where moments with good deeds unite,  
 That gladden many weary hearts,  
 Inspiring them to seek more light.

—G. E. Simmons in *Earlhamite*.

## CHANGELESS.

Long years have fled since last we met,  
 The old has passed to new—  
 Old friends have gone, new faces come;  
 But I've not changed for you

My hair has lost its glossy gold,  
 My eyes are faded blue,  
 The rose has sought another's cheek—  
 But have I changed for you?

The woods are dark with shade and bloom,  
 The beauty that we knew;  
 And tho' all else has lost heaven's smile,  
 I cannot change for you.

Like rippling waters pass my days,  
 Old friends may slip from view;  
 But in the glorious after-life  
 I shall not change for you.

—Ralph Audley Leigh in *Wake Forest Student*.

Professor—"You should be ashamed of yourself, sir. George Washington was surveying Virginia at your age."

Dull Pupil—"And at your age he was president of the United States."—*Exchange*.

## THE WEBSTERIAN ENTERTAINMENT.

On Saturday evening, November 12, the Websterian Literary Society gave its annual entertainment. The following is a program of the various exercises rendered :

- I.—Vocal Duet: Misses Wood and Carraway.
- II.—President's Address: W. W. Allen, jr.
- III.—Declamation: C. G. Gainey.
- IV.—College Athletics: J. W. Lewis.
- V.—Violin Solo: Miss Weatherly.
- VI.—An Evening with the Webs: The Society.
- VII.—Vocal Solo: Miss Carraway.

The Society did itself full justice and showed that it was able to maintain its record for giving successful entertainments.

The exercises were held in Memorial Hall. The elegant auditorium and large stage there showed the beautiful decorations off to great advantage. Much credit is due the members of the Society for the unique arrangement of the stage on this occasion.

In the sixth exercise the stage was made to represent the Websterian Hall. This was the novel feature of the evening, and was well carried out. A regular meeting of the Society was held and the order of exercises gone through with. "The Websterian Chronicle," divided into three parts, was read and an interesting debate given.

The music was furnished by Greensboro talent, under the supervision of Mrs. Albright, of the Music Department. This was especially pleasing, and was highly appreciated by the audience. The "Webs." may well be justified in saying that their entertainment was a great success.

## 01 AND 02.

If the Sophs. are yclept the "naughty-ones,"  
 From a logical point of view  
 It follows that, though they have done no harm.  
 The Freshmen are naughty too.

—*University Cynic.*

"I work with my head instead of my hands."

"So does the woodpecker and he is the biggest kind of a bore."—  
*Exchange.*

# DIRECTORY.

## HENRY CLAY SOCIETY.

*President.*—J. Leslie Cartland.

*Secretary.*—D. B. Hill.

## WEBSTERIAN SOCIETY.

*President.*—W. W. Allen

*Secretary.*—C. M. Short.

## Y. M. C. A.

*President.*—J. W. Lewis

*Secretary.*—Harry Daniels.

## Y. W. C. T. U.

*President.*—Nellie L. Jones.

*Secretary.*—

## PHILAGOREAN SOCIETY.

*President.*—Nellie L. Jones.

*Secretary.*—Elizabeth Wilson.

## FOOT BALL TEAM.

*Captain.*—Jesse Armfield.

*Manager.*—J. W. Lewis.

## Y. P. S. C. E.

*President.*—Anna Anderson.

*Secretary.*—Edna Hill.

## ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

*President.*—L. L. Barbee.

*Secretary.*—D. B. Hill.

We wish to speak a word for our advertizers: Patronize those who patronize us. Those who advertize in the Collegian are:

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Wall paper: E. D. Golden.

Flowers etc: Pomona Hill Nuseries.

China Ware: J. R. McDuffie, E. M. Caldcleugh & Bros.

Guilford merchants: Lee S. Smith & Co., J. E. Brown.

Dentists: W. W. Rowe, G. W. Whitsett, J. E. Wyche.

Dress Goods, &c: Sample Brown Mercantile Co.

Photographer: J. A. Leonard.

Lumber: Greensboro Sash & Blind Co.

Books &c: Greensboro Book Store, Wharton Bros.

Job Printing: C. F. Thomas.

Livery Stables: Tatum & Taylor.

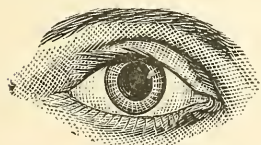
Patents: Munn & Co., New York.

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**A**NNOUNCEMENT.—I am pleased to announce to the students and friends of Guilford College that Mr. W. G. Frasier, a former student, has just returned from New York where he graduated in optics under Dr. Julius King, a celebrated oculist of that city.

Mr. Frasier is now in charge of the Optical Department of my business and will be pleased to serve those suffering with defective vision.

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# The Guilford Collegian.

VOL. XI.

DECEMBER, 1898.

NO. 4.

## A YEAR IN A UNIVERSITY TOWN OF GERMANY.

VIRGINIA RAGSDALE, '92.

The value of a year of study at a European university is for the American student so generally acknowledged that any discussion of the subject is unnecessary. Yet personal experience and impressions are almost always of some interest.

The mere educational value of such a year, to use the word *educational* in its most narrow sense, varies of course with the subject of study chosen, though, perhaps, not as much as one might imagine. Probably in the majority of cases a student could have gained as much real information in his own line of work if he had remained in an American university, but the year is of inestimable value in the introduction to new methods and aims, in the larger comprehension it gives of independent points of view, in the widening of the student's intellectual horizon. Moreover, the less tangible but none the less important acquirements, usually summed up under the head of general culture, should not be left out of account.

For this reason, perhaps, the university in a large city, as Berlin or Munich, has greater attraction for the foreigner than the university in a small town, if the work he wishes to pursue is equally good in each; but the university town has its compensations. Though it can offer little in the line of concerts, museums, art galleries, and the like, it gives a truer, since a less cosmopolitan, picture of German life and manners, and in a more quaint and picturesque setting. Besides, to one who is interested in comparing the German student life with the American, the university town offers all advantages, for here the student life, instead of being swallowed up in the larger interests of a great city, is the center around which all other life revolves.

One of the most striking characteristics that impresses itself



upon the American who knows the intensity of college spirit at home, is the lack of all such feeling among the German students for their university. This gives place to the more individual devotion of the student to his professor. Either as the cause or the effect of this lack of all college spirit, or at least in some way correlated with it, might be cited the fact that there are no general university organizations, no contests of any kind between university and university. To be sure, there are various organizations; the Corps, and Burschenschaften, which have only a social reason for their existence, and the Vereine, which combine intellectual aims with social enjoyment; but these being everywhere the same, form bonds between the students in all universities rather than foster the development of any college spirit.

Vigorous outdoor sports appeal very little to the German student community. Love of athletics seems to be confined to fencing and duelling. The latter gains added zest from the fact that it is formally forbidden. However, the policemen close their eyes to all such misdemeanors, and the student appears boldly on the street in the full glory of his bandages a day or so after his duel. There are not only duels to avenge a student's honor, but also duels appointed between members of the various Corps or of the Burschenschaften, merely as a training in courage, and the scars a student bears are considered no small honor. An American cannot but be impressed with the brutality of such sport; but after a few attempts to defend American football against the attacks of the Germans, he perhaps begins to realize that custom is a great factor in determining one's point of view.

While speaking of athletics, perhaps it would be unfair to omit the mention of the walking tours of the German students. They often avail themselves of the opportunity offered by the vacations to go off in companies of two or three, or in larger parties, to visit some part of their country whose natural beauty or whose historical associations attract them. And the Germans appreciate fully all that their country has to offer, either of beauty or of historical interest. The vacation most popular for these tramps or walking tours is the ten days' vacation at Whitsuntide.

As you perhaps know, the college year in Germany is divided quite differently from ours. The winter semester extends from the last of October until the middle of March, with a vacation of two weeks at Christmas. The summer semester begins the last of



April, and work continues with the exception of the ten days at Whitsuntide until the first or middle of August. Naturally such a division would be impracticable here with our hot summers, but in Germany it works well, and the long vacation in the spring affords an excellent opportunity for a trip to Italy. The vacations are very elastic; the students practically set the dates themselves. If a professor insists upon lecturing until the date given in the official program, he finds himself at last confronted mostly with empty seats. I heard of one professor who, in order to learn whether he should lecture at the next appointed time, asked his students how many would be present. Needless to say, he did not lecture.

Just as in the case of athletics, if duelling can be included under that head, the social life of the students is centered in the various societies. These seem to be legion, though the number may appear greater than it really is, because of the distinction always kept before one by the variety of bright-colored caps. The students have this manner of displaying their society colors, a way infinitely more effective than any amount of ribbon. Each society has a room or house of its own, and here the students devote themselves to social enjoyment with as much enthusiasm as Americans take up athletics.

But there is a more vital difference between American and German universities than the presence or lack of college spirit, than merely in the social life of the students, and this is in the aim of the university itself. While the purpose of an American university is more the all-round development of the man, the moral and physical as well as the intellectual, the purpose in Germany is wholly intellectual. The student comes up from the preparatory school with a thorough mastery of preliminary subjects and with the habit of patient, persistent study necessary for independent work; and with this foundation the university takes him and trains him to investigate for himself. There is no degree given in the German university corresponding to that of Bachelor of Arts, so the student aims at once for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, which, of course, demands original research in some chosen field. Thus from the time the student enters the university his one ambition is to investigate for himself. This spirit of investigation has its advantages, but also its disadvantages. A man is called to a professorship according to his success as an investigator, without regard to his ability as a lecturer. It is only a happy accident if the two are combined. Instruction is always sacrificed to investigation.

The position which women hold in the German universities is rather a peculiar one. They were admitted only a few years ago, but never on the same footing with men; that is, they have never been regularly matriculated, though a number of universities have granted degrees to women. Many of the professors are strongly opposed to the admission of women to their lectures, and if the professor whom a woman wishes to hear happens to be one of these, her cause is hopeless. If, however, consent is obtained from the professor, she is quite sure of gaining permission from the authorities of the university, unless there is some serious flaw in the testimonials presented. The ease with which this is done varies, though, in different universities, and from year to year in the same university, since much depends upon the attitude of that member of the faculty who is chosen by his colleagues to serve as Prorektor, or head of the university, during the year. Once admitted to the lectures, a woman is treated very courteously by both professor and students, unless possibly she counts it discourteous for the professor to address his audience as "Meine Herrn." However, her presence in the lecture-room is not always thus ignored, and if she is ready to take up original work she receives as much individual attention from the professor as the men. The professor gives almost no individual help to the students until they begin to investigate for themselves. The courtesy of the students toward the women partakes rather of a negative character, but the fact that a woman is never made to feel uncomfortable, though possibly the only woman, or at best one of four or five, in a room of forty or fifty men, speaks well for the politeness of the German student.

Probably the impressions gained from a year at one of the German universities would not apply to all; still I believe that the University of Goettingen is fairly typical, and that one's experience there would, with some modifications, be the experience in any other.

Of the Germans as a people I have no time to speak, though I must pay a tribute to the warm-heartedness and kind hospitality with which they receive the foreigner. This kindness would make one feel at home, if one could be really at home in a country whose point of view and whose ideals are so different from one's own. The inspiration of the year of study in the university is increased by the pleasure of hearing at the same time something of German life and customs. But perhaps for most Americans, at least for myself, the

happiest moment of all the year abroad was that when laden with the wealth of pleasant memories brought from the old world I beheld again the shores of the new.

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## ANTONY. A CHARACTER SKETCH.\*

In Shakespeare's play "Julius Cæsar," Antony is one of the important characters, and runs along as a glittering thread throughout the whole length of the play.

In the second scene of the first act, his first utterance,

"Cæsar, my lord?"

and after Cæsar's command, his reply,

"I shall remember,

When Cæsar says 'do this,' it is perform'd."

would serve to show us his intimate connection with Cæsar and his dependence on him.

Brought into prominence only in the middle of the play, while seldom speaking in the beginning or end, and then with very few words, he yet seems to be one of the principal characters in the course of events. Without Antony, things would have happened, perhaps, far differently from the way in which they did.

Sagacious and unscrupulous, he directed grave and important undertakings with the head and hand of a skillful politician. His ability to foresee events, by reading the signs of the times, would, doubtless, have given him his place in the world at the present day.

Living in Rome at the time of Cæsar's marvellous triumphs, on the one hand, and when, on the other hand, the conspiracy against the life of Cæsar was being successfully carried on, Antony was sharp and shrewd enough to hold the upper hand in things directly connected with Mark Antony.

He was practical, in that he was able to execute the movements which he had inaugurated. Nearly every enterprise that he undertook was carried to success.

We cannot say, however, that he was, by any means, an ideal

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\*Written for regular class work.

man, because he certainly was a scheming politician with self as the only end in view.

Judging his ideas from a moral standpoint, we can say that he was a man of very little character. In fact, he even went so far as to perjure himself.

“Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead  
So well as Brutus living; but will follow  
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus  
Through the hazards of this untrod state  
With all true faith.”

He was willing to do any piece of underhanded work for the sake of his own ends. This was shown when he shook the bloody hands of the conspirators in order to deceive them the more. Another proof of this is the fact that he was willing to have Lepidus as one of the Triumvirs in order to retain his support.

His motives and purposes centered directly in self, and he was shrewd in that he could use men and events to his own advantage. He seemed to possess the faculty of being able to discern the motives of men.

“This (Brutus) was the noblest Roman of them all.  
All the conspirators, save only he,  
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar.  
He only, in a general honest thought  
And common good to all, made one of them.”

Antony was peculiarly free from making disastrous mistakes in his public career. He showed how suitable to the occasion he could be when, just after the argumentative speech of Brutus, he carried the people away with his passionate oratory. In speaking of the will of Cæsar, however, he resorted to a mean way of arousing the anger of the multitude. His projects, nevertheless, were well planned and carried out. His ability to succeed in these made him a successful politician, but not an honorable statesman.

Antony was a good soldier. He was the strongest leader on his side. He was very quick to act.

“Brutus and Cassius  
Are levying powers; we must straight make head.  
Therefore let our alliance be combined,  
Our best friends made, our means stretched;

And let us presently go sit in council,  
How covert matters may be best disclosed,  
And open perils surest answered."

Considered as a man, Antony was an inferior person. Yet he was full of force. His enemies recognized his power.

Cassius was able to partly see through Antony and to detect his hidden qualities.

"We shall find of him  
A shrewd contriver; and, you know, his means,  
If he improve them, may well stretch so far  
As to annoy us all."

"But I have a mind  
That fears him much; and my misgiving still  
Falls shrewdly to the purpose."

Brutus, on the other hand, was completely deceived by Antony.

"For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar."

"And for Mark Antony, think not of him;  
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm  
When Cæsar's head is off."

"Thy master (Antony) is a wise and valiant Roman,  
I never thought him otherwise."

Lepidus, also, and perhaps Octavius, were deceived by Antony. Cæsar himself seemed to have a great regard for him.

Antony, as a leader, had the people on his side of the cause. He was able to keep all his friends following him, but he treated them shamefully. This is proved by the manner in which he requited Lepidus and the Roman people. Of Lepidus he says:

"Octavius, I have seen more days than you,  
And though we lay these honors on this man,  
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,  
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold."

The Roman people were his friends, and yet he desired to curtail that part of the will of Cæsar which allowed them privileges.

In a few words, selfishness was the controlling influence in the life of Antony. As his motives were bad, his every act was also bad. In fact, we are unable to find one single redeeming trait in Antony's character.



## A TRIP TO NORWAY.

On July 21st, after bidding good-bye to J. Elwood Cox, of High Point, who had been with me for two days (and whose visit I very much enjoyed), I left London for Denmark, and after a ride of a few hours by train and two nights and one day by steamer, I arrived at Esbjerg, Denmark. The first sensation on landing, was that I was in a foreign land, everything was strange, the people, the language, the houses, everything. There I was met by Johan Marcassen, who was to act as interpreter during my stay in his country. How helpless one feels where he can understand no one, and no one can understand him; I was dependent on the interpreter for everything. From Esbjerg we proceeded to Viele where I had my first meetings. As there was nothing that specially interested me in Denmark, I will pass over that country, only saying that I closed my trip at Copenhagen. I took passage on the good ship *Botney* for Stavanger, Norway. We put out on the North or German Sea at eight o'clock, a. m., and were soon plowing the mighty deep. We had a splendid passage. A little rough, it is true, many of the passengers getting sick and going to their berths, but I enjoyed it, and so sat on the deck all day and far into the night, watching the white-capped waves as they rose like the white sails of some gallant ship. But in the early morning light of the third day I looked out through the port-hole, I could see the green blue waters as calm as the surface of a lake, but still unmistakably that of the sea, and close at hand long stretches of rugged gray rock. It was a brilliant sunny morning and the hour was six o'clock. I was soon on deck and the fact was plain that I was in the land so long dreamed of—the land of *Norway*. The steamer was moored along side the quay at Stavanger, and the outline of a pretty town lay stretched out before me. There was nothing strikingly imposing in its appearance, but it had a neat and homely look with its plain, but by no means, commonplace wood houses, and the spire of a church or two peeping over them.

Having landed, I proceeded to the Hotel *Nordst Jerner*, where the landlord could speak a little English. I was shown a comfortable room and I ordered *frokost* (breakfast), which was served in my room as is the custom there. It consisted of bread, butter, eggs, and *Kaffa*, and such coffee as I had not tasted since I arrived in



England. They do not know how to make coffee in England. Soon after breakfast a Friend came and took us to the Friends' school-house, which was to be our quarters during our stay in Stavanger. We had good rooms, but our host could talk no English, and we could talk no *Norse*, so we had to eat such things as were set before us and ask no questions.

The streets of Stavanger are narrow and crooked, often no room for carts to pass, and the side-walks are, in some places, so narrow that it is with difficulty one person can walk on them, and only occasionally there is one wide enough for two, but they are all very clean, possessing none of those signs of bad drainage which so often offend the senses in other foreign towns. A smell of fish certainly does pervade some parts of the town, for a great trade in herrings is carried on here. One large establishment for canning sardines, working two hundred girls, is owned and operated by a woman, a member of Friends' Church, who ships millions of boxes to the United States. When I get home I shall always try to buy her brand, because I know them to be clean and nice. But the odor of Stavanger is by no means unpleasant, coming as it does from the resinous and aromatic pine-wood, of which the houses are built, and which the inhabitants use for fuel.

My next procedure was to go to a bank and exchange some English gold for Norwegian money. They gave it to me in notes and silver. Eighteen *krone*, five öre to the pound sterling. The notes are little pieces of paper of the value of ten and five *krone* respectively, and for change they gave me silver coin of the value of *krone* and of fifty, twenty-five and ten öre respectively, one-half, one-fourth, and one-tenth of a *krone*, and copper pieces of the value of one hundredth part of a *krone*. The *krone* is about the value of twenty-five cents of United States money, and is the standard of value in Norway just as a dollar is the standard in America. It was Friday morning when we landed in Stavanger, and we remained over the Sabbath, having two large meetings on that day. My interpreter was a fine specimen of a *Norse-man*. Tall, broad-shouldered, with a pleasant face, and his voice was soft and musical, and he repeated my words with a fervor as though he felt it all in his own heart; so different from the mere professional who only says the words over like a machine.

From Stavanger we went by a little sail-boat to the island of Idesö, in what are called the Fjords. We had a delightful run of

some eight miles before the wind, arriving in time to call on about all the people on the island before night and invite them to a meeting, to which they very generally came. These *Norse* people are a quiet folk, usually talking in gentle, subdued tone; very different from those ordinary middle class English or German. I may say that my first impressions were confirmed by subsequent experience, that the Norwegians, are a grave people, not sad or sullen, but little given to loud laughter or practical joking. They can be animated enough if you draw them out, but vivacity on their part is not spontaneous. And they are always courteous and kindly, ever ready to oblige in a good-natured, but undemonstrative, manner, as though it were quite a matter of course that they should render you the service you had asked of them, and accepting courtesy on your part with the simple but grateful acknowledgement of the national *mange tak* (many thanks). Another thing about these Norwegians, they are never in a hurry, always taking things easy. One never knows when a steamer is going to start. We go to the quay at the advertised time of departure but it may be hours before it will go. But these natives never seem to care when they get away, as they know they will go some time and they are in no hurry.

My next trip was to Sövde. It lies on one of the Fjords which penetrate the country in different directions. It was a delightful trip as we sat on the deck of a fine little steamer surveying the scene which became gradually unfolded in panoramic fashion while we glided along on the waveless waters of the Fjord. Not a breath of wind was stirring and the mountains stood reflected as on the surface of a lake. Huge masses of rock around us on every side, and now and then our way seemed closed in by them, until a new cleft appeared and we found ourselves in a new rednaih. Here and there we passed an opening forming a branch within this branch Fjord, and presenting a grand view of snow-capped mountains and forests of fur and pine. Hardly a habitation came in sight for miles, and the sense of the utter desolation and profound stillness that pervaded the scene was as impressive as it was soothing. During this trip we came upon the first water falls that we had yet seen. These, we were told, were very small for Norway, but in any other country they would have been called stupendous. They fall from the heights of many hundreds of feet in streaks of milky whiteness. Some times down the bare sides of the rocks; sometimes in deep, dark ravines, and assuming as they fall all sorts of strange fantastic forms,

now descending in mighty volumes of foam and spray; now like vales of fine lace. The largest and handsomest of the passes came in sight as we neared our destination and at one point, two or three of them were visible at once. Sövde is simply a few houses scattered along the shore and among the mountains, which are everywhere in sight. Here there is a Friends' meeting-house, the second story of which is fitted up for the entertainment of traveling Friends, and here we roomed over the Sabbath and held two interesting meetings.

Now we make a journey which takes us ten English miles for the Fjords. We go by steamer from Stavanger, and I may say we always must go back to Stavanger to take a new start to go anywhere. So we go by steamer to Tekelfjord, then through the country to Roiseland. The means of transportation are limited in these parts. And we could only get a *karole* a little two-wheeled gig shaped like a boat, which accommodated only one traveller while the driver sits behind him. The *karole* has long shafts and the boat-shaped seats sit some distance in front of the axle while a box for the baggage is fastened across the end of the shafts behind the axle. On this the skydsgut (pronounced shusgut), or driver, sits. My skydsgut was a lad about sixteen, who could talk a little English, of which he was very proud, and he took every possible opportunity of airing his accomplishments. So he was very careful to show every point of interest on the road, but I never could understand him, so always replied, *ya ya*, and that settled it all. The care and skill with which the Norwegians manage their horses has been noticed by many travelers. The horses are pretty little beasts of the cob class, always look very plump and sleek, and are generally of peculiar fawn or dove color, though sometimes brown or bay. They are wonderfully docile and sure-footed, and are capital trotters; but the skydsgut don't hurry them much, but takes his time up hills especially, but generally makes it up going down, and I have sometimes had to check one of these jehus by exclaiming, *Ikke saa hurtig* (not so fast). If one travels far enough he must make a report at the station. The horses are changed at fixed stations, called *skyastations*, from ten to fifteen miles apart. These are under the strictest government supervision and a *dog-bog*, or day-book, at which the traveler is expected to register his name, the place from which he started, his destination, and any complaints or remarks he may wish to make. The prices are absolutely fixed and no more dare be charged. I paid four *krones* for my interpreter and

myself for ten miles, about one dollar, but I felt I ought to "tip" the driver, which I did, and he took off his hat, and shook my hand warmly.

I have been all the time interested in the peasants of Norway. I see them always on the steamers as second-class passengers. They are generally well dressed, but I was disappointed that I saw nothing of the national costume, of which I had heard much. There was nothing about these passengers peculiar except their luggage, which consisted of wooden boxes painted in various rude designs and most gaudy colors. A favorite companion of every Norwegian woman is her *tine*, a box of special construction, oval in shape, and secured at one end by a piece of wood fitting into a sort of groove and open at the other by a wedge which turns in a slit in the lid, while the box is carried by a handle inserted in the middle of the lid. The *tine* if not profusely ornamented in bright colors is adorned by figures and designs burnt into the plain wood.

At the city of Burgan I visited the fish market of which I only have *time* to write, leaving the city for a later letter. The market presents a very animated scene. The harbor was crowded with smacks and boats from the lonely isles I had passed on the coast, and these were loaded with fish of every sort, from the tiny sprat to the gigantic hake, as big as a man. Cod and herring were in abundance, and the prices charged for them were almost inconceivable, a few öre being sufficient to purchase enough to last a family for days. They were taken from the boats alive and were placed in tanks supplied with fresh water, and from these tanks fished out with a small dip net and exhibited to the customer. The bargaining for fish is amusing. The buyers hang around the fisherman and haggle about the price and call each other hard names, while they might earn the few ore required to buy them. The women generally are the purchasers but sometimes the sellers. There was a little display of native costume at the market by some of the fishermen, or *fiskerpiger*, who were picturesquely attired in a blue woolen gown with an opening in front showing a peep of gaudy handkerchief, and with a thick muffler around the throat, with a peculiar round cap, broad at the crown and having a white band across the brow. These skirts were always very full, being tightly gathered at the waist and reaching a little below the knees. Then add to this a pair of red stockings and wooden shoes and you have the picture.

JAMES READ JONES.

## THE GUILFORD COLLEGIAN.

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DECEMBER, 1898.

Pay your *dues* or you'll be *dunned*. The *Bus. Mgr.* is making out the papers.

With the spirit of Christmas in our hearts and minds we wish *all our readers* a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year; otherwise we would limit the benefits of the above wish to our paid-up subscribers.

## LOYALTY TO YOUR COLLEGE.

"To thine own self be true" should be the aim of every College student, and if true to thyself thou wilt be true to every one.

True to self means loyalty. Loyalty should mean the culture of the good, antagonism to the bad self-government.

Loyalty should begin at home; shown by love and respect for parents and home surroundings, and when the parental roof is exchanged for college walls, should assert itself in respect and love for tutors and all the college environments.

In order to be loyal to the college which one attends one must be loyal to every department of that College.



Attend regularly your literary society and each association to which you may belong and in this way show your interest in their success.

Mark the career of the student who fails to bear loyalty to his College and you will find one who failed in loyalty to self.

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#### PATRIOTISM VS. PARTISANSHIP.

Are you a *patriot* or a *partisan*? Do you vote for statesmen or politicians? For *your country* or your party? What our country needs to-day is patriots, not partisans—*statesmen*, not *politicians*. If we want statesmen to guide the ship of state, men who have shown by long and faithful service that they are capable of such a task, we must cease to vote for politicians. If we want statesmen we must be *patriots*, not partisans, otherwise it will be impossible for one to do aught but vote for his party man. It very often takes a lot of "sand" for the *patriot* to vote against his *party man*, who, by the way, may be a very talented, trustworthy gentleman, for one whom he thinks to be a better man for the place. But he has done his duty, and if every voter cast a *patriotic ballot*, many who are now in office, through party machines, would never have been elected.

The havoc that has been wrought by politicians and machine politics is too well known to need any dwelling upon here. It needs only to be added that if there were as many *patriots* and *statesmen* as there are *partisans* and *politicians*, our country would be in a more prosperous condition.

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#### A MISTAKE!

We have made a mistake. We are painfully aware of it, and most humbly beg your pardon, and will promise never—no never—to let it happen again.

It was an innocent mistake—a natural mistake. A mistake that any one would have made nine times out of ten, placed in the same position as ourselves. It was the most natural thing in the world for us to suppose that the students of Guilford College would take an interest in the COLLEGIAN. And to a certain extent they do. They wonder when it is coming. If there is any joke in it about them If they will be able to read it over their room-mate's shoul-



der when it comes. But beyond this, and an occasional criticism of an article, local or editorial, they have no concern about the COLLEGIAN.

We believed at first (we have learned to believe nothing now—not even that our old subscribers will pay their subscriptions), that we could depend upon the students for at least a small amount of original matter for publication during the year, and to encourage them to begin early and write well we offered a prize for the best article submitted on or before Dec. 1, 1898.

That date has arrived, but if any article was sent to us it has failed to reach its destination. Now we had hoped better than that. We had hoped and believed that our students would take advantage of this offer and send in articles that would be a credit to themselves and to this magazine. But we have hoped in vain! believed in vain! and now we will calm ourselves and—and—tranquilly keep the prize.

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#### THE CHORUS CLASSES.

What has become of the chorus classes concerning which so much was said at the first of the term? The lack of these classes accounts for the miserable singing that we have at the Sunday services. No one feels responsible for the singing on these occasions more than another. The students themselves are in a sense responsible for the singing on these occasions, but then those who can sing at all have no opportunity for practice together, so that when they come together on Sunday each one has his own tune and as is generally the case all of these tunes do not fit together very well, and it sounds very much like a number of children trying to sing a song for the first time. Last year the girls and boys used to assemble twice a week and also on Sunday afternoon and have practice in singing for about an hour each time, and the singing on all occasions was decidedly better than it has been this year.

We suffer one disadvantage this year, as we did last, but it was not felt so much then as it is now, because there were those among the students who had had some training in music in previous years and who were capable to some extent of being responsible on occasions for the singing, but most of them are no longer in college. The music teacher is at the college only twice a week and she must necessarily devote that time to the regular students in music and

when she has done that she has little time left for chorus classes. We have nothing to say in regard to the music teacher, and have no right to suppose that she is not doing anything but her duty, but it does seem that the college should make some provision other than that now available for the improvement of the vocal talents of the students in general. The singing among the students is degenerating, and if more of them are not soon interested in it, it will die out altogether. It is true that there has been a small chorus class during the term, but there are so few in it and the time of meeting is so irregular that its existence is entirely unknown to the majority of students. The chorus classes should be revived for the benefit of the Sunday services if for no other reason.

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#### RETROSPECTIVE.

It seems fitting, now at the close of this year, into which so many events have been crowded, to pause and after taking a retrospective glance into the past year to prepare to make the coming one, if anything, more prosperous.

Unless the coming year; the last year of the century, is indeed a very prosperous one, unless it can surpass the present year in hurrying history-making and world-effecting events upon its stage of action at a swifter and more surprising rate, the year "'98" will stand alone among the last years of the 19th century.

"'98" has indeed been memorable. It has been a year of progress. Never before have so many important events been crowded into a single year.

In the east the Lion and the Bear are growling and showing their teeth over the bone of contention—China; while Emperor William looks on, by no means a disinterested spectator.

Great Britain has been busy putting down a rebellion among the sturdy mountaineers of India, and is now in danger of becoming embroiled in a row with France over some disputed territory on the Nile.

France is quite busy quarreling with herself and another revolution among those hot, tempestuous people is not altogether unlikely. The celebrated Dreyfus case is again before their tribunals and the people demand for him a fair trial, which is certainly due to that long-suffering soldier.

The burly Don and wily Yankee have had their contest for

supremacy and the merciless Don now lies vanquished (and now very merciful) at his feet. The victories enjoyed by the American arms are not so important in themselves, as in the triumph of the principles for which they were fought.

They were fought for those principles of Justice, Manhood, and Liberty, so dear to every American heart. The triumph of these principles in Cuba and the Islands of the Sea, will mean much for the permanent peace of these possessions, which destiny has thrown into our control, to civilize, to colonize and to build up.

Our war with Spain has opened the eyes of the world (and more fortunately our own eyes) to our immense resources and ability for carrying on war. It has united a people somewhat estranged by previous differences. But "there is now no North, no South." Citizens have become brothers, and the late defenders of the "Stars and Bars," fight side by side with the Yankees under the folds of the "Stars and Stripes," while the strains of the "Star Spangled Banner" and "Dixie" are heard in the camp and on the battlefield.

Another very beneficent result obtained by the war is the increased friendship of the United States and England. The much feared (by foreigners) and much to be hoped for (by ourselves) Anglo-American Alliance seems to be very near in the future. This Alliance will mean much to the world, for who will deny that Uncle Sam and John Bull can together control the world.

The recent proposal of the Czar to reduce the standing armies of Europe is now regarded as a good joke by the Governments of the world, neither has the late "Peace Jubilee," which has made itself infamous as a body of unpatriotic demagogues caused more than a smile at the littleness of man, among all true American citizens.

Death has claimed many illustrious victims this year. Men who have toiled and struggled and succeeded; men who have surmounted difficulties and climbed up and up to the top-most round of the ladder of fame.

The "Great Commoner of England" and the "Unifier of Germany" have both journeyed into the great unknown. Col. Warring, the cleanest man in America, the man, and the only man, who could clean great cities, and keep them clean, has passed away. He fell at his post in Havana, where he was ordered to make it an habitation fit for men.

Anarchy has vied with death to take away the great of the nations. Scarcely had the wave of excitement which followed the

death of Bismarck and Gladstone subsided, when the news of the cruel and cowardly assassination of the Empress of Austria in Switzerland was borne over the wires and the whole world rose indignant.

And among the many poor fellows who fell at Santiago, perhaps there was a slumbering Dewey there.

At home we have prospered remarkably well. Commerce and trade is reviving again. Money is passing freely along its accustomed channels. Failures are scarcely ever read of, and even the war-tax is cheerfully paid.

Yes, there is much to be thankful for. And now, at the close of the year, while our business interests are being prospered, and while the "Peace Commission" is laboring (?) on what was settled long ago by Dewey at Manila, and Schley at Santiago, let us fervently hope that the hearts of this commission will be touched to do a great deal less talking and a great deal more work, and that another endless pension list will not be thrust upon us.

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## ATHLETICS.

November 24th wound up the football season with Guilford. On that day the team went to Raleigh to play their last game with the A. and M. College. The game this year was just the reverse of what it was last. Guilford scored four touchdowns and one goal to A. and M's. nothing last year, and this year A. and M. scored four touchdowns and one goal to Guilford's nothing. Judging from the games played earlier in the season by the two teams and the scores made by them, an easy victory was predicted for Guilford, and the home team can make no excuse for losing the game, except overconfidence, and consequently, lack of training for the final game. At the same time A. and M. had everything that was favorable. They were on their own grounds with the whole college on the side lines (and on the field) and had a team which weighed twenty-two pounds more to the man than their opponents. Without a doubt it was their weight alone which won the game.

It was an ideal day for a game of football. At 3:30 the teams took the field. A. and M, wins the toss and chose the goal favored by a wind. Guilford kicks off and A. and M. returns the ball a few yards. After a few rushes, Guilford regains the ball and Armfield

makes the longest run of the day—25 yards around right end. At this rush, Groome, the right half, is injured and retires from the game. His place is taken by Hill. Guilford's mistake was in trying to buck the heavy A. and M. line with a light line and light backs, and loses the ball on downs. The opponents, assisted by their weight, made repeated gains through Guilford's line and after a hard struggle of fifteen minutes they scored their first touchdown. The same tactics were repeated and at the end of the thirty minute half another touchdown was made by A. and M. Ramsay failed both goals.

It was intended to play thirty and twenty-five minute halves, but on account of the lateness caused by delays in the first half it was decided to play only fifteen minutes the second-half. A. and M. kicks off, but Guilford could not advance the ball through a heavy line, so had to give up the ball. By continuous hard line bucking and an occasional close end run A. and M. succeeded in scoring two more touchdowns and one goal before the close of the second half. They retained possession of the ball most of the time and the fact that A. and M. did not advance the ball over ten yards at any rush shows that Guilford did excellent work on the defensive.

Some things worth mentioning were Armfield's long run and heavy line bucking and Daniel's hard tackling at the same time suffering severely from a sprained ankle.

The line up was as follows:

GUILFORD.		A. and M.
Lewis.....	L. E.....	Ramsay.
Dalton.....	L. T.....	Woodard.
Foust.....	L. G.....	Borden
Bennett.....	C.....	McNeil
Fox, (1).....	R. G.....	Bunce
Fox, (2).....	R. T.....	Turner
Moir.....	R. E.....	Moore
Cowles.....	Q.....	Woods
Armfield (Capt.).....	L. H. B.....	Whiteley
Groome, Hill.....	R. H. B.....	Castely
Daniels.....	F. B ..:	Person

REFEREE:—Thos. Alexander, of A. and M.

UMPIRE:—Prof. R. N. Wilson, of Guilford.

TIME:—30 and 15 minutes halves.

SCORE:—Guilford 0, A. and M. 21.



## LOCALS.

—Grantham has a new guitar.

—We wish that Thanksgiving would come again.

—Did you ever see a pen (A. Penn) with glasses on?

—The pond will soon be fixed up and skating will then be the rage—when the ice comes.

—John Hodgins left school the latter part of November on account of the illness of his father.

—Folger (as he stood before register in Memorial Hall): "Say, fellows, what makes it so hot here?"

—North Carolina day for the Christian Endeavor was observed by appropriate exercises on Nov. 13th.

—The week of prayer, Nov. 13th to 19th, was observed by the Y. M. C. A., and a collection was taken for the International work.

—On Nov. 19th Mrs. Phoebe Swain Worth was buried in the New Garden Burying Grounds.

—Why is it that John Lewis, Elizabeth Coffin, and Will Allen never get below third grade in the Senior class?

Little Davis (speaking of courses for some Thanksgiving dinners): "I care not what course others may choose, but as for me, give me only pumpkin pie."

—Miss —— (in the dining-room): "Mr. Cutchin, please pass the butter?"

Cutchin: "No'm, thank you."

Dr. W. P. Few, of Trinity College, gave a most scholarly lecture on Shakespeare in Memorial Hall Saturday night, December 10th.

—The manager of the baseball department of the athletic association is trying to arrange a schedule of games for next season. Several big games are now "on hand."

—Miss Anna Edgerton has left home to become a missionary in India. She goes under the auspices of the North Carolina Yearly Meeting. May success attend her in this work.



—Daniels and Groome were laid up for several days recently by injuries received in the game with A. and M. Daniels had a sprained ankle and Groome a broken collar bone.

—Freshman, (after a scrap with Junior, entering Governor's room with his upper lip hanging down over his chin): "Say, Governor, have you got any medicine for chapped lips?"

—The Archdale and Y. M. C. A. boys have become rivals in all kinds of athletic contests, even vieing with one another for the affections of the fair ladies of Founders (Miss Louise's angels—or rather anglers).

—Miss Ruth M. Worth visited the college on Nov. 28 in the interest of the Y. W. C. T. U., and spoke to the members of the organization here in regard to the work being done by the Y. W. C. T. U. throughout the state.

—By far the most successful "sotial" of the season was given to the students in Founders' Hall on the evening of Dec. 3. The hour was passed very pleasantly and the occasion was enjoyed by all who attended.

—First Junior: "Did you know Senior Lewis is going to be turned out of the Y. M. C. A.?"

Second Junior: "No. Why?"

First Junior: "Because he has been taking an 'Idol' around."

—On the 21st and 22d the Juniors were given a vacation that they might use their brains to good advantage on their orations. For two long days not a Junior was to be seen, but some of the boys say that the way pens, ink and paper disappeared around Archdale was a sin.

—On Thanksgiving day Rev. J. A. B. Fry, of Grace Church, Winston, preached to the students of the college. He spoke of the hard trials and struggles that pave the way to true success. He spoke of the lives of our greatest statesmen and of the world's greatest reformers, and showed the difficulties they have met and overcome. The sermon was much enjoyed by all who heard it.

—The baseball spirit has suddenly manifested itself among the students, the gridiron has been turned into a diamond, and every evening after school hours students are seen practicing there.

—On Dec. 1st the tennis representatives from the Y. M. C. A. building were defeated by the Archdale boys. A game of baseball had been arranged for Dec. 3d, but on account of rain was not played. No doubt this game will be played before this is in print, as the Y. M. C. A. boys are anxious to regain their lost glory.

—Saturday evening, Nov. 26, Mr. J. R. Vaughn lectured in King Hall on the subject of temperance. The lecture was very logical and convincing throughout. The speaker dealt with the saloon from every side, and wound up by saying a good word for all temperance organizations, but at the same time emphasized the fact that the church should be the most powerful temperance organization.

—A very thoughtful and scholarly lecture was given on Saturday night, Nov. 19, by Professor Davis on "Vowel Sounds." The number of sounds that are assigned to vowels in various school readers were criticised, and our difficulties in learning to read and spell were contrasted with the uniformity of vowel sounds of the German language. The lecture was a valuable one for teachers and students of English, and was much appreciated by those who heard it.

—On Thanksgiving the "braves" of Archdale, or rather that portion of the braves who were so fortunate as not to be in Raleigh at the football game, or so unfortunate as not to be at home, were invited to visit the "wigwams" (Founders) of the females. In return the "squaws" visited the "braves" and were "entranced" by the beauty of their quarters. The palm leaf (and the smiles of a certain young lady) was bestowed upon Senior Allen, as it was decided that his was the nicest room in Archdale. At Founders, for the sake of preserving the peace, no decision as to the merits of the rooms was made (as it is well known that women are very jealous), and no one felt capable of braving the wrath that might have followed. The day passed off finely and would have been a "howling" success had not the team been so unlucky in the game with A. and M. But after all, Boyce says, "Let Thanksgiving day (and turkey) come again."

## PERSONALS.

- ✓ Wm. H. Cowles is a student at West Point.
  - ✓ Callie Stanley is teaching near Centre, N. C.
  - ✓ Lela Williams is teaching at Lewisville, N. C.
  - ✓ Lelia Kirkman, '97, is teaching near Pleasant Garden, N. C.
  - ✓ Sallie Stockard, '97, is clerking in a book-store at Raleigh, N. C.
  - ✓ E. E. Farlow, '96, is teaching a Public School at Deep River, N. C.
  - ✓ Rena G. Worth, '89, is teaching in the Graded School of Wilmington.
  - ✓ Isa Woodley is studying music in the Presbyterian College at Charlotte.
  - ✓ T. Gilbert Pearson, '97, is a member of the Senior Class at Chapel Hill.
  - ✓ Oliver Newlin, a student here some years ago, is now practicing law in Greensboro.
  - ✓ Emma and Martha Blair, once students here, are teachers in the High Point Graded School.
  - ✓ H. C. Petty was a member of the football team at Haverford College during the past season.
  - ✓ Berta Tomlinson is teaching in the Graded School of Durham, where she has held a position for several years.
  - ✓ Marvin Groome, a student here in '96, and Miss Lela Whittington, of East Bend, were married on November 17, 1898.
  - ✓ Dora Bradshaw, '95, was married on December 1st, to Rev. Lindley Clark, of Washington, D. C. They will reside in D. C.
- J. M. Greenfield has been chosen as one of the debaters by the society, of which he is a member, at the University to represent them in the inter-society debate which takes place in the Spring.

## EXCHANGES.

We note with interest the care taken in the appearance of our college exchanges, which we are glad to see, and which, no doubt, shows that much more interest is being taken in the college magazine. There is one thing that we would like to suggest; that is, that some of our exchanges have their pages trimmed and cut. This, no doubt, would add much to their appearance.

The *Trinity Archive* is one of our foremost exchanges. The November number is up to its usual standard, containing some good fiction and articles of interest. The "Mystery of the Ring" is well written, as is the Confederate war story entitled "Will Murphy." "Student Life at Johns Hopkins" is interesting as well as instructive.

The *Hampden-Sidney* magazine comes to us in a new coat, and the appearance is much improved. The departments are all very well written. The literary department is the best we have seen yet. "The Great Dismal Swamp of Virginia" is very good.

The *Randolph-Macon Monthly* is on our table. The literary department, which we consider should be the principal department, contains little or no matter. This department should be foremost, as a college magazine should not be filled with matters of purely local interest.

The *Earlhamite* is at hand, and contains an article, "Our Duty to the Philippines," which is well worth reading.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following magazines, of which, on account of lack of space, we are not permitted to speak: The *Crescent*, The *Latin High School Review*, The *Oak Leaf*, The *University Cynic*, The *Central Collegian*, *Silver and Gold*, The *Normal Monitor*.

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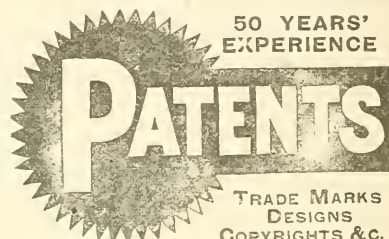
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# The Guilford Collegian.

VOL. XII.

JANUARY, 1899.

No. 5.

## THE CRIMSON AND THE GRAY.

LUCILLE ARMFIELD, '94.

Youth proffered both. I joyous cried:

“Oh! crimson bright, forever may  
Thy beauty cheer me far and wide.”

The gloomy hue I threw aside,—  
For what cared I for gray?

Ah! long, long years have flown away,  
The shadows toward the east are turned;  
But toiling up grief's rugged way  
Or basking in joy's warmest ray,  
One lesson I have learned:

That all we know and all that is  
Our lot upon life's checkered way,—  
Our hope, our fear, our pain, our bliss,  
That life itself consists of this—  
The crimson and the gray.

The red, red rose abloom on earth,  
With glowing, lowering sky o'erhead!  
The rosy night of wine and mirth  
To vain regret's gray dawn gives birth,  
When warmth and cheer have fled.

Warm, glowing love, more prized than gold,  
Burns bright and red, fades out and dies.  
The old, pathetic tale is told,—  
The ashes gray of love grown cold  
Show where the dead heart lies.

The long, dull day of toil is blest  
With peace and beauty at the last;  
For sunset's glow will bring sweet rest  
And drive us to our dear warm nest,  
When day and toil are past.

## MATTHEW ARNOLD AND THE GOSPEL OF CULTURE.

R. N. WILSON.

In criticising Matthew Arnold's opinions on culture, we cannot possibly do the subject justice by a merely superficial study; but we can, if we think closely enough, find points in Mr. Arnold's conception, about which opinions different from his might well be held.

Mr. Arnold himself was an embodiment of his own idea of broad-mindedness, culture, and totality; and yet, as strange as the assertion may seem, his energy, force of character, and his devotion to the one idea of Hellenism, make him for us a partially one-sided man, a man of one idea. Such are the strange contradictions we sometimes meet in studying the beliefs of great men.

There are at least two categories in which we cannot see how the ideas of Mr. Arnold's school could produce the most valuable results. The one is in a country undeveloped, a nation semi-barbarous; the other a highly developed state.

Mr. Arnold lived in England at a time when he could easily develop and round his personality if he chose, but he seems to have forgotten that the England of his time was founded on eighteen hundred years of Philistinism. What need had William the Conqueror for culture? His business was to subdue barbarians. To what use could Henry VIII. and his Cromwell put Platonic idealism? They were laying the foundations of the English church.

Hellenic culture and Platonic philosophy, while grand in their conception and beautiful to follow, if one can, still fall far short of the power of the Hebraism of Christianity, in whose footsteps they have *followed* down to the present time. Although culture has done a great work in balancing and counteracting too radical tendencies, still it is to be doubted if it could have, of itself, accomplished much, outside the domain of literary criticism.

Culture may now find a lodgement in our American life; but what Daniel Boone needed was imperfect action rather than perfected knowledge.

A race of engineers and mechanics were first necessary to subdue a wild, uncivilized region, before there could be any development of culture whatever. The very Puritanic influence, which, in Mr. Arnold's eye, was productive of one-sidedness, has finished by giving us our most cultured people; and from this we conclude that



there *must* be, in man, some strong central idea around which to build. In the second place, when society is highly organized; when custom governs; when social and religious institutions are firmly established; the disciple of culture has here, if anywhere, an opportunity to cast himself into the general current of human life, and perfect every side of his nature. But while he is doing this he becomes careless of political life, and allows himself to be finally ruled by men of inferior ability and honesty. Abuses creep in, and—as has often occurred—the whole social and religious fabric becomes rotten. License reigns without check, until some “Philistine of genius” like Luther “appears and makes the world one-sided.”

There is of course a golden mean in everything, but humanity never attains it at one stroke. The pendulum is in the wrong place. It swings. But too far. It must swing back again, but this time not so far. Harmony and Totality are excellent for the few, but for the many let us have the Philistine whom Carlyle praises so gloriously.

“It was not a smooth business; but it was welcome surely, and cheap at that price had it been far rougher. On the whole, cheap at any price;—as life is. How many earnest, rugged Cromwells, Knoxes, poor Peasant covenanters, wrestling, battling for very life, in rough, miry places, have to struggle, and suffer, and fall, greatly censured, *bemired*—before a beautiful Revolution can step over them in official pumps and silk stockings, with universal three-times-three. That after all is the sort of man for one. I plead guilty to valuing such a man beyond all other sorts of men. Smooth-shaven Respectabilities not a few one finds that are not good for much. Small thanks to a man for keeping his hands clean, who would not touch the work but with gloves on!”

---

## INDUSTRY THE SHEET ANCHOR OF SUCCESS.

“Genius is undoubtedly a wonderful gift, and one that invariably enlists the sympathies of the world on the side of its possessor. It is like sunshine; it brightens everything; it accomplishes at once, and apparently without effort, the task that mediocrity labors at from day to day, and perhaps relinquishes in despair. Genius, however, has its drawbacks, and too often we see men of genius con-

scious of the superiority of their powers, becoming a prey to vanity, not fully realizing the necessity for exertion, showing a waywardness and unsteadiness of character fatal to success in anything, and, in fact, seeming only fitted for a sphere where the graver duties and realities of life do not exist. It is quite true that occasionally the world sees the brightest genius allied to indomitable energy, industry, perseverance, and perhaps prudence and discretion. In such cases, the fortunate individual attains eminence in something, and sometimes a world-wide celebrity; but these cases are not common, the captains and generals in the great army of mankind being overwhelmingly outnumbered by the rank and file.

There is one great quality which fortunately is much more common than genius, is too often underrated on that account, but is undoubtedly, to say the least, as valuable and as productive of good results, while, instead of being something which comes without asking, and cannot be acquired, all may possess it, provided they have the will—we mean industry. By this we certainly suppose something more than a mere capacity for getting through an unusual amount of drudgery—we mean an intelligent purpose sufficiently strong to cause the individual to bend all his energies to its accomplishment, to be untiringly thinking about it, possessing himself of every kind of information respecting it, excluding from his mind everything likely to impede his progress or mar his success, and finally devoting to that purpose the utmost possible amount of sheer hard practical work, mental work, bodily work, work of no matter what kind, so that it is in furtherance of the object he has in view.

This is what we mean by intelligent industry, and we will state boldly that we have never known a man possessed of this quality in its full degree entirely to fail and be ruined. Disappointed in some one undertaking through want of experience, from over-anxiety to make money, from incurring greater risk than that warranted by sound business principles, we have seen such men, but a man of this kind utterly driven to the wall we have yet to see.

Men of this stamp never turn aside from their purpose; they are never tempted from it, and are never driven from it. If it is not within the range of possibility to remove the obstacle in their way, they will climb over it; or if that cannot be done, they will go round it; and even if that cannot be done, they will go under it, always keeping steadily in sight the point which lies beyond. These men bring success out of failure, they succeed, in fact, ninety-nine times

out of a hundred. They are a patient, hard working, industrious, persevering, stubborn class of men, and men who hate above all things to be beaten on what they undertake.

The possession of this quality, viz.: the will and the work—is the secret of the success of many of our best and most prominent men in business, in mechanics, in art, in every department in which men are called to labor. As a rule, the men who come to the front rank, who take the most prominent positions in the community, who most earn the respect of their fellow men, who accumulate the most wealth, who accomplish the greatest amount of good in the world, are hard workers. It has been noticed again and again, that the men who attain the greatest prominence in the world are not those whose genius amounts to a sort of inspiration, but men of clear views and average intelligence, and possessed of a prodigious capacity for work. This is easily accounted for, such men have the greatest amount of common sense—the best quality to enable a man to grapple with material facts, while their industry enables them to accomplish all that their mind dictates. We would be the last to detract from the merits, of real, unquestionable genius; but we hold that, except in a limited number of cases, hard work and the cultivation of one's powers will in the end produce nearly the same results as genius. Consequently, we find that the men who have been working hard all their lives, neglecting no means of improvement, and steadily bent on bettering themselves every way, come to be classed with those possessed of "great natural gifts," "talents," etc., when the real talent was made up of strong common sense, energy, determination and hard work. We well know that all men are not born equal in their mental endowments. Probably no amount of industry or culture could make out of a merely average man a Napoleon Bonaparte; but these are exceptionable cases, and we are not taking into our account those comparatively few instances where the individual has been regarded as a prodigy.

No doubt early education and the influence and example of parents, have a great effect in determining the ability of everyone; but the young differ greatly in their characteristics. Some will grasp a fact with ease, others take a long time to learn, though this is not always indicative of the mental power of the child. Boys who are industrious, who are willing to work hard and long to acquire their lessons, are generally the most likely to come out best in the end. A most notable example once came under our observation in a

school, of two boys of nearly the same age in one class. The one was a bright, quick, smart, fun-loving boy; he would play nearly all the school time, and just prior to the class being called, would take his book, skim over it and would be prepared as well, and even better, than the rest of the class, and generally took the lead. The other boy learned everything by the hardest work. He did not have time to play with his fellows, because he had to study nearly all the while to get his lessons. It would take him hours to learn what the other boy would learn in a few minutes; but then he learned his lessons thoroughly and well, and what he learned by such hard work he never forgot. When it came to the close of the term, he was prepared thoroughly, went through his examination creditably, and divided the honors fairly with his schoolmate, who had the great natural gifts. These two boys went out into the world, each to take his part in the struggle. The "genius" started off like a meteor, and seemed as though he would go through the world in a blaze of glory, when he met with some disappointments and checks, and, not having the steady, persevering turn of mind and habits of industry necessary to meet successfully the troubles that arose, he strove a short time like a bird aimlessly beating its wings against the bars of its cage, and fell—got discouraged—lapsed into bad habits, became an unhappy man, a useless member of society, a trouble to his friends; in short, his life was a failure.

The other boy, on the contrary, started in his quiet, humble, persevering way, worked hard, attracted the attention of his employer by his habits of industry, his intelligence, and the great thoroughness with which everything was done that was given him to do. He advanced from one position to another, taking care that everything he had in hand was done systematically and thoroughly. About that time a junior partner, who had got rather intoxicated with success, made greater demands than the senior thought he was entitled to from his abilities, and he let the junior partner go and took the young man into business with him. To-day that young man has risen to be one of the foremost men in this city, wealthy, influential and respected. This is a simple statement of facts, and points its own moral.

Let no young man imagine that he needs to be a born genius to become a good business man, a good citizen, and a good, respected member of society. Talents are valuable, and such as one has (and he ought to take pains and ascertain what they are), let him be

thankful for, let him improve and turn to the best account. That quality of industry is one of the very best that a man can possess, and it is within the reach of all. With special talents or without them, it is equally useful; it is an unfailing resource, a first-class recommendation, and the sheet anchor of success."

## A FACT!

ELIOT KAYS STONE.

Yes! I have allers noticed in this wilderness er woe,  
 Whar all of us is livin', and we will until we go  
 Into a balmier, happier clime, whar Saints an' Angels sing  
 Glory Halleluliars an' Hossaners ter ther King.  
 Yes, I have allers noticed, and I allers will maintain,  
 Thet when a feller gits in trouble,  
     He tries ter shift ther blame.

Why! aint yer never noticed, when ther clouds begin ter soar,  
 An' ther lightnin' is er flashin', an' ther thunder 'gins ter roar,  
 An' thar aint no silver linin' as is comin' in ter view,  
 An' all the worl' an' every thing is lookin' kind er blue,  
 Thet a feller gits diskerriged, an' he allers does ther same,  
 Fer when a feller gits in trouble,  
     He tries ter shift ther blame.

When yer young an' hungry, an' yer mother's gone er way,  
 An' yer walk in ter ther pantry an' expect ter spend ther day,  
 An' yer eat up ther pervisions, an' ther cake an' pies an' all,  
 When yer hear yer mother's footsteps resoundin' thro' ther hall,  
 Then yer do what nater tells yer, an' she allers sez ther same,  
 Thet when er feller gits in trouble,  
     He tries ter shift ther blame.

An' when yer little ol'er, an' they send yer off ter school,  
 An' ther teacher sets yer wukin' on ther Long-dervision rule,  
 An' yer dont know how ter wuk it, an' yer aint er carin' much,  
 An' yer begin ter raisin' cane an' throwin' chalk an' such,  
 An' yer teacher sez: "Who done it?" Then yer dont give him yer  
 Fer when er feller gits in trouble, [name,  
     He tries ter shift ther blame.



An' now ter git ter bizness, an' mention ther first case,  
 When ther Lord got after Adam, ther father of our race,  
 Fer eatin' them first apples on this terrestual ball—  
 Ole Adam stood around er while ('twas just afore ther fall)  
 An' laid it on ther woman—an' ther woman done ther same,  
 Fer when er fellér gits in trouble,

He tries ter shift ther blame,

Now ever sence ole Adam gave his reasons why he fell,  
 An' cleared an open pathway ter ther fairy realms er—well,  
 His chil'ren have been wukin' at all sorts er arts an' trades;  
 Some hev been mechanics an' some hev been ole maids,  
 But in each er them perfessions each feller does ther same,  
 Fer when er feller gits in trouble,

He tries ter shift ther blame.

## WITH COLLEGE WITS.(?)

### TO THE KLONDIKE.

E. K. S., '00.

To the Klondike I would go,  
 Thro' the rain and thro' the snow,  
 To obtain the gold, you know,  
 In the Klondike.

But there's one thing in the way,  
 (Which I'll tell to you some day),  
 But it causes much dismay  
 In the Klondike.

\* \* \* \*

I've not gold enough to last  
 Till the Golden Gates are past,  
 And the golden die is cast  
 In the Klondike.

### AWFUL COLD IN KANSAS!

In the little town of S——, which lies cuddled up in the Smoky Mountains of Tennessee, there lives an old man with a ginger beard, whose chief occupation seems to consist in holding down a certain dilapidated splint-bottom chair, which right of usage has made

his own special property, and industriously expectorating into the sardine can placed by the stove for that very purpose. His daring stories and ready wit had long ago won for him the title of "Baron Munchausen of the Mountains."

Several of us were one evening (as our custom was) sitting comfortably around the stove on chairs, dry goods boxes, etc., when the storekeeper, with a full face and a fuller middle, remarked, "It's awful cold in Kansas. I see by the paper (which, by the way, was about a month old) that the thermometer fell 15 degrees in 30 minutes."

"Hm! that ain't nawthin'," said the man with the ginger beard; "one time when me an' Bill war out campin' out on 'Publican River it turned cold so blamed quick that an ole mule which was kicking at Bill got froze with his feet in the air, an' ther gol durn critter couldn't git 'em down fer three days. We had a thermometer with us, but the blamed thing went back on us!"

"Of course," I remarked, "it's a well known fact that at 40 degrees below zero the mercury freezes and refuses to register."

"'Twan't that way at all, young man, 'twan't that way at all; the thermometer fell so blamed fast that the friction made the mercury red-hot an' it busted the tube!"—R. C. W.

#### PSALM OF THE PRINTER.

(With apologies to Longfellow.)

U. O. MEA.

Tell us not in mournful numbers  
Of the dollars that are due;  
If you're troubled in your slumbers—  
Think of us—we think of you.

Life is real, and would be burnished  
By those dollars that you owe  
For the paper that was furnished  
To you by us, long ago.

Our subscribers often blind us  
By a promise seldom true;  
But we fear we leave behind us  
Dues that always will be due.

## MEN I HAVE SEEN.

"BILL WILSON."

I do not suppose that I have seen any more men, or any more varieties of men, than the reader. Nay! I do not even suppose I have seen as many. My observation is limited to few men of few types, but such as I have seen I have observed closely, and esteem myself (whether the reader does I leave to his own discretion) capable of showing some of the types for which America is noted.

I cannot place in my field of observation many great men; in fact I cannot even place a few there, but nevertheless I deem myself more or less familiar with America's great men. I can recall among my host of friends Colonel William Jennings Bryan, who has the honor of being one of my *greatest* friends. Perhaps he does not remember me, but I heard him make a speech once nevertheless. If I had been twenty-one I would have voted for him, but as I was older, I voted for McKinley. And once I honored Cleveland, when he was President, by shaking hands with him. I have never seen McKinley except on campaign buttons, etc., but then I am the original McKinley man. I had prophesied that he would be the salvation of his country long before the foremost of his constituents had ever heard of him.

I think I have stated enough to show my readers that I could dwell at great length on the merits and demerits of our American Statesmen, but as these have long ago been set before the public in a much better manner than I could ever hope to, I will call the attention of the reader to the

HUSTLER,

who is always with us. He is seen everywhere, and at all times. He makes his home everywhere—in the station, in the restaurant, in the club, in the asylum, and is always appearing to be in a hurry to get out of wherever he is, except the church and graveyard. If he should ever enter one or the other of these sanctuaries by mistake or otherwise he would probably force his way out a great deal quicker than he ever did anywhere else. The above is only a supposition, as he has never been seen in either one of these places yet. Why, I have never heard explained. Because he's too busy, perhaps.

Whenever he wants to go anywhere, he don't start when others would. No! he waits till the last moment, (he don't exactly wait

either, but flies around hustling about something or other) and then he hurries to the station at a break-neck speed, has an altercation with the cabman about his fare, seizes his baggage, makes a grand spasmodic, awe-inspiring rush for the ticket office, punching this man in the ribs, that fat man over yonder in that portion of his anatomy devoted to the assimilation, digestion and absorption of various "warmed-over chemical compounds," stepping on this woman's toes, and oversetting that woman's basket and sending her Sunday dinner sprawling all over the floor, and all the time never once stopping to apologize or get his breath, yells at the ticket agent for a ticket to Havana, perhaps, throwing that usually calm, self-possessed and self-satisfied individual—the ticket agent—into a state of temporary insanity, because he recognizes in him (the hustler) one who will report him in a moment for all real or fancied wrongs, asks him a thousand questions, receives a prompt and courteous answer every time, makes a savage dive for the train, which is just pulling out, swings himself and his baggage on to the rear platform and relieves himself with the self-complacent remark, "I'm a hustler, I am."

At the restaurant, he makes a grand swoop for the counter, throws down his dime, yells for a cup of coffee and a couple of rolls, gulps down his coffee and crams down his rolls, and rushes out of the door like the tail of a comet with a reputation for transcontinental tours to make.

He is always in a hurry; always excited; always pawing in the air, wildly gesticulating and wildly articulating. Whenever he is still it is when he is asleep or—dead. And then the case is doubtful, for when he sleeps he snores (I know, because I had to sleep with a hustler once at a crowded inn) and when he is—but then I have never seen a dead one yet.

He is an American product. He is an American and a Hustler, and is proud of it. When he is not bragging about the one, he is about the other, and when he is bragging about neither, he is in an altercation with a ticket agent or the hotel clerk, and is enjoying it.

It is beautiful to see him come prancing into a hotel. It is beautiful to see him grasp that most obliging (?) official on the earth—the hotel clerk—and call for the best room in the house. It is beautiful to see that stern official, that self-possessed official, that self-conceited official, that "I don't know 'nuthin' about it" official,

"Quake and quail,  
And turn pale,"

before his relentless gaze, consign him at once to room 21 or any other he may ask for, even though it has been engaged a week before and is already occupied, answer most obligingly and courteously with his blindest smile a hundred questions about the train; answer them correctly too, and does it as though it was the most natural thing in this life for him to be polite and courteous and obliging and respectful to strangers, and all the while the other guests have long ago quit their papers or their gossips about the weather or the market reports, and sit and gaze in frenzied ecstasies at the sudden metamorphosis of a calm, cool nabob, always ignorant and proud of it, always discourteous and proud of that, into an affable, bland, smooth-polished gentleman, all in the space of two minutes by the watch, and all by the little *hustler* who entered the room like a lava flow and left it like a hurricane. And then each one returns to his paper or his conversation again and fervently wishes that he was a *hustler* and all that the name implies.

The home of the Hustler is America, and he stays at home pretty well. His wife and children may travel and spend his dollars and cents, but he must (not of a necessity, but because he thinks he must) stay at home and earn more. He is seldom seen abroad; one can almost say never. I myself have never seen him there, but then I have never been abroad. He is a distinctively American product, and when he travels he doesn't need a guide. He is able to "paddle his own canoe" and as he hurries through France or Germany or Italy, the ignorant, lazy idler looks around at the cloud of dust he has left in his trail, and says in broken English, or the equivalent of it, "Hum, him American, him Yankee." No! the Hustler doesn't need a two column advertisement in the newspaper to inform the public of his presence. He is his own best advertiser, and his country's.

He is the symbol of American progress. Whenever progress in any line is made, he is on the spot and is generally there before any one else is. When a new gold field is discovered he has generally discovered it. If he hasn't he is one of the first to *stake a claim*, and will even go backwards and *claim a stake*; that is, claim a claim that has already been staked.

He is sometimes rude, but never intentionally. He carries in the remote fastnesses of his excited exterior a heart as gentle and impulsive as the gentlest mother's. A heart that is there, but doesn't show. One that takes an explosion of disaster to uncover it to the



outside world. A heart that has long been blunted by the cares and vexations of a busy life, but a heart that is ready for action when the time comes. Let us be thankful for the Hustler, he may sometimes step on our toes or tip over our well filled basket, but even with those vexatious reminders of his presence we can never repay the debt of gratitude we owe him for the way he turns those two monstrous brothers; those two proud, haughty emblems of tyrannical oppression—the ticket agent and the hotel clerk—into genial, cultivated *gentlemen*. *A great rarity.*

Let us love him for what he has done for himself, for what he has done for us and for what he has done for his country. Let us love him for what he is, and thank God for America, the home of the Hustler!

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NOTE.—This article will be followed by a treatment of that common village, town and city acquisition, "The Loafer."

# THE GUILFORD COLLEGIAN.

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*Websterian.*  
J. W. LEWIS, '99.

*Henry Clay.*  
E. K. STONE, '00.

*Philagorean.*  
NELLIE L. JONES, '00.

*Locals.*  
R. C. WILLIS, '01.

*Exchanges.*  
C. D. COWLES, '00.

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JANUARY, 1899.

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## A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO YOU!

Now at the opening of the year, when all of us are making good resolutions and trying to keep them, would it not be a good idea for us to remind you of that dollar you owe us for THE COLLEGIAN? We have been waiting for it some time.

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## NOT FAR ENOUGH.

By careful study based on observation, we have reached the conclusion that our article on "The Four Classes" did not go far enough; it did not cover all the ground. Not that we have discovered a new class—far from it. Nor do we claim in making any great original discovery; we have merely discovered what we suppose every one else has discovered, that the "Four Classes" before alluded to are not by any means limited to the college.

No! one only has to look about him to discover that the Crammer, the Flunker and the Bluffer are as painfully in evidence as in the college walls. Scattered here and there in the sluggish crowd is found the "student," who would perhaps better be classified as the Hustler. Yes! the wide, wide world is only a greater college.

**"WHO ARE YOUR COMRADES?"**

"Show me a man's comrades, and I will show you the man," is a saying as true to-day as it was when first uttered.

One has only to look around him to see the wisdom of this statement amply exemplified. If your comrades loaf around the store, you are apt to be found at the store yourself. If they occasionally indulge in a friendly glass, that friendly glass may be found at your lips. If they attend the Y. M. C. A. and Sunday services of worship, you will probably be seen among the congregation.

You may call yourself a Christian in the prayermeeting, but if you loaf around the store with loafers, imbibe a friendly glass, or play some rascally trick, you don't show it. "Actions speak louder than words," and it is needless to say that the young men who are active in Y. M. C. A. and Christian work are the young men most suited to be your companions. Join them, and if you want to be what you say you are, you will have a good chance to show it to the world.

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**WHAT IS A STAGE WITHOUT A CURTAIN?**

Did you ever notice that the auditorium in Memorial Hall, with its large and convenient stage, and with its comfortable opera chairs, has a sort of incompleteness that depresses one? For a time it is hard to determine just what it is that gives one this feeling, when suddenly it dawns upon him that a handsome, or even a faint suggestion, of a curtain suspended across the stage would make it look a great deal more natural and homelike.

Of course it wouldn't do to suppose the faculty to be theatre-goers, and consequently it is natural that they do not miss such an important requisition to an entertainment. Nevertheless, the lack of one has greatly jarred the nerves of many a person in the audience, as we know by observation and by hearing them say so, and of the performers as we know by experience.

Not long ago the Websterians gave an entertainment, and if we remember right promised to contribute a certain sum, which does not need to be mentioned here, if those in authority would procure a curtain before the entertainment.

This they promised to do, but no curtain has as yet made its *debut* upon the stage. The failure of those in authority to procure a curtain by the day agreed upon greatly inconvenienced the promoters of the entertainment, who were thus obliged to furnish

themselves, or rather the stage, with two temporary pieces of cloth, extending from the floor to the distance of about ten feet up in the air.

It is needless to say that, although the entertainment was a great success, it would have given a great deal more satisfaction all around, if a curtain especially adapted for the stage "had been in attendance."

A handsome curtain, "let down from above," instead of two rags carried across the stage by hand power, would be an article of which Guilford, or at least the students, would be proud.

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#### DEMOCRACY IN COLLEGES.

As this country in which we live is the greatest democratic government in the world, it seems that one of the most essential duties of a college should be to train its scholars in the art of carrying on a democratic government, so that they may be the better able to understand the principles on which our government was established and under which it is to-day carried on, and thus be better fitted for the duties of citizenship. Unfortunately this important subject is hardly ever found in the curriculum of the average college, and consequently the student has to depend for his knowledge of this essential subject to his own observation and research, and the ideas thus obtained are often very erroneous.

It seems that our colleges should take a deeper interest in this thing, as it is in their power to wield an influence over the coming citizens that it would be impossible for any other agency to exert. It is in their power to show their students that the hope of our country lies in men of principle; men who are willing to forget their own interests for the interests of their country; and to inculcate into their breasts a love of principle that the shocks of power and the ravages of greed can not shake.

If the college fails to make use of the opportunity thus thrown in its path, it fails in its duty to its country, and should be held accountable for it.

Another way in which the college fails to inculcate these principles of democratic citizenship into the hearts of its students is in the government of most of the colleges.

Speaking in general terms, it may be said that the examples of government as set forth in the colleges is anything but democratic.

The rules of government are provided by a few and administered by a still fewer number. This sets the student against the rules of the institution to which he belongs, and he makes it a point to break these rules as often as possible. The rest of the students, instead of despising wrong-doers, side with him, and thus the results for which those rules were established are defeated. If these same rules were made and enacted by the student body, the rules would seldom be violated, for the reason that the student sees no object in violating his own rules, and if he does he is defying the sentiment of his fellow students, who thus make it their business to bring him to justice. Thus not only is good order kept, but a practical illustration of self-government is set before the student.

We feel confident that if those in authority would act upon our suggestion and delegate at least a small part of the governing power to the student body, a better government would be provided and good order more satisfactorily enforced.

It is needless to offer any suggestion as to how such a government could be carried on. Several colleges have adopted a method of joint student and faculty government that has given the greatest satisfaction, and we feel sure that if some method of democratic government could be adopted at Guilford it would meet with the approval of all concerned.

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## JUNIOR ENTERTAINMENT.

On Saturday night, December 17th last, the annual exercises of the class of '00 took place in Memorial Hall. The usual number were present, though on account of the threatening weather visitors were somewhat scarce. A very interesting and entertaining program was rendered. The exercises were not too long because all the orations were of medium length. The speakers acquitted themselves in their productions and also on the floor. Everything went along smoothly and pleasantly, and on the whole it was a most successful entertainment.

The whole of the program, which appears below, was not given because it would have been too long, so only six of the twelve orations which had been prepared were delivered. Those given were every other one on the program beginning with the second. The music was exceptionally fine.



The following is the whole program:

MUSIC.

- ORATION—Pharsalia.....CARL W. ASHCRAFT.  
 ORATION—Cuba.....PINKNEY B. GROOME.  
 ORATION—The Stars and Stripes.....ELIOT K. STONE.  
 ORATION—The Public Schools a Factor in the Development  
     of the State.....LACY L. BARBEE.  
 ORATION—The Fullness of Time.....R. S. ELLINGTON.  
 ORATION—The Czar for Disarmament.....ANNIE K. BLAIR.

MUSIC.

- ORATION—William Ewart Gladstone.....NEWTON F. FARLOW.  
 ORATION—National Responsibility.....J. WILSON CARRELL.  
 ORATION—Territorial Expansion.....CALVIN D. COWLES, JR.  
 ORATION—Character in Government.....J. LESLIE CARTLAND.  
 ORATION—Bismarck.....CLEMENT O. MEREDITH.  
 ORATION—The Public Roads.....HAROLD C. TAYLOR.

The first oration was given by P. B. Groome on Cuba. The speaker called attention to the Spanish misrule in Cuba which has been the cause of the repeated revolts by the Cubans, and gave a short account of the prolonged struggles of this race for their independence, which they are just now realizing. He spoke also of the possibilities of Cuba and predicted the early dawn of a period of high development for this fair land and its inhabitants.

Lacy L. Barbee next presented the subject, "The Public Schools a Factor in the Development of the State." The work of Horace Mann in the common schools of Massachusetts was spoken of, and showing, as a result, that Massachusetts had the best system of public schools in the country. The speaker dwelt especially upon the condition of schools in our own State, which, sad to say, is worse than that of any other State. This condition is due to the lack of money and the lack of money is due to the lack of appropriation, North Carolina paying less per capita than any State in the Union for public schools. Local taxation for public schools was suggested as the remedy.

The third oration was given by Annie King Blair on "The Czar for Disarmament." She dealt mostly with the late peace proposal of the Czar, taking the favorable view, showing that the Czar had recognized that militarism is a check to civilization and that disarmament would be the best thing for his subjects. The speaker concluded by saying that though the proposal should not be accepted,

its issuance alone would be a most important step in the direction of permanent and universal peace.

J. W. Carrell delivered the next oration on the subject, "National Responsibility." His theme was the negative side of the question of territorial expansion. He argued that the United States would be assuming too much in trying to adapt our institutions and laws to the governing of foreign territory.

The fifth was a very thoughtful oration on "Character in Government." It was given by J. Leslie Cartland, who clearly showed that the men in offices of authority should be ever honest in thought, principle and action; and that the call to-day in public life is for men of character, for character is ability and ability in public office means good government.

The sixth and last oration by H. C. Taylor was on the subject of "Public Roads." The speaker pointed out the roads of the ancient Europeans which are in use to-day and also the most noted highways in this country. Bad roads were clearly shown to be more costly than good ones, and that good roads had a very marked civilizing effect. A small road tax, he said, would solve the problem in this and many other States.

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## LOCALS.

—If any one is in need of a *rush*, just speak to Will Allen.

—There's a certain little couple in school that *take the cake*.

—Who is the author of that story of Grantham and the quilt?

—Wanted: Some one to take the census of the Davis' in school.

—Prof. Wilson spent the holidays at his home in Lenoir, N. C.

—Parker's advice to Moore: "Oh, wait, meekly wait, and murmur not."

—Miss Nellie L. Jones spent vacation with her sister, Miss Anna, in Raleigh.

—A Happy and a Prosperous New Year to all of our paid-up subscribers.

—The Henry Clay Hall has recently been fitted out with new opera chairs.

—Prof. Redding spent a part of vacation traveling in the interest of the college.

—It is secretly rumored that a fair damsel in the neighborhood has a new ring.

—Frank Kerner was out of school several weeks in December on account of illness.

—Miss Ada Field, of Bryn Mawr, spent the holidays with her mother at Guilford.

—Ask Prof. White if he saw two suns in the dining room one morning recently.

—We are sorry to have such a supply of mud to show our new students this term.

—Mrs. P. L. Groome and daughter, of Greensboro, were present at the Junior exhibition.

—Who is so mean as to be the promulgator of the false statement that Moore is in love?

—Some one was telling us the other day that a certain Senior took a short trip during the holidays.

—We wonder if everybody knows who are the *best looking* and not the *best walking* couple in school?

—Miss Cornelia Roberson, of the High Point graded school, spent the holidays with her parents at Guilford.

—Miss Lola Moore was married recently to a Mr. Morton, of Florida. THE COLLEGIAN extends its congratulations.

—Archibald Worth, of the U. S. Hospital corps, spent a ten-day furlough with his parents at Guilford before going to Cuba.

—Miss Robeson has left the neighborhood. She goes to become matron of the mission school at Augusta, Davie county, N. C.

—Prof. Hodgin was called from school in December to attend the funeral of his father. Pres. Hobbs and Prof. White accompanied him.

—There were several parties in the neighborhood during vacation—one at Mrs. Moore's, one at Miss Robeson's and one at Mr. Stewart's.

—The pond has been fixed and is now full of water waiting for the first good freeze. We suggest that Miss —— go down and give it one of her looks.

—Farmer Knight requests that new students will keep away from the cattle barn, as he does not think it best that the cows should eat anything green at present.

—Among the old (in one sense of the word only) students who have returned we are glad to welcome Clara Cox and Anna Wheeler. Now let Walter buy his Huyler's.

—H. Sinclair Williams, of East Bend, and a member of the newly elected legislature, was on the campus January 3. He came with his sister and cousins, who enter school here.

—Among the students who remained at the college during vacation were Misses Bradshaw, Wilson, Hare and Kennedy, and Charles Davis, Hallowell, Boyce, Grantham and Perkins.

—Colbert Blair says that he had a big time sporting the girls down in Randolph while he was there. He also adds that his folks killed ten four-year-old hogs that averaged twenty-two pounds.

—We hear very satisfactory reports of our alumni at Bryn Mawr, Haverford and the University. Guilford feels proud of the reputation made by the students whom she sends each year to these colleges.

—We notice with pleasure the degree of interest manifested in the Y. M. C. A. and Y. P. S. C. E. work at the beginning of this term. These associations are a great help toward making the moral tone of this institution what it is.

—Among those present at the Junior exhibition December 17, we noticed the following old friends: Misses Clara Cox, Bessie Meader, Annie Anderson and Ada Field; and Messrs. Joshua Hedgecock, Joseph Blair and Thomas Hinton.

—We were pleased to have T. G. Pearson, of the University, run up to spend several days during vacation. We could almost see the smile of delight with which the Larks, Nightingales and Turtle-doves welcomed him back to Guilford. Even the Roseate Spoon Bills and the Buffalo Head seemed to recognize their former master. But the Great Northern Loon failed to recognize Gilbert.

—We extend our sympathy to Charlie Haynes, because he has no one to walk to school with now, since Miss Arta has not returned.

—Mr. Harry Daniels, of Philadelphia, spent the vacation at his home. He reports a pleasant trip, but met with a misfortune in having lost his trunk. He returned, however, in good spirits and brought back his moustache and jimswinger all right.

—Aaron, the new janitor, peeping into a Webster's International dictionary in one of the rooms, quietly muttered to himself, "Holy Bible." By the way, Aaron kept the cattle barn last term, and now that he is in charge of Archdale, some of those heartless girls have the audacity to say that he has been *promoted*.

—Rev. S. D. Stamey, the Methodist minister who has for two years resided near the college, has been removed by the Conference of his Church to Wilkes county. He will be succeeded by Rev. T. H. Pegram. The hearty good wishes of THE COLLEGIAN follow Mr. Stamey wherever he goes. Success to him!

—On Saturday night, the 7th, the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. T. U. gave their semi-annual reception in West Hall of Founders. W. W. Allen, who presided, opened the exercises by reading, which was followed by prayer by David E. Sampson, and a song by the students. J. W. Lewis, president of the Y. M. C. A., and the president of Y. W. C. T. U., in a few impressive words welcomed the students in behalf of these Christian associations, inviting them to join with them in the great and good work. President Hobbs then addressed the students in a few well chosen remarks, which were indeed very beneficial. Miss Josie Griffin, in her charming manner, favored us with a solo, "Roses of June," after which the amusements of the evening were introduced. The first was an exciting game of bean-bags, at the close of which the captain of the winning side was presented a prize by the captain of the beaten side, and the captain of the winning side also presented the captain of the beaten side with a prize, but the latter prize was not nearly so handsome as that of the former. Other games followed. The last but not least amusement of the evening was a cake-walk. A dozen couples took part in this. Mr. Alvin Parker and Miss Minnie Williams won the cake, in which were found rings, money and thimbles. May we spend many other such evenings this term.



—A thing that has caused much pleasure to quite a number of teachers and students at Guilford at the opening of this term was what might be called the reorganization of the Christian Endeavor Society and the re-establishment of the regular weekly prayer meeting. Last fall the C. E. prayer meeting was abolished, or rather merged into the college prayer meeting, it being contended by some that the two meetings, coming so close together, one tended to injure the other. The faculty were loth to give up the college prayer meeting, so the C. E.'s gave way, though unwillingly. Only one prayer meeting was held on Sunday evening during the whole of last term, to which both old and young came, but, as was expected by some, the former freedom of the young people to take an active part in the meetings was not manifested, and many of those who had been active in religious work were dead, it seemed. Some of the members of the C. E. society felt that something was sadly lacking, and that that thing was the regular Endeavor prayer meeting. So at the opening of this term it was thoughtfully discussed by the Endeavorers (the society still existed in name only) and it was unanimously agreed to re-establish the regular weekly meetings of the society. New officers were elected for the present term, and every member seemed possessed with the idea of bettering their own spiritual condition and of trying to better that of others. Now that the C. E. is again a reality it is to be hoped that the members will show to the end the same energy and enthusiasm which they have displayed at the beginning of the term.

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## EXCHANGES.

*The Silver and Gold*, published by the University of Colorado is a very neat magazine, but is devoted too much to local news.

We welcome the December number of the *Hampden-Sidney Magazine*. The fiction is good and is intermingled with very good poetry. The exchange department deserves much credit.

We received this month the December number of the *Davidson Monthly* which maintains its usual standard as one of our foremost exchanges. The articles, *The Illiad* and *The Drummer's Story* are very well written.

*The Hiram College Advance* is among the first college exchanges to reach us this year. The Nation's Destiny is a very creditable article. We would suggest a more thorough discussion in the exchange department.

The Editor of the *Buff and Blue*, in a manner that "is childlike and bland" lets out a mournful wail on the misuse of the word "Ex." We agree with him to a certain extent, but think he goes too far when he advises not to clip an article unless its real author is known. "When Twilight Comes" is a creditable poem, which we insert below.

### CLIPPINGS.

In a churchyard old I stood alone  
 And dreamed, where roses climbed and swirled,  
 That a grave is naught but a stepping stone  
 Whence a soul hath crossed to a better world.  
 When I shall enter the cold, dark stream  
 And, faint and far, earth's tune hath grown,  
 Loved hands, once lost in life's sad dream,  
 Shall guide me safe o'er the stepping-stone.

—M. A. S., in *Hampton-Sidney Magazine*.

### A BILLET-DOUX.

She was a winsome country lass;  
 So William, on a brief vacation,  
 More pleasantly the time to pass,  
 Essayed flirtation.  
 And as they strolled in twilight dim,  
 While near the time for parting drew,  
 Asked if she'd like to have from him  
 A billet-doux.  
 Of French this simple maid knew naught,  
 But doubting not 'twas something nice,  
 Upon its meaning quickly thought,  
 Then in a trice,  
 Upward she turned her pretty head,  
 Her rosy lips together drew  
 For purposes plain, and coyly said,  
 "Yes, Billy, do!"  
 Sequel:—And Billy did.

—*Exchange*.

## SONNET.

As England rings with praise of Gladstone's name,  
 And Germans raise their Bismarck to the skies,  
 As Hobson, journeying meets th' admiring eyes  
 Of multitudes that his great deed proclaim;  
 So let us write upon the scroll of fame,  
 For other generations yet to rise,  
 A name which emperors need not despise--  
 Great Arthur Hinds, we shout in thy acclaim!  
 Calm is the storm that Æneas braved of old;  
 The march of Cæsar through the woods of Gaul,  
 The fearful feats of Hannibal are told  
 As smooth as dancing in a polished hall.  
 Ever be fresh and green in grateful minds,  
 Thou friend of struggling youth, great Arthur Hinds!

—*Wake Forest Student.*

## TWILIGHT SONG.

Sweetheart, night is falling  
     Falling  
 Soft o'er land and sea,  
 And my love is calling,  
     Calling  
 Through the night to thee.

Fairy firelights gleaming,  
     Gleaming,  
 Dancing merrily,  
 Heed me not, a-dreaming,  
     Dreaming  
 Dearest heart of thee.

But the shadows playing  
     Playing,  
 Seek to comfort me,  
 And afar go straying,  
     Straying  
 Through the night to thee.

Till about thee bending,  
     Bending,  
 Tell with kisses light,  
 That to thee I'm sending,  
     Sending  
 All my love to-night.

—*The Vassar Miscellany.*

## THE GUILFORD COLLEGIAN.

## TO THE CHILD JESUS.

## I. THE NATIVITY.

Could every time-worn heart but see thee once again,  
 A happy human child, among the homes of men,  
 The age of doubt would pass—the vision of thy face  
 Would silently restore the childhood of the race.

## II. THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

Thou wayfaring Jesus, a pilgrim and stranger,  
 Exiled from heaven by love at thy birth,  
 Exiled again from thy rest in thy birth,  
 A fugitive child 'mid the perils of earth,—  
 Cheer with thy fellowship all who are weary,  
 Wandering far from the land that they love ;  
 Guide every heart that is homeless and dreary,  
 Safe to its home in thy presence above.

—Henry Van Dyke, in *Davidson College Monthly*.

## WHEN TWILIGHT COMES.

When twilight comes at close of day  
 With tender rose and sombre gray,  
     The wind sighs soft of peace and rest,  
     The song bird seeks his mate and nest,  
 And all things feel its subtle sway.

Ah! then dear heart 'tis sweet to stray  
 Thro' lonely field and dark'ning way ;  
     For ever love is tenderest  
     When twilight comes.

And when in my brown palm you lay  
 Your soft white trusting hand, I pray  
     That after we have worked our best,  
     And life's dim sun sinks in the west,  
 Still your dear hand in mine may stay  
     When twilight comes.

—P. H. '93 *Normal*, in *Buff and Blue*.

# DIRECTORY.

## HENRY CLAY SOCIETY.

*President.*—Calvin D. Cowles.*Secretary.*—Lacy L. Barbee.

## PHILAGOREAN SOCIETY.

*President.*—Elizabeth Wilson.*Secretary.*—Annice Wheeler.

## WEBSTERIAN SOCIETY.

*President.*—H. C. Taylor.*Secretary.*—W. J. Grantham.

## Y. M. C. A.

*President.*—J. W. Lewis*Secretary.*—Harry Daniels.

## Y. P. S. C. E.

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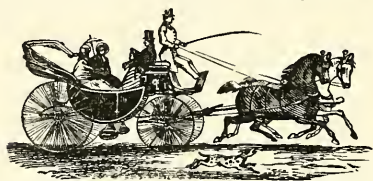
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DAVID HODGIN.



# The Guilford Collegian.

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FEBRUARY, 1899.

NO. 6.

DAVID HODGIN.

BORN OCTOBER 25, 1829. DIED DECEMBER 17, 1898.

The true man is true and the false is false; not the creed as an abstraction, but its practical exemplification in life is the gauge of religion. — *Bayard Taylor*.

If we Carolinians were as quick to recognize and as enthusiastic in praising our own people who are worthy of our admiration as we are in accepting strangers and following their leadership, there would be not a few men, both in the past and in the present, who would be given a place in our history. No truer men have ever lived than many of Guilford's citizens have been, who, without fame or honor, or the thought of either, have served their generation.

True, some of these are held in reverence, and every North Carolinian must experience a throb of pride—just and commendable—at the mere mention of such men as Governor Morehead or John A. Gilmer. There were others of this same stamp—men who selected these as their representatives and executors; men who believed as they believed and supported them in the expression and execution of this belief; stalwart citizens of our commonwealth, to whom mere citizenship was a sacred trust and who would no more bribe a man to vote than they could themselves be bribed; men who stood for something besides money, and for something which money can neither give nor take away; who had convictions in relation to political parties and measures which could not be weighed by a boss and by him pronounced wanting and abandoned at his beck; who dealt justly, loved mercy and walked humbly with their God.

The times brought them forth and they shaped events. We can scarcely realize the conflicting elements which were at work twenty years before our civil war—with slavery as the chief ingredient, the witches' broth was seething in the great political caldron. Crooks

and McBride stirred the mixture here in Guilford, and not only was there strife in neighborhoods, but families were divided and a man's foes became they of his own household. Yet, in the midst of all these wars and rumors of wars, a race of men sprang up whom it is good to remember, and, indeed, to talk about, and whose lives should be recorded for the sake of the simple manliness which was in them. They were not always found in the same political party, but wherever they were there was character and principle for which they stood.

He who has just died in Greensboro at three score and ten—Frank Caldwell—was one of these, and he whose portrait appears most fittingly on the first page of this magazine, David Hodgin, was another.

As amongst these men, we have known many who because they ruled their own spirits, were greater than those who conquered in the fray; so may we trust that in our own day—amid the maddening maze of things—in these closing years of the century, there are valiant young souls who are in the training, ready to spend and be spent for the good of humanity, and that many in what seem to be obscure paths of daily duty will find avenues of great usefulness in the service of Him who came not to destroy men's lives, but to save them.

It is a great pleasure to me to tell the readers of THE COLLEGIAN something of the life and work of David Hodgin, for I have known him and loved him all my life. He was one of my own dear father's dearest friends, and while the course of events during the trying period of reconstruction separated them politically, it laid not a hair's breadth of distrust or dislike between them personally. Their purpose was one—the maintenance of a sound government—and each in his way became unpopular in his own party.

David Hodgin was the son of Simeon and Sarah Hodgin, and was born near Centre, one of the oldest Quaker settlements in Guilford, October 25, 1829.

His boyhood was spent at home, where he was occupied on the farm and in attending such schools as were accessible. When about grown he entered New Garden Boarding School. Of this period we have the interesting record of one who was a fellow-pupil, Isaac Stanley, of Centre, who says of him, "He soon acquired a character for strict integrity; he had a conscience void of offence." My father was principal of the school and I suppose that then was when

their acquaintance began—at least when the near friendship which I have mentioned as existing between them took its rise. My Father was just ten years his senior.

Of the period immediately after leaving school we again gladly quote the friend above referred to: "Soon after we came home from school he came over to Centre and asked me if I would join him in buying Uncle Tom's cabin, which he had seen advertised in the *National Era*, which his father took. This was the first abolition paper published in the North and East and the second one, in the *Nation*." We infer that the young men bought the book for Isaac Stanley continues: "The reading of that book and the paper largely shaped his mind, in a political sense, for life. He often spoke of Harriet Beecher Stowe as doing more to shape the public mind than any one person in the nation." David Hodgins's mind was broad and liberal, and whatever he undertook he did thoroughly and well. He assimilated knowledge and it rounded and developed his character. Hence he became a most excellent teacher and was employed in different localities in his native county before the war. He was one of that earnest band of men who were determined to establish good "common schools" where all the children of the State might be taught at least the three Rs, and some geography.

After the opening of the civil war, for a time, his profession exempted him from conscription. When that failed he determined to do as hundreds like-minded did, "cross the lines," "which he did." Isaac Stanley says, "by wading the Dismal Swamp in Eastern Carolina. A most interesting episode of this transition period is given by his friend, Himelius Hockett, who had great experiences of his own during the war. When he arrived at the Federal lines the officers told him he could not pass without swearing allegiance to the United States government. He replied that he was strictly loyal to that government and always had been, but he could not take the oath as presented to him, at which (to use his own words) he flew up, replying, 'No man can pass these lines without strictly complying with the terms,' adding, 'if you are loyal, why can't you comply with the terms?' 'I told him I had scruples against legal oaths, as they were termed, but would take an affirmation.' 'Have you denominational scruples?' 'No.' 'Then, why do you refuse to take the oath? 'You must swear.' 'I refuse on the ground of my faith. I believe Christ meant what He said when He said, 'Let your communication be yea, yea, or nay, nay.' 'I claim a civil and a

legal right to appeal to my own conscience in this matter, and this is my reason for refusing to swear."

Nothing could better exemplify the character of David Hodgins than this incident. His positions were taken after careful study and consideration of all the points and bearings in a case. Once taken, they were adhered to, because there was no other course open to such a man as he. Quietly, patiently, unflinchingly having done all, he stood and claimed the birthright of an American citizen. "At this juncture another official (as I supposed) said, 'He is right; let him be qualified,' so the affirmation was administered and I passed on."

He went to the State of Indiana and there continued his profession as teacher. At the close of the war he returned to North Carolina and very soon entered political life. He served with great efficiency as chief clerk of the Internal Revenue Bureau office in Greensboro under Jesse Wheeler. "For many months Hodgins was the controlling spirit of the department," writes his brother-in-law, J. Addison Blair, of Asheboro. In 1868 and '69 he was a member of that first legislature after the new constitution was adopted, and spoke of the effort to alter eighty years of legislation as a "Herculean task—little understood or appreciated by many."

In the succeeding years he again returned to his vocation of teaching, at one time doing excellent work in the graded school in Greensboro. Whatever his calling, whether in legislative hall or office work in the department of Internal Revenue, or in the school room, his work was rendered according to his best ability with faithfulness and exactness.

A man with so much steadfastness of mind was necessarily of a strongly religious mould, and while he said little of his "beliefs and experiences," he practiced a great deal. "He was a living epistle," as Himelius Hockett well says of him, read by all who knew him.

On January 8, 1857, he was married to Martha M. Blair. Thus he allied himself with one of the oldest and staunchest of our Quaker families, and although he himself never joined "Friends," he lived to rejoice in the fact that several of his children did so. His home life was eminently Christian.

The quotation placed at the head of this article was found in his little note-book, and is so decidedly expressive of his own life that no words could be found better to portray it.

"The true man is true and the false is false; not the creed as an

abstraction, but its practical exemplification in life is the guage of religion." Judged by such a standard (and who will for a moment question the correctness of the standard?), who of us who know could say other than that his life exemplified true religion? He had a broad, deep human sympathy, which may be best stated by again taking a line from the same little book, "*Homo sum, humani nihil a me alienum puto*—I am a man, and nothing that relates to man is foreign to my feeling." These little passages, written as they are with underlining marks, speak volumes of the spirit of him who copied them there as statements of his own deep, true feelings. Again, the following:

"Our God is working out in His own way the truth,  
Which stands in fairest terms upon the page  
That bears the record of His love to man,  
That of one blood alone the nations all  
Are made, kindred and equal all, and all  
Alike the creatures of His love and care,  
All inheritors alike of earthly good  
The sky, the air, the land, the sea belong  
Alike to all and none may gather to himself  
His brother's share and go unpunished."

I have said that he never united with Friends' Denomination, but in the truest sense he was a Friend. His refusal to swear is one evidence of this. His constant interest and assistance in every good word and work undertaken by the Society—from building a Yearly Meeting House to erecting the attractive smaller one at Concord—his careful study of the history and teachings of Friends, and his constant and interested reading of the *American Friend*—all indicate his interest in the Society. He encouraged his children to attend the First Day school at Centre, and as they arrived at an experience which led them to desire to unite with some branch of the Church, he always expressed his wish that they should join Friends.

One is naturally a little curious to know why, when his attachment to the principles of our profession was so sincere he himself never joined meeting. His own father was "disowned for marrying out; cut off by what Dr. Richard Thomas calls a suicidal policy, as many another worthy man and woman were during the reign of that absurd regulation. This rather rankled in the mind of the boy—that a Meeting should disown his father for marrying such a good



woman as his mother was enough to rather incense any youthful mind. As years passed by the new and noisy methods introduced, and, indeed, some of the preaching itself, seemed foreign to one who had studied the lives and teachings of the early Friends and he being out, remained out.

Isaac Stanley, to quote again from a most interesting account furnished us, says, "His Declarations of Faith often expressed to me were strictly 'Quakerism.' He took more pains and spent more money to inform himself on the subject of religion as taught by Friends than any man I know. He was a thorough-going temperance man and used his influence for the furtherance of the cause. He was one of the leading spirits in the temperance work at Concord Meeting House."

Enough has been said to show how deep and true were his religious convictions and how consistent and steadfast was his daily life; yet, because it is comforting and precious to us that loved him, I wish to add another extract or two from the account of the friend of his boyhood: "He often came to the Bible class at Centre. There were two characters whom he especially admired—one in the Old Testament and one in the New, Joseph and Paul."

"He often quoted the passage, 'Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice and to hearken than the fat of rams,' and from Paul to the Corinthian Church, 'But, thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.'" Many other incidents I could relate which led me to believe that he was a conscientious man who would rather suffer a wrong than to commit a wrong."

In conversation with a friend recently in regard to the manner in which men seeking office excuse evil to win votes, he said, "I want no compromise with sin."

Of my own recollections I somewhat hesitate to speak, because they were always simple, friendly intercourse, with nothing of public interest about them; but, since such as these make up the greater part of all our lives, perhaps it will not be out of place. As father's friend he was often at our house—from the time I was two or three years old. I cannot remember him as a stranger, but always a most welcome friend. In those days he and father were of the same mind politically, and I think, if I remember aright, he had a hand in that "Helper Crusade," which nearly ended in imprisonment for several concerned. Anyhow, his union and anti-slavery principles were strong. He and father discussed not politics only, but education, religion and

the deep and subtle quietness of philosophy. Both were greatly interested in the strides of modern investigations—scientific and religious. All his life David Hodgkin kept up with the times. There was not a particle of Rip Van Winkle about him; he was perfectly familiar with what was flashing around the world by electric currents, or being revealed by slow and patient study with the microscope. He had a kind of omniverous mind that was interested in everything.

After father's death I furnished THE COLLEGIAN a sketch of his life, which David Hodgkin greatly enjoyed. The story of the entertainment of the bushwhacker; his sleeping in the little room whose window opened on the woods, and being stealthily fed from our table, interested him. After talking about it for awhile, he said, "I should like to know who the man was." I said, "He was Nelson." "Nelson? I did not think of it's being Nelson," and the tears stood in his eyes. Nelson Hodgkin was his own brother, who lived here in the neighborhood, where his family still reside, but who dared not go home because the "hunters" were after him, and consequently watched his house. He finally made his way through the lines, and then after the close of the war returned and lived several years.

And now because I am writing this little memoir, not for a critical public, but for friends and kindred, I wish to record our last interview. I do it because of the comfort it gives my own heart and with the desire that it may encourage all young people, and old ones too, who read these lines to speak to the living the friendliness we feel, and not wait until the tender, human heart is beyond our words of sympathy and cheer. Last Commencement he was here and remained through the exercises of the week, but I did not see him until the last day, when he called for a little while at our house. I did not relish the shortness of the visit and was protesting about his having been here all that time and only giving us such a little while, winding up with this expression, "I always feel as if thee ought to treat me as if thee were my father." I shall never forget the kindly look and smile which lighted up his benignant face as he replied, "Why, I didn't know you felt that way?" I walked with him almost to the College as he went away, little thinking that never again in this world I should have the privilege of saying a word to him or seeing that look of perfect, fatherly kindness which there are few left on earth to bestow, and which those of us who are growing old feel keenly as those older than we, one by one, pass on. Prize it, dear young people, while you may.

For several months he had been in rather poor health. The trouble gathered force as autumn passed into winter, and after an attack of partial paralysis he did not rally, and on the 17th of the 12th month, 1898, quietly breathed his last.

He was very fond of Whittier's poetry, especially such poems as "The Shadow and the Light" and "Eternal Goodness," and I cannot better close this sketch of his life than by placing here a stanza from the last-named, underscored by his own hand:

"Yet, in the maddening maze of things  
And tossed by storm and flood,  
To one fixed stake my spirit clings,  
I *know* that God is good."

MARY MENDENHALL HOBBS.

---

## VACATION ECHOES.

JULIA S. WHITE.

To the student or to the business man or woman shut in by winter's cold and busied with the activities accompanying father Time's snowy season, it may be a respite to become oblivious for a few moments to present day surroundings and think of the invigorating freedom and restfulness of the long summer days and live over with me the happy days of last July and August. Let the reader imagine himself in the beautiful valley of the Willamette River, bordered on the east and west by the Cascade and Coast Ranges, its orchards laden with luscious prunes and apples; its wheat fields, yellow with the ripened grain, in fact everything teeming with the proof that there would be an abundant harvest both to the fruit-grower and to the farmer.

From such scenes as these, near the middle of the summer, a party consisting of eight persons set out to spend some weeks at the seaside. Almost a days' ride down the valley and across the Coast Range brought them to Yaquina Bay, an arm of the mighty Pacific, a place having little interest except in the summer season. The ride across this bay from the mainland to the point lying between the bay and the ocean is simply delightful, the whiffs of salt air, the decidedly fishy odor, and all are so invigorating.

On the bay side of this point is the town of Newport, where most of the hotels are situated and all of the attractions which one can get at home and for which some people go to the seashore. On the ocean side is Nye creek, with one hotel and a number of boarding houses. It is to the latter place one must go to enjoy the ocean, its pleasures and its wonders. The whole strip is very rolling and well wooded. Upon one elevation one has to the right the bay stretching in glass-like quiescence, to the left the ocean with its ceaseless activity and in front the mountains rising in all their grandeur, a grandeur which is made more grotesque by the tall fir trees looming needle-like toward heaven, bare to the very summit, the visible reminder of the ravages of the forest fire.

Nye Creek is a very popular camping ground. It was estimated that there were at least 1200 tenters within a radius of half a mile. Tenting is much more fashionable in the West than in the East. It is true that some of the most wealthy people in our State were among the campers. There is no reason why one cannot enjoy it. There is no discomfort from rain, for one is out only during the dry season. Fresh vegetables can be had every day. Furthermore the table can be furnished as easily as at home. The groceryman comes to your tent each morning and takes the order and delivers the same a few hours later.

Arrived at the camping ground and having chosen a knoll in full view of the ocean and within hearing of its surging billows, a few days will get the tent adjusted, the ground carpeted, the cots stretched, the Klondike store in place, cupboards made from boxes, and tables and chairs made with the same improvising; in fact, matters begin to assume a very home-like appearance. Indeed one need feel little discomfort even if it is life in a more primitive form than was ever known before.

The great variety of entertainment makes life at Nye Creek very enjoyable. Of course, the sea bathing is a great attraction and is a thing of which one never tires. The agate beds are always popular and many very fine water and moss agates are carried away every year. The hunt for agates is a fever which one can hardly fail to contract, it is such a fascinating thing to do and the prizes one finds are well worth hours of patient hunt, hunt, hunt. The carnelians, jaspers, and coral agates are almost equal to the water and moss agates. Of the last named several beautiful specimens have been found, but such finds are rare.



When the tide is out one enjoys walking out among the rocks and studying the sea anemones with their chrysanthemum-like expansion, the starfish in his native haunt, the crabs, or the squid if he chance to be stranded on the beach. But more than all these does one enjoy the sea moss, with its delicate expansions and its great variety, and not unattractive are the great leather-like sea ribbons, strong by constant lapping and whipping upon the rocks with the ebb and flow of the tide.

At this time, too, it is interesting to watch the clam diggers as they disturb those bivalves and thus secure a savory meal. The rock oyster, too, now finds his resting place no longer safe. His long snout is the most attractive bait which the fisherman can secure, and his body proper makes a very edible dish. Indeed, the beach at low tide is the time to find all sorts and conditions of men. It is at this tide and place that the rich millionaire takes his drive, and also that the semi-civilized Indian seeks his daily food. The bluffs along the beach are full of interest. One finds great trees embedded thirty or fifty feet beneath the surface, and quantities of pebbles mixed with layers of sand and other material. One also finds iron ore formed around roots which have necessarily decayed. Climbing over these bluffs is a nice thing to do if one can enjoy that sort of thing. The form of these bluffs is also a matter of interest. There is one point known as "Jump off Joe," in which the sea has worn an arch-way 15 feet high or more. At low tide one can walk through this, but when the tide is in, the water dashes and foams through it in mad fury, making one of the grandest sights of nature.

On another point from which the tide never recedes is a lighthouse; one of the guides along our coast. The pebbles on this point are all black lava-like, but very fine grained. There is here also a large bed of sea urchins, but they are not very easy of access. Out on the rocks live the cormorant; one enjoys studying these birds, noting how easily they cling to an almost perpendicular ledge; how little it takes to make a home or nest for them. Their long, snake-like necks and their black, glossy feathers show them well adapted to secure the fish upon which they subsist.

Another point on this beach which is of special interest is the formation known as the "Devil's Kettle or Punch-bowl." This is a large cavity, perhaps seventy-five feet in diameter, open at the top, and very bowl-shaped. On the ocean side there are two arch ways



which open into it. Through one of these the mad waves always dash, but through the other, one can enter the bowl when the tide is out, provided a little wading is a matter of no consequence. Of course, the voice is echoed in this cavern even if it is open at the top. The air is cool and one has a very awed feeling while within. Not far from the bowl is Finger Rock, the name of which betokens the nature. Well out in front is a large flat rock on which seals make their dwelling place.

With so much variety and so much to learn, one can easily spend weeks at the coast, in fact, long enough for the sea air to restore the wasted energies, and send the blood bounding through the veins. One finds the days go by all too quickly, for when weary of tramping, a camp chair and a book or a hammock swung in full view of the sea will give rest; or wear, of the ceaseless roar of the ocean, one can wander through the woodland and breathe the sweet aroma of the fir tree, and perchance enjoy the novelty of meeting a real wild bear, or watch the Indians with their tattooed faces but a few stages removed from barbarism.

In an article of this kind it is impossible to write the many little happenings of camp life which make one's holiday far more pleasant than we say. Come to the Pacific and we will gladly share with you the pleasures of camp life, of agate finding, of sea-bathing, of encounters with bears, and, last but not least, a 20 mile walk on the beach.

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## MEN I HAVE SEEN.\*

### THE LOAFER.

I have searched the realms of literature and have failed to detect a single poem dedicated, addressed or in any way touching upon the Loafer. I think the poet wastes a lot of raw material in not taking advantage of him. He is certainly rich in picturesque possibilities for the ambitious poet. If I were a poet I would certainly take advantage of him and the fact that he is a new field, and win for myself immortal fame. But as I am not, I will content myself with pointing out the field to the poet. If I were a poet I would tune my *lyre* to sing his praises. He is worthy of a *liar*. It would take a liar or a poet to find anything in him to praise; that is why

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\*NOTE.—This article will be followed by a short sketch on "Dudes and Imitations."

I searched so long and patiently. If there was any good in him I wanted to know what it was, as I had never been able to see it.

It has been said that all things run to extremes. It would seem as though the Loafer proves it. What could be more directly the opposite of the hurrying, hustling, bustling hustler than the indolent, idle, lazy loafer who hangs around the loafing places?

The loafer is one of America's noted characteristics. He is to be seen everywhere in his indolent blissfulness, smoking his cigar, with never a care or a worry to disturb his peaceful serenity. He is seen in his carriage, rolling along from club to club, from theatre to theatre; if his father left him enough money, or in his shirt sleeves if his father died "*intestant*."

There is not a town too small or a place too insignificant to support a full-grown Loafer. He is always the same; always loafing. There is no difference in the dirty shirt-sleeved loafer of the country store, dexterously expectorating into the tin can used as an expectorant, and the child of indolence and ease, lolling in a Fifth Avenue mansion, except that the father of one left a fortune and the father of the other, nothing. The difference is in kind—not degree. The Fifth Avenue loafer would be the loafer of the country store if he couldn't loaf in a palace.

A Loafer is born—not made. He can no more help being a loafer than he can help being a donkey. It is born in him and no amount of training can eradicate it from his system.

"Train him while he is young," you say. Well, train him, and if you can try any harder or more patiently than I've seen parents try to train their child who is born a loafer, you are a prodigy, and are worthy to be called a "Hustler."

I have seen parents begin with children before they could talk, almost, but yet it does no good. If your son's a loafer and you set him to plowing up a field of corn, he will do it, that is, as long as you let him, but there won't be any corn left. It will all be plowed up. Reason with him, remonstrate with him, expostulate with him, threaten him, whip him; it is all the same. The next time you give him a chance he will plow it down again.

A loafer is lazy in everything, but thinking up schemes to get out of work. A loafer will work half a day trying to find some easy way to do a half hour's work. He will exert his fertile brain and tax his imagination to the utmost to invent some device for churn-

ing in a rocking chair, etc., but he won't work the dasher for fifteen minutes.

He is fertile in excuses and methods for getting out of work. I once knew a boy who was the most ingenious in this line of anyone I ever knew. Smart fellow he was, too, who could easily have led his classes if he had studied. As it was, he always managed to keep along pretty well by glancing into his books just before (and during) recitations. I believe he was the most accomplished Bluffer I ever knew. But to proceed. His father had just resingled his house, and every afternoon after school set him to work, transporting the old shingles to one of the outhouses to be preserved for kindling. The third afternoon, in some unaccountable manner, he managed to puncture his shoe (he wore the thinnest soled ones he could find for the occasion) and stick a nail into his foot far enough to make an indentation in the sole of his foot visible to a strong microscope and capable of being felt by the use of his powerful imagination.

Of course, he at once hobbled into the house and demanded the turpentine. Of course, his mother wished to know what the matter was, and, of course, "it was nothing more than a scratch." Of course, she demanded to know what the trouble was, and was, of course, informed that a nail had unfortunately gone into his foot. Of course, it was rusty and had tetanus on it, and, of course, his mother refused to let him go near that shingle pile, although he told her there was no danger; that it was all right and that he wouldn't get stuck any more. Yes, he played his part well and accomplished his purpose.

I have said above that I was unable to find any good in the Loafer. Perhaps I am too hard on him. If he doesn't do humanity any good he certainly does it no harm. It would take too much trouble for his good natured, indolent brain to hatch out deviltries to work against his fellows. He bears no one an ill will. He is too good natured to hate; too indolent to take revenge.

It is all bosh about Satan always finding evil work for idle hands to do. "An idle brain is the Devil's workshop," etc. These do not at all apply to the Loafer. They only apply to the Hustler. If by any chance a Hustler is thrown out of employment, and has to idle away his time, then his indomitable energies will get him into no end of trouble. He must find amusement; something for his tireless brain and nerves to do, and if an honorable calling is closed to

him, he must find something to do as he is. It is only the son of the millionaire, who is a hustler and is taught that labor and employment are improper that fill the jailers with concern. A loafer never yet has brought white hairs to his mother's head for his excesses, as his brother, the hustler, has.

Indolent as he is, useless as he is, contemptible as he is, let us tolerate him even for this, that if he does no great good, he certainly does no great harm, and that his place in society might be occupied with some one a great deal more energetic and a great deal more vicious. He fills a mutual place—too idle to be good, too lazy to be bad.

BILL WILSON.

## THE GUILFORD COLLEGIAN.

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	<i>EDITORS.</i>	
<i>Websterian.</i>	<i>Henry Clay.</i>	<i>Philagorean.</i>
J. W. LEWIS, '99.	E. K. STONE, '00.	OCIA REDDING, '01.
<i>Locals.</i>	<i>Exchanges.</i>	<i>Personals.</i>
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FEBRUARY, 1899.

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Since the last issue of THE COLLEGIAN there have been some changes made in the board of editors. Miss Nellie Jones, the editor-in-chief from the Philagorean Society, resigned, and Miss Ocía Redding, formerly the personal editor, was chosen to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Miss Jones. Miss Emma King was elected to fill the position formerly held by Miss Redding as personal editor.

Is it not to be regretted that the girls take so little interest in gymnasium work?

Certain days have been appointed by the faculty for the girls to have use of the gymnasium, and yet they do not seem to appreciate the opportunity afforded for exercise.

Now that there is prospect of some instruction under Prof. Wilson it is hoped that there will be more interest manifested.

Every student needs some recreation after a day of studying, and these evenings could not be more profitably spent elsewhere than in the gymnasium.

Let the girls make use of the gymnasium at least twice a week.



'99.

Is ninety-nine the last year of the nineteenth century? This year has often been referred to by writers and speakers as the closing year of the present century, and, without thought or consideration, is generally so accepted. But we think that the year *nineteen hundred* will wind up this cycle. It takes one hundred years to make a century, and not ninety-nine. The nineteenth century will not dawn until December 31, 1900, has passed, and then, and not till then, will the nineteenth century be at an end and be entered as time past.

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#### TO THE VIOLATOR.

The faculty regulations are intended to be an aid for the good government of the college, and so for the best interests of the students. If there was no need for regulations and no good to be derived from the enforcement of them, to be sure the faculty would be wise enough to repeal them; but they have been tried too long and have been proved a benefit. If students in general had the proper regard for their own rights and the rights of others there would be no need for faculty regulations; but the average college boy and girl, too, have not yet reached this point in their education.

There is a class of boys here who are disposed to violate some of the regulations which the authorities have seen proper to put over the students. To transgress a rule and not be found out is something to be boasted of by them, but let them be caught and they are the first to cry "unjust regulations." One rule which has been much violated lately is trespassing on the girls' territory. Some have been repeatedly warned and punished, but they still offend. So the only thing to be done is to deprive the girls of their privileges, because they can be kept in bounds easier than the boys. These measures have been resorted to this term, and it is an injustice which the girls have to suffer, and all on account of the wilful disobedience of a few boys. There seems to be an idea in the heads of many students that from the hour they come upon the campus until they leave for home at the end of the year that the faculty immediately become their enemies, and if in any way whatever they can take advantage of them, why, it is a point gained for them. A student does not spite the faculty, or any particular member of the faculty, by violating a regulation which is for the students, but he is cutting off his own privileges and those of his fellow students.

So when a boy or any number of boys intrude upon the privileges of the girls he is not injuring the authorities, though he may give them some trouble, but he is taking away from the girls one of the few privileges they have, and for every one of which he has perhaps two or three. Boys, do you have sisters? If you do not, some others have, and are sorry to see their rights taken away from them in the manner above mentioned. If you want to speak to a girl, ask the proper authorities and you will be granted permission; but do not deprive them of their rights and privileges.

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#### THE STUDENT IN COLLEGE.

Since one's college days is the formative period of life, a man is apt to be throughout his life what he is when he comes from college, in the majority of cases. It might be said that a man and his habits are one, since habits make the man. If during one's college days he has formed good habits of any kind, they will be a blessing to him ever afterward; if he has formed bad habits, they will be a curse.

One habit which the student should cultivate is that of promptness. Most college students think that they are busy, and they are busy if they accomplish anything, but they would not be so busy if they were in the habit of doing things promptly and in a systematic way. To go according to some system in doing his work the student must be prompt to take up a certain piece of work at an appointed time and devote the allotted time to that work. No class of people are so situated that they can more easily systematize their work than the college student. So the habit of doing your work in college promptly and regularly will be of untold value in after life. Be prompt for your own sake, also having a regard for the rights of others.

To do the best work the student should have the best habits, and good habits means good health. So a thing of primary importance is to be regular in the habits of eating and sleeping. Retire at a certain time and rise at a certain time, and be prompt at meals for your own sake and the convenience of others. Many never think of the amount of trouble they cause others by not being prompt at their meals. Most boarding houses and boarding departments have a time for meals and expect those who eat there to be on time, because they have their work planned for the day if you have not.

The student should by all means be prompt at school, whether at regular morning collection or at recitations. It is important to be at morning collection or chapel exercises for several reasons. In the first place, since announcements are generally made at such times, some important announcement may be made, and if you are not there you may fail to hear of it until it is too late. Then, again, the one in charge may have something to say to the students which might be of interest and beneficial to you which you would fail to get if you were not present. Then, to those students who are in the habit of coming into the morning exercises while they are in progress, we would say—and a number of Guilford students may appropriate these remarks—if you cannot come to morning collection on time, for the sake of one who is speaking or reading; for the sake of those who are listening, and, lastly, for the sake of *good manners*, do not come in and, perhaps, have to march across the collection room to your seat making as much noise as an artillery wagon, but *please* remain outside until collection is over. You will gain the respect of your teachers and fellow-students if you will do this.

In like manner you will confer another favor upon the same classes of people if you would be regular and prompt at recitations. If a student misses a recitation entirely generally he is the only loser; but when he comes to recitation a few minutes late, it is quite different. The instructor may be, or may have been before you came in, explaining something on which you were needing light. If so, he will have to go over the explanation for your benefit, or, if he does not, you will lose that much. Then, again, you will take the attention of every member of the class from the subject before them for about a minute, and supposing there are thirty in the class, you will have been the cause of the waste of one half an hour of time which cannot be regained. So very plainly no careless student has the right to abuse those of his fellows, and no one with the self-respect which he ought to have will do such a thing. A person is sometimes excusable for tardiness, but for habitual tardiness there is no excuse in the world. If you see a person on time on every occasion you can not help but admire him for this habit; but if you see a person who is irregular and tardy on every occasion you can not help not having that *tired* feeling. The cure for this feeling is *promptness*.

## LOCALS.

—We would like to know who is the owner of the cat ranch in Founders'.

—Farmer Knight sawed up a big pile of wood just before the recent big snow.

—Newton says there was quite a change in the *hemisphere* the other morning.

—A 'possum barbecue was indulged in by a number of the boys in Archdale recently.

—The boys will please return those spoons which they took from the dining-room.

✓ —Rev. David Sampson now preaches at the college the first Sabbath of each month.

—Chas. Davis, seeing a sleigh and noticing the runner, "What is that thing dragging behind?"

—Professor Hodgins was unable to meet his classes recently on account of an attack of "Grippe."

—Miss Emma King gave an onion feast to a number of her friends in Founders' a few days ago.

—Dr. Roberson, in company with a patient, spent several days recently in the hospital of Baltimore.

—Raphelias Kerner left school about the middle of January. "Oats" is very much missed (at the table).

—Look out boys, Miss Louise says she is "loaded for bear" now, so keep away from under the windows of Founders'.

—Going says that he is the only man in school because he ran big Emmet half way round the campus, (but Going was in front).

—Professor Wilson has been giving the base-ball squad some careful training in the gymnasium preparatory to the spring campaign.

—Blair, falling backward into a room through a door which was suddenly opened, "Why didn't you knock before you opened the door?"

—A mouse found its way into the collection room one morning recently and caused an *uprising* on the female side of the house.

—Miss Rosa Moffit left school in the early part of the term on account of ill health. The Sophomore class regret the loss of Miss Moffit.

—Skating and coasting was heartily indulged in by the students during the January sleet. The walks around the campus were excellent skating "grounds."

—Mrs. Myra Albright was compelled on account of her health to resign her position as music teacher at the college. She has been succeeded by Mrs. Doub, of Greensboro.

—Several students have reported symptoms and have had attacks of grippé, but Going says he has had the worst case since Miss Louise broke his heart with that pitcher of water.

—Prof. J. Franklin Davis continued his lecture on January 14 on Sounds of the English Language; dwelling this time on the consonant sounds. The lecture was interesting and instructive.

—The following men were elected by the Websterian Society to represent them in the oratorical contest which occurs April 28: H. C. Taylor, C. M. Short, C. O. Meredith, T. B. Hinton, F. F. Kerner, and R. C. Willis.

—There are two classes of young men engaged in Bible study this term, studying the "Life of Christ." One class has been in operation for the whole year past, and the second was organized at the beginning of this term.

—The representatives of the Henry Clay Society in their Annual Oratorical contest this spring are: J. L. Cartland, R. N. King, Newton Farlow, J. W. Carrell, A. S. Parker, and L. L. Barbee. The date of the contest this year is April 29.

—Colbert Blair left school on January 27, being unable to study on account of his eyes. Colbert had to leave last term for the same reason, and after taking a rest thought that he could come back and pursue his studies all right this term, but his eyes will not permit it. We are always sorry to lose a good student.

—By far the most successful social this term took place on January 28. Every person present was engaged in some sort of a game,



either that of "up jinks," hands, hearts or some other. The evening was immensely enjoyed by all, and for the first time there were no stags or *wall flowers*, absolutely not a single one.

—The officers of the Senior class for the spring term are: W. W. Allen, President; Elizabeth Coffin, Secretary; and J. W. Lewis, Treasurer. The readers of the COLLEGIAN will notice that the same members were elected who served last term, though in different offices. This is accounted for by the fact that the above-named served so well before that the class saw fit to honor them again.

—The faculty granted a half holiday on the morning of January 30, so that the students might go coasting, it being the only opportunity for such sport this winter. The sliding was fine and the lack of sleds was the only draw-back, being only about a dozen. Nevertheless the boys and girls thoroughly enjoyed themselves. Mrs. Blair and Miss Osborne got some *striking* pictures on the hill with their cameras.

—President Hobbs gave a very entertaining lecture on Saturday evening, February 4th, on the "*Psychology of Habit*." President Hobbs is very much interested in Mental Science and also in Moral; having taken a special course in those branches during the past summer at Clark University under G. Stanley Hall, who is recognized as one of the foremost men in this country in these departments of science.

—There being no lecture on the evening of January 21, a social was engaged in by the students in the West Hall at Founders. Miss Annice Wheeler entertained those present for about half an hour with her graphophone and then some paired off for business while others found enjoyment in games of different kinds. All present seemed to enjoy themselves. There were a few stags and some *wall flowers* who amused themselves by watching the others enjoy themselves.

On the morning (Sunday) after the big snow, a big Freshman accompanied by a bigger Prep., who was Much Moore, went strolling (?) in the woods. They came upon the track of some animal which had, perhaps, ventured out in search of food. The boys were unable at first to tell what kind of an animal had made the tracks in the snow so they decided to follow them just to see where they

would lead (?). The foot prints led to a hollow log where they disappeared in or under the log. Still the boys were unable to name the track. They recalled all the tracks of animals they had ever seen in the snow, and finally at the suggestion of the big Freshman, perhaps because he was older and higher in his classes than his companion, it was decided that such impressions in the snow could be made by no other animal than that fierce beast known as the *catamount*. "That beast would make a good fight for any two men," said the Freshman, "and then one was very likely to be killed." So being in a very dangerous place and having no gun, Moore proposed that they go back and report the matter to some of the other boys. They did so, telling them where they had seen the tracks and where the log was. Later in the day some of the boys who had heard the story went to investigate the tracks and the hollow log. The investigation did not last long and the big Freshman's catamount was found to be only a hungry, grinning 'possum.

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## PERSONALS.

- ✓ Sue J. Farlow, '92, is teaching at Corinth, Va.
- ✓ J. Carson Hill is farming near Deep River, N. C.
- ✓ Metta Macon is attending school at Westtown, Pa.
- ✓ Ora Jinnett, '98, is teaching near Goldsboro, N. C.
- ✓ T. H. Redding is in the hardware business at Asheboro, N. C.
- ✓ John Sampson is the manager of a farm in Davie County, N. C.
- ✓ Jesse Armfield is employed in the National Bank of High Point, N. C.
- ✓ Lee Briles is keeping books for Spencer Lumber Co., near Star, N. C.
- ✓ Robert Swing has charge of the electric plant at Haverford College, Penna.

- ✓ John Ferrell is bookkeeper for the Riverside Cotton Mills of Randleman, N. C.
- ✓ Annie Kirkman is spending the winter at her home near Pleasant Garden, N. C.
- ✓ <sup>ink key</sup> P. B. Groom is now living in Baltimore, Md., his parents having moved there recently.
- ✓ <sup>Elizabeth</sup> Lizzie Coletrane was married some time ago to Mr. William Hinshaw, of Sawyersville, N. C.
- ✓ Otelia A. Moffit, a student in '93, was married November 2, near Ackworth, Iowa, to Roy W. Rockville.
- ✓ Mrs. F. F. Cherry, *nee* Cora Sparrow, once a student here, is the wife of a prosperous merchant of Aurora, N. C.
- ✓ Halbert Potter and Miss Etta Davis, of Beaufort, were united in marriage on the evening of January 19, 1899.
- ✓ <sup>15th St. N. C.</sup> L. B. Williams, a former student, is a postal clerk on the Southern railway, between Charlotte and Washington.
- ✓ Elma P. Hoskins, a student here a few years since, was married January 5 to Webster Ogburn, of Summerfield, N. C.
- ✓ Lena Maie Blair was married December 20 to Captain Alex. M. Rankin. THE COLLEGIAN extends congratulations.
- ✓ Preston Cumming, Jr., is attending school at Lumber Bridge, N. C., preparing for entering the University next fall.
- ✓ We have received notice that Herbert W. Gadd, a former Guilford student, was asphyxiated while asleep in a hotel at Allegheny, Pa. His death was caused by gas escaping from a small heating stove.

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## EXCHANGES.

The *Wake Forest Magazine* maintains its high standard of excellence among our exchanges.

The February number of the *Trinity Archive* is what may be

called a typical college magazine. In the literary department ample space is devoted to literary productions yet there is an abundance of fiction and verse. The other departments are also ably edited.

*The Reveille* continues its article on "Four Characteristics of College Men," which we find to be very interesting and instructive.

We are glad to welcome the *Pine and Thistle* to our table. It is a new venture, published by the young ladies of the Red Springs Seminary, and, if we may judge by its first two issues, bids fair to lead a successful existence.

There was little in the *University Courant* to attract our attention. A serial, "Lost in the Mountains," and "Up the Pasig River" are the most tolerable of the productions. The editorial and exchange departments are especially weak.

There are two prize stories in *The Latin and High School Review*, the first of which, "A Bear Hunt in Maine," is a well constructed plot written in a smooth style. The other, "The Missing Photograph," is very clumsily constructed and awkwardly told.

Among our new exchanges we find the *Index*, published by the students of the Pacific University. It is a very attractive magazine and reflects much credit on both editors and institution. The Critique on Edgar Allen Poe is a very accurate summary of Poe's contribution to American poetry.

The Holiday Edition of the *Silver and Gold* was the first to invite our attention. It was arrayed in an attractive coat. The whole of the Literary Department was devoted to a history of the University of Colorado, which proved very interesting reading. Handsome illustrations greatly added to its attractiveness.

We welcome with pleasure the *Red and White*, the official organ of the athletic association of the Agricultural and Mechanical College at Raleigh. The "History of Foot-ball," and "How Aluminum is Produced" are interesting as well as instructive. From the first issue a bright future may be predicted. The COLLEGIAN wishes it the much success that it deserves.

"Watching for Santa," in the December number of the *Carlton College Gleaner*, is quite a ludicrous description of two children's successful attempt to catch Santa Claus. We were disappointed in "Johnny's Plan," which betrays amateurishness to a remarkable

degree. We would expect better from a boy in the first grade. "What Two Faces Told Me" is a rather thoughtful essay, which we enjoyed reading.

The exchanges for January were rather slow in coming in and a good many of them on their arrival were rather disappointing. On the whole they may be said to have degenerated since the holidays. One noticeable feature with few exceptions is the lack of verse. We feel sure that the poetic genius is to be found among the students of America and it is to be hoped that any latent faculties in this line will be developed.

We note with much interest the good work being accomplished all over the world by the Y. M. C. A. and the Student volunteer movement which is published in the *Inter-Collegian*. In the January number the article "How to acquire correct habits of Study" is well worth one's attention. Also in the February number may be found a scholarly article by President Dwight of Yale University, "Formative Influences in College Life Apart from the Curriculum."

The Literary Department of *The Southern University Monthly* contains three essays or orations of which "The Spaniard in the Western World" is the best. It clearly portrays the gross incompetence and tyranny that has characterized the rule of the Spaniard in America, and adds that humanity has called upon us to give the Cuban's a free and democratic government. "Patriotic Dixie Land" is a rather "high fetched" production. "General Topics" and the "Inter-Collegiate Department" are well edited.

"Turning Tide," in the January number of the *Silver and Gold*, is a very well written article. William Lloyd Garrison is the center of the theme in which the writer tells of the firmness with which Mr. Garrison advocated abolition years before even the North thought of it. Though he endured much unpopularity because of his beliefs he stuck to what he thought was right. A few years afterward the North was awakened by his pleas and he became a leader in the reform which is now the Republican party.

In the January number of the *Crescent* may be found an article titled "Economic Phase of Monopolies and Trusts." The writer seems to understand the subject fully, which he presents in a simple light. He maintains that the chief advantage gained by trusts and monopolies lies in the ability to cheapen the manufacture by the



introduction of careful and intelligent management, all working in perfect harmony. Furthermore he asserts that it is no more illegal for trusts and monopolies to exist than for labor unions and department stores and smaller enterprises who have the same object in view.

The editor of the *Add Ran Collegian* must have swallowed a paper of pins and a dictionary, if we are to judge by the sharp points and long words found in his editorials. There are several pages of good verse, which is gratifying after inspecting so many verseless exchanges. "Bird in the Cage" is one of those poems you must read twice to see its beauties, and which seems all the more beautiful for its slow development (if that is the word to use.) In "An Indian Story" the writer very charmingly gives the origin of the Chicasaws and Choctaws. Whether it is founded on facts or not, it is well worth reading for its literary merits. "Idiosyncrasy vs. Greatness" is a thoughtful essay, in which the writer looks at a great man in rather a new way, it would seem. "Because a man has done something to make himself eminent above other men is no reason why he should afflict his fellow man who is less great with his personal idiosyncrasies. Peculiarities of manner should be no more excused in the great man than they are in ordinary mortals." The exchange department might be a little larger without seriously damaging the appearance of the magazine.

"The Beginning and the End," in the *Western Maryland College Monthly* is one of the best pieces of fiction we have noticed in any college magazine. It is briefly and tersely told while the plot, a very good one, gradually is unfolded. It is not one of these stories that you can tell almost word for word how it will end, and is all the more noticeable on that account. "New Year Resolutions," a negro dialect story, and "A Christmas Mask" are also fair productions. We enjoyed the sketch of Henry W. Longfellow. The writer makes a very commendatory plea for a more thorough discussion of American Literature in our schools and colleges. He says: "Ask a German of his Goethe, a Frenchman of Moliere, an Englishman of his Shakespeare, and they will each give you a ready and complete answer; but ask an American about his Longfellow, and in many cases he can give but a vague and incomplete answer. Unhappily, in many schools this idea of neglecting American literature is fostered, American literature being regarded as a branch, so to speak, of English literature, and not a grown-up child of its par-

ent, English literature, as it is. It is this tendency towards things European that must be overcome before our literature can take its proper place among the literatures of the world." On the whole the *Western Maryland College Monthly* is one of our best exchanges.

The editor of the *Penn Chronicle* very ably discusses "Working the Faculty." He says: "At the close of the last term we overheard a student who was disappointed in his grades say: 'Next term I am going to 'work' the faculty for all there is in it. That is the way to get grades.' We have spent a few years at Penn and at others places and never yet found any way to 'work' the faculty but by 'working' our books as much as possible before coming to the recitation. For a student who is out from two to four nights during the school week, to accuse one who studies hard and faithfully day by day of 'working' the Faculty, is an insult to every honest student. A new term has commenced and now is your opportunity to work, and hard work, steady work, and work all the time, will secure your grades. It may cost self-denial to stay in when skating is good, or when you are invited to a party; but the satisfaction which comes when a term's work is successfully completed pays for all sacrifice." The many-sided character of Shakespeare's Folstaff is graphically placed before the reader by Mary Mather, while 'Peace' compares favorably with college verse.

The Morrill memorial number of the *University Cynic* contains comprehensive sketches of Vermont's honored statesman, the late Senator Justin S. Morrill, of whom the nation is so justly proud. The editors do well to commemorate the life and death of this great man. The frontispiece is adorned with a handsome portrait of the grand old man. "Senator Morrill to Young Men" and President Buckham's eulogy tell the beautiful story of his pure and simple life, and show the great lessons we can learn from him. Among other good things President Buckham, in his address at Montpelier, said: "It has been often said, and will be said often again, that Mr. Morrill was a typical Vermonter, and it may be added, I trust without offense, that because he was a typical Vermonter he was the remarkable man he was. To say this is not invidious or disparaging toward remarkable men typical of other States. Our generous and resourceful American blood breeds many types of American manhood all equally American, and all claiming and deserv-

ing the admiration of all Americans without stint or envy." The Biography of John is the simple biography of the unknown hero, nothing more, nothing less. The exchanges do not impress one as being up to the standard established by the rest of the magazine.

We can not help noticing, as we read through paper after paper, how much of the little space given to a discussion of the exchanges is used to further old worn-out jokes that were new and original in prehistoric times, perhaps, but have been classified as ancient ever since Noah told them to a weeping world. We can not see why exchange editors persist in hashing and rehashing such as the following: "An Ohio man hanged himself with a towel, which is one way to wipe out existence."—*Ex.* How funny it is! How inspiring! We can hear the wide world laugh at the gem of dazzling wit. We can see it hold its sides and gasp for more breath to take another laugh! There is no reason in this, when some true and noble thought is ruthlessly passed by as unworthy of our attention. There seems only one conclusion to make to this painful tendency, viz: that the exchange editor who fills the most of his space with these nonsensical clippings is either too *lazy* or too *dull* to read his exchanges and make sensible comment and criticism on the articles and verses contained therein. We would not have it understood that we want only the serious side of life depicted. Far from it!

"A little nonsense now and then  
Is relished by the best of men."

But when we have nonsense let us try and have something bright and original and something that has not gone the rounds of every newspaper, almanac and exchange in the country. We believe until this tendency is corrected college journalism will never reach that high standard, which it should attain.

Our eyes next fell upon the *Purple and Gold*, from the University of Omaha, where we looked in vain for some verses. What's that? Did we say in vain? We beg your pardon! We did find on the very first page a sonorous jingle with little rhyme and less sense, entitled "The Fin de Seicle Class," which in wild, spasmodic syllables, purports to condole the Junior class for their loss of five members in jumping from Sophs. to Juniors. No verse at all is better than such. Our disappointment was, however, somewhat abated by reading a "Trip to the Pacific Coast," by A. M. Eells. The edi-

torials are short and spicy. We clip below the one on "Decision." We would like to see an Exchange Department.

"The person who wishes to succeed in life must learn first of all to decide for himself promptly. A hundred times a day questions arise which must be decided. Sometimes there is but a slight shade of difference—it may be a choice of two apparently good courses; yet if one lacks decision, both will be lost.

"If one enters a store the clerk cannot give him anything until he decides just what and how much of any articles he wants. The same way in college. One must choose his course of study before any studies can be assigned. Then there are occasionally the great questions upon which much of our future life depends. These need careful attention and should be weighed carefully in the balance, but the choice must be made. Each must decide what his life is to be, or else he is a 'rolling stone which gathers no moss.' One *is* what he *wills* to be. Some one says, 'Life is the sum of our choices,' and so it is. Every decision helps to make up life. How necessary it is to learn to choose promptly—decisively.' "

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# The Guilford Collegian.

VOL. XII.

MARCH, 1899.

No. 7.

## ON TO SANTIAGO!

COL. ROOSEVELT'S ADDRESS BEFORE THE FAMOUS CHARGE UP  
SAN JUAN HILL.

ELIOT KAYS STONE.

On ! let not our hearts grow cold !  
On ! revenge our wrongs of old !  
On ! a hero e'er is bold !

*On to Santiago!*

On ! the victory lies before,  
O'er a field of blood and gore,  
Where the sullen cannon roar !

*On to Santiago!*

Let your blows fall thick and fast,  
Scorch them in your fiery blast !  
On ! this charge may be our last !

*On to Santiago!*

On ! let yonder fleeting sun  
See before the day is done  
Battle lost, or battle won !

*On to Santiago!*

" Let us live, or let us die !"  
Let this be your battle cry,  
Charge ! and keep your powder dry !

*On to Santiago !*

On ! what care we for the cost !  
On ! the Rubicon is crost !

A brave deed is never lost !

*On to Santiago !*

Onward ! let us never falter !

Place our lives on Freedom's Altar !

LORD JEHOVAH, our Gibralar !

*On to Santiago !*

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## CORNWALLIS AT SNOW CAMP.

EULA DIXON.

On the second day after the dearly bought victory of the British forces in the battle at Guilford court-house, March 15th, 1781, Lord Cornwallis, commander-in-chief of the British, and his men, numbering, inclusive of various estimates, between one and three thousand, commenced his march southward. From Bell's Mill, (now Freeman's Mill, in Randolph), the first encampment after the night of the 17th spent in the neighborhood of New Garden, the army was ordered to Ramsey's Mill (now Moncure, in Chatham county).

For reasons unknown, but variously surmised, the royal forces turned aside from the most direct route to Ramsey's and on the afternoon of the seventh day after the Battle of Guilford stopped at Snow Camp. They arrived from the northwest over the present road leading in that direction and took up camp on the hills north of Cane Creek, with headquarters at the stone house of Simon Dixon, about fifty yards north of what was then, and is still, Dixon's mill.

Prior to establishing themselves in the stone house Cornwallis and his officers compelled the family to vacate, with orders to stay out until the army should leave. Accordingly the mother, with her children, sought shelter in a fulling mill a few hundred yards up the creek. The story has been handed down that such was the excitement when they were being driven away from home that the old woman—who was an inveterate smoker—forgot her pipe. When outside the lines she remembered and returned for it. The guards refused admittance to the house but the woman would not be outdone, but kept parleying, saying it was *her* house and she wanted her pipe, until finally Cornwallis' attention was called to

the matter. He, after due explanation had been made, told the guards to allow the woman to pass in, which she did, and carried away her pipe with evident satisfaction.

Simon Dixon, the landlord, had left home a day or two previous to the arrival of the British. He had been apprised of their march toward Snow Camp and, fearing violence at their hands because of his reputed political opinions, took refuge in the home of a friend named Mebane, in the Haw Field neighborhood, in Orange county. Dixon was not an openly avowed Whig. A consistent member of the Society of Friends, he would have suffered martyrdom rather than violate the letter of the peace principles of his church. But he had somehow caught the contagion of freedom and in various little ways had shown his opposition to the Royal Government. The fact that he had allowed anti-royalist pamphlets, written by his brother-in-law, Hermon Husbands, a radical rebel, to be distributed from his mill and store was perhaps the strongest proof of his loyalty to the colonies.

When arms had been stacked in two long rows between the mill and the house and guards stationed about the encampment, the British proceeded to make themselves comfortable by making common property of everything available. Inside the house, Cornwallis, with blanket about him, sat most of the time in a large arm chair dozing away the hours, while his officials, no less care worn than their commander, lounged about the house, all enjoying much needed rest of both body and mind. Outside, as the weather was yet wintry, the hills were soon dotted with glimmering camp fires, into which hundreds and hundreds of panels of rail fence were eventually consumed. As hungry as they were cold, the Red Coats relieved the premises of two hundred and fifty sheep and half a hundred cattle, and scoured the neighborhood for more beeves until they had eighty in all. These were driven to a hill-top just outside of camp and butchered on the hide, the meat carried a short distance to Friends meeting house, cut up upon its benches and there packed away to await consumption. A somewhat amusing incident is related of a neighbor whom the Tories deprived of a cow, and who a few hours later paid the camp a visit in search of his property. Failing to find her alive he proceeded to the butchering ground where he was told that he was welcome to the hide if he could find it. While searching for it the man indulged in a good deal of abusive language, The British several



times told him he had better keep quiet, but to no avail. At last some soldiers seized him, took off his shoes, new and stout, put on him instead a worn out pair, gave him his cow hide and drove him off from camp.

The grist mill came in for a share of attention also. The Red Coats ransacked it, carried off all the corn meal and flour and thought they had found a bonanza in the abundance of grain stowed away and a mill to grind it. But the following lines from the pen of a local poet of forty years ago tells the story of their hopes:

“ ‘Ho, ho, where’s the miller,’ the leader did cry.  
They look, but no miller their eyes could espy.

Says he, ‘Let out the water upon the old wheel,  
And pour in some grain, we’ll soon have some meal.’

None seemed over forward to put forth a hand,  
And two or three times he urged his command.

Their line of business being to fight and to kill  
They knew next to nothing of tending a mill.

At length one is found to come up to the scratch,  
Poured the corn in the hopper then stepped to the hatch.

For sometime on the wheel the water poured down,  
But no sign had it shown of turning around.

For the miller, when first their arrival was known,  
In stopping the mill let the lightering staff down,

Which letting both stones entirely together,  
The runner was held hard fast by the nether.

‘Draw up the hatch, let on some more water.’  
Others said, ‘See, what can be the matter?’

But the wheel stood fast, it still didn’t move;  
Some took hold of the arms to give it a shove,

Others stepped on that side where the water did flow,  
And thought by their weight to force it to go.

They pushed, hallooed and shouted, but still it stood still,  
Which brought many a curse on the ‘rebel old mill.’

Irishmen with their ‘och’ kept a terrible chatter,  
English, Scotch and Welsh rang out in the clatter.

But still the old mill stood fast in its pride  
And all their rash oaths and efforts defied.

While over and around them its efforts it plied,  
Threw mud and cold water on this and that side.

Thus for near half an hour such measures they try,  
'The thing is bewitched,' some half-credulous cry.

The sun had now sunk full low in the west  
And English cockades began to lower their crest.

They looked at each other and said 'give up we must,'  
And so their proud lion dropped his tail in the dust.

America's eagle flaps his wings at the story,  
For Britain succumbed, the old mill got the glory.

They gave up the contest and proclaimed aloud  
They hadn't a miller among the whole crowd."

Tradition has it that two or three brass cannon are buried somewhere in the vicinity of Dixon's mill, presumably in mill pond or graveyard. They were seen on wagons in the rear of the army two miles north of camp, by an old man by the name of Pike, a settler from Pasquotank County. He was clearing a patch of ground by the roadside when the British passed, and as he had never seen such ponderous artillery before, he left his work and walked for a little way behind the wagons, his curiosity leading him so far as to run his arm into a gun, the inside of which, he said, was covered with powder and smoke. There is no tradition nor written record that these cannon were ever seen after the British left Snow Camp. It is traditional, however, that they had no cannon along the line of march between Snow Camp and Ramsey's. The fact that the army horses were overworked and poor, and Cornwallis fearful of being pursued by General Greene lend additional probability to the story that the cannon were somehow disposed of during the encampment at Dixon's Mill. Octogenarians of a few years ago remembered a hole like a well ten or twelve feet deep at the east end of the original mill dam, which was dug by some of the soldiers for some unknown purpose. About the year 1820 it was opened in the hope of finding the unaccounted for cannon, but nothing was brought to light except some pieces of chains. It is known beyond a doubt that this hole was not dug for the interment of the men who died during the encampment, of whom there were six—some from wounds received at Guilford Battle Ground, the others from a then prevalent disease among soldiers known as camp fever.

On the morning of the 25th day of March the British resumed their journey toward Wilmington, going through Chatham County by way of Pittsboro, and crossing Deep river at Ramsey's. The last Red Coat that disappeared toward the south looked back upon a

scene of grim devastation. Though house and mill and church remained they bore evidence of alien hands, and fields and woods and churchyard were silent witnesses of the late presence of cold and hungry and dying men.

Little now remains to tell the story. Nature has been faithfully healing up her wounds and only a few more years are necessary to obliterate all traces. The old Dixon dwelling fell to ruin and its cellar is well nigh filled with rock and soil. Only the rock wall foundation remains of the original Dixon's mill. The log meeting house was torn away a century ago, its benches transferred to a more commodious brick structure, where, battered and scarred, rough with unmistakable signs of butcher's axe, they did service until lost, every one, in the demolition of the brick house by fire in January, 1879. Woods and fields have outgrown scar of axe and print of shovel, and half a dozen nameless soldier graves in Cane Creek burying ground have been lost for a hundred years. The last survivor of the large company of men and women who stood upon the hill "stretching northward from the mill" and listened to the boom and roar of gun and cannon upon the Guilford Battle Ground was laid to rest just forty-three years ago.

Only two things remain, so far as is now known, which, without change or decay, have spanned the years from March 1781 to March 1899, two household articles which it is absolutely certain came in contact with the actual, living presence of the great British commander during his stay at Dixon's Mill. One is a small iron tea kettle which was forgotten by the Red Coats and picked up by a mill boy the day the army left. This article when last heard from, ten years ago, was in the possession of Mattie Worth, a Wesleyan Methodist minister, living in Indiana. The other relic is the large arm chair in which once rested Simon Dixon's most honored guest, an English lord. This piece of property has never had a home beyond the boundaries of the original Dixon possessions on Cane Creek, and is now owned by a descendant, Thomas C. Dixon. It is regarded by the present generation about Snow Camp as an object of especial interest—their chief memorial of Revolutionary days. Whether gazing upon the old chair or enjoying its hospitality a mental panorama passes and the visitor is baptised anew with the spirit which gave victory in the days of '76 and remains to-day the only safeguard of the nation.

## LITERATURE: THE PREY OF FASHION.

We often make fun of our mothers and sisters for their careful and over-zealous study of the fashion plate. How careful they are to get every bow in just the right place, to tie it just so, to wear just the right size button! How long and arduously they converse about Leg o' Mutton sleeves, and waists cut on the bias; how they argue and worry, and worry and fret as if the chief end in life was to decide how to trim the new dress.

But are we men any better? Do we not make as great a fuss if our derby is a few months behind time, or our suit is a little old-styled?

Did you ever stand in the sun all day with a golf suit on, watching two champions of the links in their contest for supremacy and throw your hat in the air and shout and "holler" and seem to go wild with delight, when all the time you were howling because the rest were, and wondering what they were cheering about?

Did you ever go to an Italian opera and sit and listen in ecstasies (apparently), and every now and then exclaim, "How charming! How perfectly divine! Can angels sing a sweeter song!" etc., but in reality with the chills chasing each other down your spine in their endeavor to catch up with the high notes of the soprano, and fervently exclaiming to yourself: "When will the music cease?" And just because you are not considered as capable of appreciating good music if you do not have spasms of delight every time an opera is mentioned.

Did you ever steal away to read a good book, a book that's real, and one that you enjoy, just because fashion has decreed it to be worthless? Did you ever sit in the library where everyone can look at you and read and pretend to enjoy some vile account of viler heroes, because it's the fashion to? Did you ever dare to "stand up for" the one that is true and noble, but unpopular, or dare to manfully criticise the vile story that is popular?

No! you never did, or if you did you were obviously indifferent of public opinion.

We would not have it understood from the above that every good work is unpopular, or that every poor one is popular. Far from it. A great many of the best and noblest pieces in our literature are read to-day more widely than ever, but on the other hand a great many of the best and brightest gems are passed contemptuously by.

The point is this: *You* have not the courage to read and be your own *judge*. You must first read the book review and read as the critic reads—you read with his eyes instead of your own.

The fallacy of this is perfectly obvious. As long as you let the critic read for you, you will have no correct conception of the book itself. You imbibe not the author's ideas, but the critic's, and you dare not differ with him.

It is unfortunate that fashion should reign so supreme in literature. It hinders a man in being himself. It limits the genius, who writes to please the fashionable whims of the day. It limits the publisher who prints a certain author's work, because it is the fashion to read his works. It limits the individual, because he must read and praise that which is often decidedly distasteful to him.

This system is fair to no one. It is not fair to the reader, who should be at liberty to read and judge for himself. It is not fair to the publisher, for he is often obliged to pay a large sum for a work he sees the deficiencies in, simply because fashion decrees that everything So-and-So writes is the very best, and must be read and admired. It is not fair to the author, for the one favored by fashion soon ceases to write his best; nor to the one who, in popular language, "hasn't made his rep," for though he may write better than the other, yet its merits will go unrecognized.

There seems to be no rule by which this system is regulated. It is subject to the caprice of fashion. Whatsoever she decrees is right, and, once established, it altereth not. But who is fashion? What right has she to dictate what we shall read and what we shall not read? How can she decree which one of two productions of equal merit shall be sent to the form-room and the other to the waste-basket?

Who she is no one knows. She is a vague, powerful impersonality. She moves in a mysterious way, her wonders to perform, but when or how she does it no one knows. Even kings and queens feel her sway. They tremble at her power and obey her mandates. She is not Popularity, for the people rebel against her. She is not the Critic, for he bows at her command. She is not the Author, for he caters to her whims.

How foolish this worship of fashion is! How blind to bow before her! It were better to worship idols; they at least can be identified. They at least can be loved by some, but all rebel against fashion. Yet all are held firmly in her iron hands; she rules not by love, but by fear, and her sceptre is mighty.



A few in this broad land have seen the folly of their ways. They have seen how foolish it is to profess to like what they despise, to ridicule that which they love. They have determined to be men, real men, true men. Men without shams! To believe what they think right, to say what they believe. They are making manly appeals for "Truth," for fashion is the secret enemy of truth. And their appeals are being heard. A man is not free after all; he only thinks he is. He is told so often by the orator on Fourth o' July and the stump speaker during election how free he is and in what a grand, glorious country he lives in—America, home of the free—that he really imagines that he is free. And he is, compared to what he was or would have been some centuries ago. But to-day he is as much the slave of fashion as he ever was of kings.

*But men will be men after all!* "A man's a man for a' that." He is ever seeking for the truth, and when he finds it he serves it. Men are rebelling to-day against the power of fashion as their fathers did against tyranny centuries ago. It is encouraging to see *men* step into the van and champion the cause. It inspires one with the hope that some day a man will be a man, and will rise or fall on his own merits.

*The Black Cat*, a magazine published in Boston, the center of reforms, and *Short Stories*, of the same city, are ably fighting against fashion. They offer valuable prizes for stories of merit. Merit counts, and merit alone. A man's reputation or name is not considered. They are not buying names; they are buying stories. This is fair to all; fair to the author, to the publisher and to the reader. He may be assured that he is not helping the publisher pay for a name. He is buying a story of merit.

We trust that the time is not far distant when this method of disseminating literature shall be more widely known and in use, not only in supplying the reader with the choicest fiction, but with all the other forms of literature for which America is noted.

## A GAME OF BASEBALL IN 1867.

PRESIDENT L. L. HOBBS.

What ever will encourage manly athletics in college should have the support of all persons who are concerned to see "a sound mind in a sound body." Especially do students need to be impressed with the necessity of physical training as a means of accomplishing most in College and most in life. All needs to be done that can be done to contribute to the joyousness of youth. Play is a necessity of our nature; and a national game, like baseball, calls out so much that is life-giving and healthful, that one views with a sort of foreboding him who, as Horace says, "fears to touch the yellow Tiber, who shuns the olive oil (preparatory to an athletic contest) more than he would the blood of a viper, and whose arms are not made strong by the use of arms."

It may be of some interest to Guilford men, and call forth greater effort in baseball the present season, to give some account of a match game that occurred between New Garden School (by which name Guilford College was known for fifty-one years) and what was known as "The Big Lazies" of Greensboro, in 1867. This name, it is believed, was proposed to the Greensboro team by Judge A. W. Tourgee, of which he was a member. It probably was suggested to Judge Tourgee's mind by the immense size of body (*ingenti magnitudine corporum*) of the various members of the nine, and may be taken as a proof more or less weighty of their Germanic origin.

Judge Tourgee was catcher on the Big Lazy team; and is remembered by many of our people as one who took a very prominent part in the days of "carpet-bag government," doing more than any other man to make that period in our history odious to our people. Then when he could no longer "fool" a majority of the people of North Carolina, he withdrew and wrote "The Fool's Errand," for a time a very popular novel. He was a man of great shrewdness, energy and ability.

It is believed that David McKnight, Jr., was pitcher on the Big Lazy team; and that "Birney" Gretter was a member. I am not able at present to obtain the names of the other six men on said team.

On the team from New Garden were Professor A. M. Elliott, a

native of Guilford county, and at present Professor of the Romance Languages in Johns Hopkins University. His swift pitching was too much for the "Big Lazies," and was a principal factor in winning the victory. J. B. Griffin, of Woodland, N. C., now living at Guilford College, was catcher. He, excepting Professor Elliott, was perhaps the strongest man on the team, noted for good batting and swift-running as well as skilful catching. The first baseman was Joseph J. Cox, now Dr. Cox living at High Point; the second baseman was Jno. L. King, now residing in Greensboro; the third was Theo. F. Kyle, of Fayetteville (nothing is known of him by the writer at this time). The short stop was Jesse F. Hoskins, now known as the "Duke of Summerfield," and who resides at that place when not in the field engaged in his well-known business, "Farmer's Mutual Insurance."

In the out field were Walter Hobbs now living in Atlanta engaged in the sale of fruit trees; T. J. Ogburn, who is known and beloved throughout the State as a minister of the gospel in the Methodist Church; and the famous Captain Lee Hall, of Texas.

The umpire of the game was the late W. U. Steiner, for a long time register of deeds for the county; and the scorer from New Garden, was A. H. Coffin, now of Texas. The score stood 55 to 15 in favor of New Garden: and that first match game the school ever played, perhaps the first in the State, was forerunner to many a successful contest since; and it is hoped many victories will yet be added to the list.

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## MEN I HAVE SEEN.

"BILL WILSON."

I am sorry that I promised to follow my nose, or more correctly speaking my last article—The Loafer—with another. I find some consolation in the thought, however, that I am not the only one who is sorry. I have no doubt but that the gentle reader is as sorry as I am, or if he is not he will be before he has plunged into the innermost recesses of my jungle of mixed up ideas and words, but as I am a truthful man and always keep my word I will proceed to worry myself and the reader with an unexaggerated account of

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## DUDES AND IMITATIONS.

The Dude's the dude; the Imitation is the man that tries to be but doesn't know how. The Dude is America's Imitator and England's Imitation. The Imitation imitates the Dude and is America's amateur performer. A true Fifth Avenue Dude is never happy unless he fancies he looks like the Prince of Wales. The Imitation is not happy unless he fancies he looks like the Fifth Avenue Dude. The Dude will fearlessly spend his fortune to secure clothes and jimcracks resembling those worn by the Prince of Wales. The Imitation will spend his last V for a last year's beaver, if the dealer confidentially informs him that it is the identical hat worn by the Prince of Wales this season. That always fetches him. He is bound to have the hat then, if he has to pawn his mother's jewelry. If his chief aim in life is to be a real dude and imitate him, he will not miss a chance of wearing the identical hat worn by the Acme of Dudes, the Prince of Wales.

The Dude has more ways than one of spending his money. He buys all the jewelry he can load onto his person; he hires a *valet* to take care of him and his clothes, he spends his time and money at the Links, and flits about from one fashionable expenditure to another, from Poodle dogs to Golf-suits. He always belongs to a club, to several if he has money enough, or can find any one foolhardy enough to lend it to him.

He belongs to a Democratic Club or Republican Club or a Populist Club, it doesn't make any difference to him; which ever will cost him the most money and make the biggest splurge is the one for him; a Yacht Club, and a Golf club, and—well possibly even a Shakespeare Club if it is the fashion to, and some club with some high-sounding title, where he has his times with the *Chappies*.

He makes and listens to long speeches in the Democratic Club, and tries to make out that he isn't bored, although he cares for politics no more than a hen does for a tooth pick; he wears a seafaring coat and speaks in a deep bass (base) voice at the Yacht Club, and glories in the title of Admiral. He invites a select number of choice friends to a champaign supper on board his yacht, and strides the deck like a sea-captain of 50 years service (?) and shouts his orders like a hurricane. He dines at his grand club, with a grander name, and smokes and reads and chats, with the Chappies, and helps the Prince butcher the Queen's English (Of course I do not know for a certainty that the Prince does not use pure English, as

I have never been personally acquainted with the Prince. I am forced to draw my conclusion from the Dude, who so closely imitates him). The full rich tones of the Anglo-American tongue are not good enough for him. "It is not English, you know," and hence he must broaden his a's and drop his r's, and hem and haw. and "aw, don't you know," and perforate his speech with "By Jove, Cholly," and roll his eyes and gesticulate, and toy with his monocle, succeed in looking like an English Aristocrat—and a lunatic.

He wears a monocle and a chrysanthemum as big as his head, and a great deal more valuable. He dawdles a cane in one hand and drags a poodle along with the other, by a chain vastly out of proportion with the small specimen of canine anatomy. He assumes a walk which he imagines to be the direct counterpart of the Prince of Wales, and is serenely happy in his supposed knowledge; but in reality its counterpart cannot be found outside of the Asylum, and the only reason that he has not been confined there long ago is that he is such a harmless lunatic.

The height of his ambition is to be English, you know! He will spend a fortune to attain it. He will play Golf, bet on the Races, sail a Yacht or do anything on earth that he can or cannot do to obtain it.

If a new play is on the boards he does not go and see how he likes it, or if he does he fails to express his opinion, until he has learned how it fared in England, where if it met with success, he immediately runs into ecstasies over it because "it's so English, you know." If a new game demands his attention he treats it with indifferent contempt until he is sure that "'tis English, you know," when he is the first one to get his ammunition and get to business.

Because he succeeds in being "so English, you know" he thinks the whole world admires him. And it does, for it is not often one can find such a colossal ass. He imagines that the whole world imitates—and a small portion of its weak-minded inhabitants, the Imitation Dudes, do—and this thought makes him very happy.

But although he gives himself up to a butterfly existence, devoting himself entirely to pleasure, he is not entirely happy. No! deep down in his heart a certain sadness keeps gnawing at his happiness. He is ashamed—of himself? No! but of his country, the home of the free. Yes, deep down in his heart he cherishes a feeling of shame, that he cannot convince his countrymen to be English, you know. Sometimes the Dude, not over zealous in guard-



ing this feeling and inexpressing it, makes himself the object of contempt, not only to his countrymen, but to the Britishers.

The Dude is the most useless of all creatures. He is less useful than a mule. The mule can haul loads, and work in mines and in various ways make himself useful to humanity, and he (the mule) is even capable of expressing *his own opinion* very decisively. He is probably as useful as the Microbe. The Microbe keeps the Doctor's rich and so does the Dude if he has the money. The only animal which can claim the distinction of being less useful than the Dude is the cheap Dude, the Imitation Dude. The man with a Dude's instincts, but without his ability and money to support them (the instincts). His ideal is the Prince—the same as the Dude's, but recognizing the folly of trying to compete with him he contents himself by Imitating the Dude. Instead of real jewelry, the Imitation adorns himself with brass scarf pins, set with glass; instead of the handsome club, he belongs to a cheap one. Instead of a *valet*, he "beamishly" pays the bootblack a dime.

The true Dude is ashamed to work, so is the Imitation. The true Dude does not have to; he has money enough. The Imitation does (?) or ought to; he has no money. The true Dude is not ashamed of the smell of pure whiskey on his breath; the Imitation is not ashamed of a mean whiskey smell. The Dude is ashamed to be seen perspiring; it is vulgar: so is the Imitation. The Dude will not fight for his country; if it is vulgar to work, surely it is vulgar to fight. He did not bring on the war. Let those who did—fight. Why should he fight his country's battles. Shall he leave his home, his club, his society, his gay existence, for the vulgar food and work in the ranks. Thus he reasons and so does his imitation. Perhaps it is just as well. "War is Hell" and demands men. These cannot spring from the ranks of Dudedom. In this connection it were unfair to the Dude, and to that most heroic patriot, Hamilton Fish, who fell fighting gallantly for "Cuba Libre," not to mention that he sprung from the ranks of New York Dudes, and for his sake much of their folly can be forgiven.

The Dude is the weak spot in American manhood. The spot that only time and labor can erase.

The true common-sense American can not find words to express his contempt for the indolent, useless, unpatriotic specimen of puerile imbecility, the Dude, and does not attempt it, for he knows he will get to "cussing." When he sees him gawking along the

the street, with his chrysanthemum, his 13-story collar, his poodle dog and his chain, and his other paraphernalia, or posing in one of the windows of a fashionable club, flirting with the girls—self-satisfaction personified in his every feature — a feeling creeps over one, which, in the language of patent medicine advertisers, is called “that tired feeling,” and an irresistible idea impels one to throw him out the window, which is only checked by the recollection of what a weak, contemptible object he is; worthy of our pity rather than our animosity.

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*Henry Clay.*  
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*Locals.*  
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MARCH, 1899.

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## CLEARING THE TRACK.

And now news comes to us that several cargoes of beer have been successfully landed in the Philippines. That's right, Uncle Sam. Give your new subjects a taste of the glorious American concoctions and there will be no trouble in civilizing 'em. It will clear the track for the missionaries, too. That's the way. Fire water and missionaries is the American idea of civilization, and it's a pretty good one! It civilized us (?)!

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## THE CAMPUS.

We think that a little more care needs to be taken of our walks and campus by preventing them from being made highways for wagons, carriages and horse-back riders. During the wet winter months the campus and walks are often greatly damaged by being driven and ridden over in every direction, and some visitors use the walks entirely since the roads are not in the best condition during the winter, a thing that can not be expected at that season of the year. While the walks and campus are not always in as good condition as they might be, still that is no reason why they should not

be protected. Naturally our campus is as beautiful as any in the State, but to have it unnecessarily cut up during the winter prevents it from being as beautiful in the spring as it otherwise would be. Of course it is necessary to haul the dead leaves off every spring, and then a wagon must go upon it, but we do not have anything to say to this, for this does not damage it to any extent; but to allow any and everybody, with all sorts of vehicles at all times, to go tearing over the walks and other parts of the campus should be prohibited, so as to let the grounds present as good an appearance as possible.

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#### A WRONG CONCEPTION!

A great many of the students seem to have the wrong conception of the use of the library. They seem to think it the place for studying text-books, which are intended to be studied at home and in the collection room; for gossiping and carrying on flirtations.

It would seem that the student's own interest would be sufficient to keep good order in the library; his own sense of the fitness of things; his respect for himself and his regard for others; but such is not the case. Numerous faculty regulations have necessarily been enacted and enforced to make the library a quiet and comfortable place for readers.

It's true that one can't help making some noise on the bare floor in the recent addition to the library, but if this was all the noise one made he would be excused, and at any rate it will not be very long, let us hope, before a suitable covering will be provided.

Study in the collection room, gossip before school, flirt at the table, and then come and spend a quiet hour in the library.

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#### A QUEER CHOICE. \*

"Give me liberty or give me death." Patrick Henry preferred liberty, but the Filipinos seem to prefer death, if we may judge by the sullen manner in which they resist all our offers of liberty. That any people or nation should have the inability to appreciate liberty seems preposterous in this progressive age. That they should so persistently refuse and resist that greatest of all liberties—American liberty—and the greatest of all civilizations—American civilization—makes their choice not only foolish, but inconsistent.

After fighting for years against the tyranny and merciless oppression of Spain, and with the aid of the United States at last succeeding in throwing off the yoke, instead of being thankful, these inconsistent vagabonds not only refuse to be thankful for our aid, but insult and attack us for protecting them from the fate of China. It seems incredible that any people, however low in the scale of civilization, would be capable of such ingratitude and folly as to refuse Uncle Sam's paternal protection until such time as they may be trained in the duties and requirements of self-government.

It is not to be expected that a people so long oppressed by Spanish rule should be able to govern themselves intelligently until they have learned a few lessons in civilization, and until this time the world's and their own interests demand, with or without their consent, an intelligent government through the United States.

We cannot believe that the mass of the Fillipinos are so ungracious toward the United States. On the contrary, we feel confident that their best and wisest residents will welcome the time when American liberty and civilization, with their attendant blessings, will erase forever the memory of that horrid nightmare, the rule of Spain, and that the opposition to a fair and peaceful government is due to the trickery of that man who once sold himself to Spain, and who now undoubtedly is stirring his countrymen to acts of violence to reap revenge for the Spaniard for their gold.

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#### AN EVIL PRACTICE.

The practice of cheating on examinations and recitations is one of the greatest evils prevalent in student communities, and is a thing that should be looked down upon by every honest student.

While the guilty one is the only loser by the act in one sense, it is an injustice to the honest student, and if tolerated will have a bad effect upon those students who are not so scrupulous about such things. The person who does this is the loser in more ways than one. The greatest loss is sustained by his moral character. If a person will steal another's thoughts on recitation or examination (and it does not take a philosopher to see the figure here used), he will be more easily tempted and more easily yield to temptation to steal another's money when the opportunity presents itself. This evil practice so current in student circles is morally degrading in



the extreme. At a recent Y. M. C. A. convention one man said that the lack of religious life in his institution was due to this one thing—cheating on examination. And such is the fact, for an evil practice which is tolerated will pervade the whole community more easily and effectively than a good one.

He is the loser again in the fact that when he can make short cuts and seemingly make a good show to his teacher, he does not get a firm hold of the truths which he pretends to have and often really thinks he has, and in a little while he is as blank on the subject as if he had never seen it, and, besides, his mind has had a loose training.

It is an injustice to the honest student in that it puts him in a bad light with his instructors compared with the other student. It really puts a premium on unfairness, whether it appears so or not, for in comparing the grades of the two the dishonest student gets as high a mark as the honest one, when the fact is, the knowledge of the former is the inferior, and he sells for more than he is worth, and he knows and they both know it. A fellow need not be quite so smart as he thinks he is to sit behind a classmate on a bench on recitation and answer questions promptly and correctly from an open book, or to have a book in his desk or under his coat on examination. Very often, though, he is caught off his guard, and then you see this kind of a student displayed to perfection. This class of students might be called *variable stars*, brighter at one time than at others.

The boy, or girl, either, who will cheat on examination will lie, for that is what it amounts to. When a student writes out an examination sheet, the answers to the questions are supposed to be his own knowledge of the subject, and he intends such to be the impression on the one conducting the examination. But to hand in a paper, supposed to be written under the above conditions, most of the questions which you have answered by unfair means, and then to sign your name to it, requires a lot of *check* and no regard whatever for truth and honesty. To accuse such a person of falsehood would likely hurt their feelings; but the guilty are always the first to become indignant. Whoever is guilty of this low and morally degrading practice of unfairness on recitation and examination brands himself in his own sight and in the sight of others as one who is not to be trusted.

## ATHLETICS.

## BASEBALL PROSPECTS, ETC.

At the beginning of the term the outlook for a ball team was somewhat discouraging, and it was uncertain for a time whether Guilford would try to play ball this season or not. The absence of every member of last year's team, and the apparent lack of new material, made it at once evident that a strong persistent effort would be necessary to put the game safely on its feet.

The men who could handle a ball were anxious to play, and those who could not were willing to support the game, so the Athletic Association decided that it would be better to lose even, than to be out of the game entirely.

Some preparatory work has been done in the gymnasium, and when possible there has been practice on the field. The men are in fair physical condition, and with a week or two of practice will be coming into form. The team as yet is a green one and nothing definite can be predicted as to what it will do. The fielding is slowly growing better, but the battery so far has been weak and must be improved. Our first game is with the University, and while the result is not very much in doubt, the game will be a valuable one to us, showing up our weaknesses and teaching us the value of hard ball.

This much, however, is certain: There is no telling what persistent work and careful study of the game can accomplish. If good players are not at hand they can be made out of poor players. What we at Guilford need, and what we have now in some degree, is an athletic spirit; a sportsmanlike spirit; a loyalty to our teams; a stick to them and encourage them through thick and thin, and finally a demand that in return for this they shall conscientiously train and repay us with victory.

Our alumni expect it of us. We ought to expect it of ourselves. So, after our work is laid aside at four o'clock, let's don't have any other concern, thought, or word but "Play ball, Guilford."

## LOCALS.

—When Miss Louisa poured water on Gainey it was said he met his *WaterLOU*!

—Holidays were very kindly granted by the Faculty during the recent snow, and sliding was much enjoyed by those who had sleds and girls. On account of so much time having been lost recently no holiday was given on Washington's birthday.

—Prof. Redding took a short run down into Randolph a few days ago. He secured several valuable additions to the baseball team.

—By the will of the late Hon. Frank Caldwell, of Greensboro, Guilford is to receive a part of his valuable library. Some of the books are of great value, especially the records of the North Carolina legislature.

—In the February number of *Western Work*, a journal published at Oskaloosa, Iowa, a sketch of Guilford college appears. This paper is devoted to unification of work along the line of higher education among the Society of Friends.

—"What do you think of Watson's changing his boarding place?" "I think it was *An-nice* (thing)."

—Arthur Stack and Jesse Armfield, two old students, were on the campus Sunday, February 25th. It is rumored that Arthur came on *court* business.

—The Rev. James Davis, of Iowa, attended collection March 3rd, and addressed several very encouraging words to the students. He urged them to strive for true success in life. Mr. Davis is looking for a home in this section.

—The Athletic Association gives an entertainment on March 25th. Admission 15 cents. Let everyone attend.

—On February 10th and 11th Guilford was favored with the visit from Mrs. Isabell Lake and Dr. Carolyn Giesel, representing the Rescue department of the National W. C. T. U. At 3 o'clock the 10th they held a meeting for ladies and spoke of the vital importance of Rescue work. On Saturday morning they held a meeting for the college girls and the young people of the neighbor-

hood on the White Shield work, and received several signatures to the White Shield pledge. At 1 o'clock they addressed a meeting of young men in West hall on the White Cross work, and also received several members from these. At 3 o'clock they addressed a public meeting in the church on the "Responsibility of men as the lawmakers of the country," and asked them to make laws for social purity. This meeting was not largely attended on account of the inclemency of the weather.

—Mr. K. E. Hendrix has taken the place in the Websterian contest formerly held by F. F. Kerner, who resigned on account of overwork.

—S. L. Davis and A. C. Coletrane have been compelled to leave school on account of home duties.

—Before the March issue of the COLLEGIAN reaches its subscribers the first great battle of 1899 will be lost or won. Guilford and the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill on March 18.

—The annual election of officers of the Y. M. C. A. was held on March 2. The officers elected for the coming year are: Pres., L. L. Barbee; Vice-Pres., J. W. Carrell; Sec., K. E. Hendrix; Cor. Sec., Prof R. N. Wilson; Treas., C. M. Short. The Association was wise in the selection of the above named for its officers for the coming year, and we can only wish it the best of success which it merits under the direction of the new set of men who have assumed the responsibility in the Association.

—A voice recently heard on the campus: "I want my Lulu." (Moore).

—The members of the Henry Clay Society visited the Philogorian Society on the evening of March 3. They report a large time.

—On Saturday evening, Feb. 18, Prof. Collier Cobb, professor of geology in the State University, gave a most instructive and scholarly lecture in King hall. His theme was educational; and while he gave literary and classical knowledge their places in the education of a person, he especially emphasized the need and importance of a general knowledge of scientific principles. Professor Cobb is a man of fine appearance, as a speaker pleasing and entertaining, and a deep thinker; and one is always well repaid by listening to him, whether as a public speaker or in private conver-

sation. We wish that we might again have the pleasure of hearing Prof. Cobb, and hope that he was as much impressed with Guilford and her surroundings as Guilford was with him.

—On the evening of February 25th Professor White delivered a lecture on the subject of Astronomy. After calling attention to the origin and perfection of the telescope, he gave an interesting sketch of the life and works of Galileo, showing his success in the improvement of his instrument and his discovery of the satellites of Jupiter. He showed also that the work of Galileo was an important step in the development of our present knowledge of astronomy.

—The Senior Class, or that part of them who were at college at the time, attended the lecture on February 24th in a body.

—John Fox arrived on the campus on March the fourth.

—The base ball team elected L. L. Barbee permanent captain of the team of '99.

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## PERSONALS.

✓ Colbert Blair is studying law in Asheboro.

✓ Gertrude Diffie is employed as stenographer and typewriter for the Globe Furniture Co., of High Point.

✓ Lloyd W. Moore, who was a student during the past year, was married February 8th, to Miss Georgie Keaton, of Goldsboro. They reside in Wilmington.

✓ James Cox, who was a student a few years ago is attending Friends' University, Wichita, Kansas.

✓ Ellen Hockett is teaching near Sumner, N. C.

✓ Emma Stanley was married recently to Charles Neely of Pleasant Garden.

✓ Anna T. Jones, a graduate of N. G. B. S., is teaching kindergarten at St. Mary's school, Raleigh.

✓ John Jordan belongs to company C of the 1st Volunteer South Carolina Regiment, now in Cuba.



Mamie F. Jones is spending the winter with relatives, at Albany, Indiana.

Pattie A. Newlin is clerking in J. A. Clinard's dry goods store at High Point.

Jos. H. Peele, '91, is pastor of the Friends' church of Greensboro.

Pinkney Stanley and Cora Davis, both students a few years ago, were married recently.

Gilmer Joyce is at his home in Mount Airy.

Will Cox is an employee of the Eagle Furniture Company of High Point.

William Folwell, a student some years ago, is farming near Archdale, N. C.

Walter Mendenhall, '95, still holds his position as teller of the Lexington bank, where he has been employed since leaving Guilford.

We regret to hear of the death of James G. Hallowell, who was a student in the early '60s. He lived near Goldsboro, and will be much missed in the community.

Mr. Leonard C. Van Hoppen, '90, has just recently completed his translations of some very difficult Hollandish literature, Vondal's *Lucifer* among them. He is to make a series of lectures before Columbia College on the Literature of Holland. We congratulate Mr. Van Hoppen on his success, and predict for him a prosperous career in his chosen work.

## EXCHANGES.

We have greatly enjoyed reading our exchanges for February and such of the March ones as have reached our table, and have noticed the general improvement in all of them. More space is devoted to literary contributions and the space is well filled with good verse and fiction intermingled with articles showing deep thinking. Fiction especially seems to be on the "up grade," in fact, we have seen as fine stories in some of our exchanges as can be found in any magazine in the country. This is especially true of *The Wake Forest Student* and *The University Cynic*. A Complete Reunion, by C. N. Bailey in the former, and "Ordella" and "The Colonel's Story" in the latter, show none of the work of the amateur, as one might expect in a college magazine. On the contrary the original and well constructed plots, and the simplicity and ease of their styles, show the hands of the master, and the prospects of a bright literary career in the outside world are encouraging.

*The State Normal Magazine*, published quarterly by the young ladies of the State Normal, is one of the neatest magazines coming to our table. It reflects great credit upon the editors and students and we wish it was issued oftener. "The Waldenses in North Carolina," "What Can a Woman Do to Earn a Living," and "Lives of Distinguished North Carolinians" are very intensely interesting articles.

Once more we welcome the *Add-Ran Collegian* with its pages of good verse and interesting articles. "Opie Reid,—the Novelist," is a very commendable plea for a lenient criticism of a Southern novelist. He very justly says: "Opie Reid is not a great novelist; he may never produce a masterpiece, but he is doing a great work for Southern literature. He is showing the reading public that the South is capable of producing writers of fiction, that there is much material in the Southern life for the novelist, and that there is in the South a wide field to be explored by the story writer. Mr. Reid may never make himself famous among the world's great novelists, but he will always be remembered by Southern people for his work in trying to make a literature for the South." "Braun, the Iconoclast," is very ably defended by A. Clark, Jr.

"His Friend," in *The Davidson College Magazine*, is one of the most beautiful poems, both in thought and expression, that we have ever seen anywhere. Dr. C. R. Harding continues his scholarly articles on "The Illiad," while "Warrior's Gap" and "How White Violets Came," invite their share of attention. The editorial department is well, but the Exchange Editor gives most of his space to clippings. However, taking it "by and large," as the sailors say, it is one of the best North Carolina exchanges.

We take much pleasure in reading the *Georgetown Journal*. It always contains much interesting matter throughout all its departments. The sketch on Hon. William Gaston is one which makes each and every one of us swell with pride when we think that the Old North State has produced such a great man. In connection is given his celebrated poem, "The Old North State Forever," which alone would distinguish him in the eyes of his countrymen throughout all time.

The *Buff and Blue* for February contains some good fiction, but the department is void of literary productions, although fiction is very pleasing to read; yet more or less literature is essential to complete the magazine.

The February number of the *Latin High School Review* is a very attractive magazine, but contains a great deal of matter of local interest and of lighter vein, and few literary productions, which defect is fatal to a successful college magazine.

We always enjoy reading the *College Message*. It is not full of light, trashy, matter, but with essays and articles worthy of perusal. There is, however, no editorials, as it seems as there should be, and the exchanges are very short.

The "Influence of Holland Upon American Institutions," by Charles L. VanNoppen, in the *University Magazine*, is an article which should receive the careful attention of all students. "The Least of All Lands" and "The Negro in the South" are also well written.

*The Southern Collegian* has reached us for the first time. We are very glad to receive it and will anxiously await its coming each month. *The Collegian* impresses one very favorably, the articles and stories being fair productions. "Our Southern Heroes" is a fairly good poem. One, entitled "Love," is "smutier" than anyone would expect to find in *The Police Gazette*, much less in a college magazine.

## CLIPPINGS.

## OUR GAME.

A golf club bound with ribbons gay,  
Hangs over my mantle, dear.  
    Though badly racked  
    With handle cracked,  
I keep it as a souvenir  
Of the game we played one day.  
Mend with a little kiss, I pray,  
    Though cracked beyond all semblance  
    Of former self,  
    My heart, sweet elf,  
And keep it in remembrance  
Of a game you played one day.

—*Georgetown College Journal.*

## TO A ROSE.

You nestled in her hair to-night,  
Half smothered in the misty light  
That crowned her head, and like a queen  
On golden dias, through the sheen  
    You nodded to me from your height.  
With reverent hand I set aright  
One straying bit of crumpled white,  
For half my sins you may redeem,  
    You nestled there.

You saw the mingled dark and bright  
Of half-drooped eyes, the feigned flight—  
Such blushes gentle maids become—  
And then she gave me you; I deem  
I knew my answer—well I might,  
    You nestled there.

—*Hampden-Sidney Magazine.*

## PEACE.

Oh, somewhere in the higher years,  
In centuries to come,  
The palsied hand of Time shall crush  
The battle-sounding drum.

And then the fair millenium shall,  
 With hallowed wings of peace,  
 Come whisp'ring through the misty air,  
 That sorrow must surcease.

And when the thousand years of peace  
 Shall leave the happy land,  
 The sun shall lave his fever'd brow  
 Beyond the Western strand.

—*Hampden-Sidney Magazine.*

#### CHANGELESS.

The sun shines warm,  
 The skies are blue,  
 I dream, my love, I dream of you;  
 Now winter shows  
 Her ermine hue,  
 But still, my love, I dream of you.  
 The seasons change  
 The whole year through,  
 My love, I dream, I dream of you.

—*Vivian Mordaunt, in The Carolinian.*

#### QUO VADIS, DOMINE.

From Rome, 'tis said, along the Appian Way,  
 His faith had shaken in constancy,  
 The great apostle Peter once did flee,  
 Just as the dawn proclaimed the coming day,  
 And fleeing, met the Lord in bright array,  
 Who said to his "Quo Vadis, Domine?"  
 "To Rome to die a second time for thee."  
 And Peter, weeping, then his flight did stay.  
 To-day in person Christ comes not to men,  
 But when I turn to flee from duty's ground,  
 Ofttimes I think I hear his voice again  
 Sound as of old Saint Peter heard it sound,  
 And bid me stay my selfish flight; and then  
 New strength for duty closes me around.

—*The Buff and Blue.*



## RONDEAU.

You touch the keys and upward spring,  
 Like magic birds on fairy wing,  
 A thousand flitting, rhythmic strains,  
 Delirious trills and bright refrains  
 That through the eager silence ring.

An instant's pause, then outward fling  
 Soft minor chords that sigh and sing,  
 Till at the dirge my heart complains—  
 You touch the keys.

Anon deep organ tones that bring  
 My soul up from the gloom to swing,  
 Free from the weight of carnal chains,  
 Where life is light and music reigns—  
 You touch the keys.

—Add-Ran Collegian.

---

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# The Guilford Collegian.

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## THREE CZAR REFORMERS.

WALTER W. HAVILAND.

Great men may be divided into two classes, those in advance of their age and those who are the expression of the age in which they live.

Alexander and Napoleon were great because each possessed the power to actualize the selfish ideals of his age. They were not thinkers in advance of their times, nor did they introduce new ideas; they were simply great doers.

The great men who may be regarded as the exponents of their environment must be thought of as morally inferior to those who rise above their environment and seek to raise the standards of life. A man who becomes possessed by a great purpose to bring any part of mankind up to a plane of living in advance of the accepted standards of the age, and who uses all his powers to carry out this purpose, is a reformer worthy of our sincere respect.

Russia, possibly a century behind the rest of Europe and whose government may perhaps even yet be called a "despotism tempered by assassination," has in her history three rulers remarkable from this point of view. These irresponsible autocrats have become imbued with certain phases of the most enlightened thought in the world, and have tried to work out its principles in a practical way.

Modern history has seen no examples of reform effort more striking, because of the vast personal power of the reformers and because of the tremendous constitutional and traditional difficulties due to national inertia, ignorance and prejudices. Any reformer is to be respected; but a man of autocratic power, enlightened by the best thought of the world, who shakes off the fetters of the past and opens the way for his people to economic or political independence, or who is willing to give up ambition for further conquests of territory for the sake of humanity—such a man is worthy of ten-fold honor.

Peter the Great's master purpose was to advance his country to an industrial and commercial equality with the leading nations of Europe. Before his time Russia had taken no part in the work of the civilized world. She was completely shut off from the rest of Europe. She had not a single seaport. She had no commerce. Her industrial development had not begun. Everything about her was barbarous and oriental, in strange contrast with the new civilization of western Europe.

Peter found himself at the age of seventeen "undisputed proprietor of a quarter of the globe with all its inhabitants." As Motley says: "It was a mammoth without lungs, incapable of performing the functions belonging to its vast organization, and presenting to the world the appearance of a huge, incomplete and inert mass awaiting the advent of some modern Prometheus to inspire it with life and light." The youthful Czar understood the position of his empire the moment he came to the throne. He resolved at once to get seaports and open a way for commerce. His people must learn the arts of civilized life, but where was a teacher? He was convinced that he must do everything himself and set an example for his subjects; so he went to Holland, Germany and England and gained a mastery of practical affairs. No detail escaped him.

He went home determined to revolutionize the economic conditions of his country. His mind was full of the best thought of Europe and he set about putting it into effect. This he did regardless of consequences. Unfortunately, Peter seems to have had no moral sense at times; he had no regard for man as man; but by his works he became the creator of modern Russia.

He reorganized the army on western models; he conquered Sweden and Turkey and acquired all the ports he wanted on the Baltic and the Black sea; he built up a navy and established commercial relations; he built a city against tremendous odds and transferred his capital from Asiatic Moscow to European Petersburg; he established manufactures and introduced improved methods of farming; he added province after province to his dominions by conquest; abolished the monastic institutions of his empire and made himself the head of the church.

It is impossible not to admire such a man. He was in advance of his country and his age. He found the touch of civilization in the most favored lands and brought it to dispel the darkness of his own. Although he made the terrible mistake of trying to impose

civilization on his subjects, as one puts shoes on a horse, without recognizing their capacities of development as men, yet if he had not lived Russia would doubtless still have been a great barbarian wilderness, with no national ideals beyond the half-barbaric splendors of Moscow.

The second of the Czar reformers is Alexander II., the "Czar Emancipator." Coming more than a century after Peter, he forms the strongest contrast in personal character. Humane, cultured, upright and generous, he was very far from possessing Peter's genius and Herculean energy. Yet he did a great deal toward raising the level of his country in European civilization. Peter's reforms left out the bulk of the nation; they failed to work the reconstruction of society.

In 1861 Alexander II. declared the emancipation of the serfs, and transformed them into a class of independent proprietors, granting them "such privileges as are enjoyed by no others of their class in Europe." He also instituted "reforms in the judiciary; a new penal code, and a greatly simplified system of civil and criminal procedure; a system of local self-government, in which each district and province has its elective assembly, possessing a restricted right of taxation; a new rural and municipal police; and new municipal institutions more in accord with modern notions of civic equality."

Had Alexander been allowed to live, his reforms would not have ended here. Only a few hours before the cowardly act of the Nihilist assassins he had signed a decree conferring on his people the beginning of parliamentary representation. Before leaving the palace for the last time, the Czar said to his wife: "I have just signed a paper which I hope will produce a good impression upon Russia, and show her that I am ready to give her all that it is possible to give. To-morrow it will be published; I have given the order. Alexander drove away and met his death. The promised charter was never proclaimed.

Peter I., the industrial and economic reformer; Alexander II., emancipator and political reformer; it remains to speak of Nicholas II., the peacemaker.

It is not a new thing for a ruler to think of measures for the peace of Europe. The doctrine of peace is as old as Christianity. Three hundred years ago Henry IV. of France set his heart on a "permanent peace for Europe and a Permanent Tribunal for Europe."



He secured the approval of Queen Elizabeth of England, and his diplomacy and power were such that he persuaded thirteen out of the fourteen states of Europe to agree in his "Great Designs." But the death of Elizabeth and the murder of Henry prevented its accomplishment. The time was not yet ripe.

Alexander I. of Russia had dreams of peace. Stephen Grellet, the distinguished Quaker preacher and traveler, in writing of him in 1819, says: "The Emperor conversed with me very freely upon war, and his desire to establish a Congress of Nations to prevent a resort to the sword. He stated 'His soul's anxiety has been that wars and bloodshed might cease forever from the earth; that he had passed sleepless nights on account of it, deeply deploring the woes brought on humanity by wars, and that, whilst his mind was bowed before the Lord in prayer, the plan of all the crowned heads joining in the conclusion to submit to arbitration whatever differences might arise among them, instead of resorting to the sword, had presented itself to his mind.'" But it was only a dream.

Now at an opportune time, when a great nation has just humiliated a little one and when the great powers are at peace, Nicholas II. has declared to the world his noble convictions in words that deserve a place beside the Declaration of Independence as a statement of lofty principles. Here are some of his sentiments:

"The maintenance of general peace and the possible reduction of the excessive armaments which weigh upon all nations present themselves in the existing condition of the whole world as an ideal toward which the endeavors of all government should be directed. In the conviction that this lofty aim is in conformity with the most essential interests and legitimate views of all the powers, the Imperial Government thinks the present moment would be very favorable to seek by means of international discussion the most effectual means of insuring to all peoples the benefits of real and durable peace, and, above all, of putting an end to the progressive development of the present armaments.

"To put an end to these incessant armaments and to seek a means of warding off the calamities that are threatening the whole world is a supreme duty which to-day is imposed on all states."

Those who know the Czar best have the fullest confidence in his sincerity. The cynical see in his proposal ulterior and selfish designs.

The great powers have agreed to appoint representatives to a

conference to be held at The Hague, and the Czar has issued a second letter in which he names subjects for discussion. Of course, the subjects suggested do not imply the sweeping reforms that the most radical peace men advocate; but they are a decided step in the right direction and not to be made light of by any thoughtful man. Some of the points suggested are:

1. No increase of military or naval armaments to take place for a specified time.
2. Plans for the actual decrease of existing armaments to be discussed.
3. New arms and military engines, more effective than those in use at present, to be prohibited.
4. No more vessels to be built for ramming.
5. Vessels used to save life after a battle at sea to be declared neutral.
6. To adopt some rules for arbitration in all cases where arbitration is possible.

Perhaps the greatest question which will come before The Hague Conference is that of the practicability of disarmament and the possibility of continuous peace. Some people seem to think that peace is a vision of dreams, poets and idealists, impossible of realization. They think that warfare is the normal state of humanity. We have only to point to the pages of history to prove the nonsense of such opinions.

For two centuries, at the time of the Antonines, the world was at peace. Of these years, Gibbon says they were "the happiest period of written history."

The United States is the greatest example of the success of the arbitration principle. Thirteen independent states bound themselves to submit all their disputes, questions of boundary, trade, and religion, to one supreme court. For more than a century this plan has been a success, except in one sad instance, our Civil War. Edward Everett Hale has pointed out that this exception came from the miserable failure in the beginning by which the class of questions relating to slavery was practically excluded from the decisions of the great tribunal. If arbitration has been carried out successfully in America, why can it not be in Europe?

Nicholas II. has pledged himself to this great purpose. He has made himself the spokesman of the best thought in the modern

world. He is trying to make actual at last the dream of centuries. To this end he has called a conference. In his own words:

"This country would be, by the help of God, a happy presage of the century which is about to open. It would converge in one powerful focus the efforts of all the states which are sincerely seeking to make the great conception of universal peace triumph over the elements of trouble and discord. It would at the same time cement an agreement by a corporate consecration of the principles of equity and right, on which rest the security of states and the welfare of the peoples."

Every loyal American, every man and woman true to themselves, will be outspoken in support of the noble emperor, who is leading this great forward movement for the "consecration of the principles of equity and right."

## A NIGHT'S EXPERIENCE.

'99.

It was a warm, clear day in the latter part of September and the cloudless sky and bright sunshine made it one of those cheery Fall days when a crowd of College men feel their best. 'Twas four o'clock in the afternoon and out on the campus several fellows were strolling leisurely about; the tennis courts were full; and, over at Founders, some of the girls were enjoying a game of basket-ball. Out on the gridiron the Sophs and Freshmen were contending for the honors in the first match-game of foot-ball of the season. After awhile, the first supper bell rang out and the game was ended with a score of six to four in favor of the upper class. The victorious Sophs. were almost carried to Archdale Hall and a celebration was held in historic No. 11. The captain of the defeated Fresh. team was called on for a speech, after which the fellows dispersed to their rooms to get ready for supper.

Soon the Juniors' yell was heard on the West tennis court, and then the score, Juniors, 4; Fresh., 2. Rah-rah-rah,—95! Poor Freshmen, two games lost on one day! Never mind, the chess tournament was coming off the next Saturday night and Radcliffe was the acknowledged champion of the lower classes, and *he* was a Freshman.

Soon the last bell for supper was heard and, in a few minutes,

most of the fellows were gathered in front of Archdale. Now, can you imagine why the crowd was gathering around that sycamore tree out on the campus? And do you know why everyone was listening so intently to what that fellow standing in the midst of the group was saying? Well, in order to satisfy your curiosity, it was just this: three Freshmen were telling of the Negro Camp-meeting "going on" at 'Simmon Grove, about two miles from Guilford.

\* \* \* \* \*

The die was cast. The Freshmen had been disgraced, they *would* be avenged that night if Lincoln's ingenuity could avail anything in behalf of his class. In that short half-hour between the bells they had scratched their heads for a scheme and at last Lincoln hit upon a plan.

There had been just three of them besides himself in his room and the others had waited anxiously to hear what their intriguer had to propose. After having hesitated for a few moments, Lincoln raised his head and said, "Fellows, I've got it, and it's a good one, too." "There's a camp-meeting over at 'Simmon Grove and there're a couple of our classmen who know this country round here. Let's put 'em on to the racket and get some Sophs. over to-night and lose 'em on the way back."

This suggestion met with their approval and, in less time than it takes to tell it, they had arranged it all. They had found their class-mates and these men had been fully instructed and cautioned not to "give the thing away."

That's how it all started and because they succeeded so well in the plan that he had concocted, is the reason why Lincoln became the hero of the class on the following day.

As has been said, the last bell had rung and the crowd was collecting. The man in the centre, addressing those around him was our Freshman, Lincoln. From the attention which was given him, one could see that his listeners were very much interested. In his impressive manner, he was telling of the camp-meeting that was in progress at 'Simmon Grove. The way that the negroes shouted there was touched up in such a lively manner that to fail to go over would seem like missing a treat.

It takes quite a while to tell it, but in less than five minutes time the unsuspecting Sophs. had bitten at the bait. The game had worked, and immediately after supper a company of twelve Sophs. and four Juniors, together with three Freshmen were going to the



negro camp-meeting. The students moved over to the dining-room and at supper nearly every fellow had the same tale to relate to his diagonal. Even the girls became very much interested.

After supper they stated off on a run,—Juniors, Sophomores and Freshmen, and not a man, with the exception of the three Freshmen, who knew the whole way. Now it may seem strange that these upper-classmen would allow themselves to be led by these three men, but they knew that the distance was not great and concluded accordingly that they would certainly be able to return by the way which they had gone.

The night was fine and they ran the mile to the station in a short while. They had all known the way that far, but now the Freshmen were to come in. Naturally enough, however, when they had passed the depot, a couple of Juniors had dropped into the office and asked the station-agent the direction to 'Simmon Grove. They were told it was up the railroad, to the left, a little over a mile. When, therefore, they saw that the Freshmen were leading them correctly their suspicions were laid aside.

After a quarter of an hour's walk on the rocky road ballast, they turned to the left and proceeded through the woods for about an hundred yards, until they came to an open field and, sure enough, across the opening they saw 'Simmon Grove and its old weather-boarded Church with whitewashed windows. As the door was open, they could hear the singing before they reached the building. They entered, only to find Church crowded with a company of negroes of every description, dressed in their "Sunday best."

Four of the men nearest to the door arose and, going out, they quickly returned with three or four large planks which they placed across the broad aisle, letting the ends rest upon the benches on either side. During this time and while the singing was still going on, nearly every negro in the assemblage had turned his or her head to get a look at the "Gifford students" who had come over to honor them with their presence. The *honored* students took their seats upon these hastily improvised pews, placed between a lot of darkies on either side. It was rather a strange experience for them and they felt keenly the ludicrousness of their position.

The next song had ended and an old gray-haired brother in the amen corner began to offer a prayer which, on the authority of Langland, was drawn out to the length of seventeen minutes. After another song in which every person in the house seemed to join,



so deafening was the sound, the "ridin' elder," an old man of well nigh sixty, with shining black countenance fringed with a patch of thin grey whiskers, rose, and after carefully adjusting his large, old-fashioned horn spectacles, read a few verses from a large Bible which was on the table in front of him. Then, taking as his text Psalms 2:1, "Why do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing?" he preached long and earnestly to a delighted congregation. After the sermon the song service was renewed and when this was finished, shouting seemed to be in order, so universal did it become.

Never before had the students witnessed a like sight. Negroes all over the room began to shout with one accord, for the space of about fifteen minutes. Those who have ever been to a camp-meeting like the one at 'Simmon Grove that night, can imagine how those felt and are better able to appreciate their position. Some of them will not, in all probability, forget the experience of that night and the events which were to follow shortly. After a collection was taken up, the benediction was pronounced and the "meeting broke."

Once outside, our little company were preparing to depart. The Freshmen whispered together for a moment *and then the fun began.*

(To be continued.)

---

## MEN I HAVE SEEN.\*

"BILL WILSON."

"Egotism makes a man believe the world thinks as much of him as he thinks of himself."  
 "The happiest man in the world is the greatest egotist."

I suppose the gentle reader has been congratulating himself all along that no more would he be troubled with the dissertations of the writer. Such, however, is not to be his fortune. I delight in "surprise parties," in surprising people. Reader, I am going to surprise you by showing you yourself—as others see you in your capacity as

THE EGOTIST.

Do not be offended. You may not think you are an egotist. You may swear by all the immortal gods that you are not, but you

\*NOTE—This series of articles will be concluded by the newest type of "Men I Have Seen."

are. You do not know it ; no one does. No one has ever lived who thought he was an egotist. His neighbors are, but he is one man in the world who is not.

That is one of the signs of egotism—self-satisfaction with self.\*

You may be an egotist, but you do not see it. You may be a crank, but you think it's your neighbor. Others have faults, but you have not. You "are wise in your own conceit," and—happy. The happiest man in the world is the greatest egotist. He thinks the world and woman were created for him. The sun rises for his benefit, and that all the inhabitants of this "terrestrial ball" pause to contemplate his perfect greatness. So he thinks, and is divinely happy.

It were easier to convince a fool that he is not a wise man, than an egotist that he is an egotist. He won't believe he is ; you can't argue it into him. Yet he is. You are, and so am I—not a great one ; I am not happy enough to be a great one. If I were very happy, I would be a great egotist. That is a self-evident proposition ; it needs no proof. The happy man—the healthy man—is always an egotist. He may be poor ; it makes no difference ; he will be rich some day. Give him health and happiness, and shut him up in a prison cell—he would still be an egotist. He would still be satisfied with himself.

A great egotist is never a dyspeptic. An egotist is a man whose *liver lives* up to its duty. No man is entirely satisfied with himself if he patronizes the doctors. Give a man health, and he is the prince of egotists. If his girl *cuts* him, he doesn't *cut* his throat ; he finds one worthy of him. If he slips upon a banana peel, he doesn't swear and say bad words, but picks himself up and throws it off the sidewalk.

An egotist never commits suicide. This world is good enough for him. He don't know about the other. He lives on the "bird-in-the-hand-worth-two-in-the-bush" theory. And it's a good one.

A man has never "got left" yet who stuck to that. But there is even a better one than that. The egotist's theory : Put the bird in the hand in the cage, and catch the birds in the bush. An egotist's self-confidence will enable him to do this. He undertakes what he wishes to accomplish, and succeeds in that which he under-

\*It will be noticed that my definition of the egotist does not exactly agree with Mr. Webster. This is one of the marks of my own egotism, for which I trust I will be pardoned by the submissive reader. Webster characterizes the man who speaks only of himself—who is his own great hero. I also include the man who is satisfied with himself—who has confidence in himself—but after all it is much the same thing.

takes. Often against almost insurmountable obstacles, which only his own indomitable will, his self-assurance—his “cheek,” if you please—and his untiring efforts, could attain.

Such a man inspires confidence in all with whom he comes in contact. His self-reliant smile, his calm, cool immovable features, all portray that, tho' others may doubt, he does not. He still has faith in his own powers. Everything he touches seems to prosper. What tho' failure meets his efforts, he is not disheartened ; he throws himself into the battle and conquers. His success inspires others. They believe in him as he does in himself. They rally 'round his standard. If he is a Parkhurst, the powers of evil tremble ; if he is a Roosevelt, the Spaniards flee at Santiago ; and if he is a Pierpont Morgan, the speculators “bull and bear” with him.

There is much to admire in an egotist. One cannot help admiring his self-control and self-reliance ; his dependence upon himself ; his persistent belief in himself, when others doubt him, when difficulties and perplexities seem almost to overwhelm him in the flood of their disaster, that make him safely stem the surging tide into the peaceful harbor. No one but an Edison can know the feeling of an egotist. The triumphs in electrical engineering which he has achieved in the last quarter of a century could only have been surmounted by an egotist—a man with confidence in self. No other could so have struggled and conquered. It is said that he performed over 1,700 experiments before he found a substance to give satisfaction for the X rays.

Show me the man who is not an egotist, and I will show you a man, who will soon be an inmate of the asylum. Show me the man who is not an egotist, and I will show you the man, who is marked for failures. The man, who has not confidence in himself, cannot have it in others. The man who is always looking for insults and slights will find them, but he is not an egotist. The egotist never sees a slight, and passes insult and insulter contemptuously by, as unworthy of his attention. Others will not trust the man who will not trust himself. This would be a fallacy of which you should wish no man to be guilty. You should not wish a man to trust you if you have not confidence in yourself. If you have not this self-confidence—this egotism, if you please—you cannot face a world of egotists. This is an egotistical old world, and demands of one all the egotism there is in him. If you are not an egotist you had better begin the study of a painless death, make your last will and testament, and make your preparations.

I would rather have too much egotism than too little. I would rather believe I could attain more than I would accomplish than to believe I cannot accomplish that which I would desire. It is better to aim high and miss the target than to aim low and hit the mark.

But I would rather esteem myself wise, when compared with a fool; than foolish, when compared with a wise man. It were better to do this than to hold Solomon as a fool and thyself as a Solomon. It is well to believe in self, but better to believe in God, in self and in man. The good man is the true man; the true man is one, who believes in man much, in himself less, and in God more. He is not blinded to his faults by his self-esteem. His virtues do not obstruct his vision.

Be an egotist, but not a great one. Be not such a giant that all other men are pigmies, nor such a colossus that you cannot see your neighbor's virtues. Be not such a hero that all other men are cowards. Be not "wise in your own conceit;" there are other men as wise as you.

Esteem yourself; love your neighbor, but revere your God. This is the secret of true happiness and the way to attain it. This is a *true life* and the *way to live it*.

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APRIL, 1899.

Your attention is called to the change of the Guilford College advertisement in this number. The advantages of Guilford as a Summer Resort, are here offered to the public. Read the advertisement carefully and speak about it to your friends.

The business managers of THE COLLEGIAN would like to remind our subscribers that a college publication cannot be run without funds. If you are a delinquent subscriber please be reminded of the fact that we shall appreciate your prompt attention to this matter.

## THE CONTESTS.

It is with a certain degree of pleasure that we commend the interest which is being taken in the contests of the Literary Societies. It is a rare thing that the contestants fully awake to the importance of the occasion in time. This year, however, an early start seems to have given quite an impetus to these events and it seems that all the orations are being carefully prepared. As the Websterian contest is to be given on Friday night a crowd of visitors may be expected from the neighboring cities. The Henry



Clay contest comes on the same date as the game of baseball with A. & M. College in Greensboro. A victory for Guilford here, together with a successful contest would serve to make this a long remembered day. We wish to congratulate both societies on their lists of orators and express our desire that each may have a pleasant evening.

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#### CURRENT READING.

One cannot help admiring the desire and real effort put forth by the majority of Guilford students to keep well posted on the news of the day. It is true that while in school the text-book should come first, and the student who neglects his lessons and spends hours reading the daily papers, is making a great mistake.

But it is gratifying to note that there are students who study systematically in order that they may have time for reading some of the best books and magazines.

It is indeed a great privilege to be able to devote at least a few hours each week to the perusal of current events.

In the Library there is easy access to well written editorials in some of the best periodicals of the nation. These we more especially commend to the student who can only spare a few "odd moments" each day in the Library. In these, short, spicy articles are found which contain the cream of long columns in the dailies or ordinary weeklies and which make sensible, unprejudiced comment upon events that are transpiring.

As it is being realized more and more, that college men and women are the moulders of the thought and action of society, so it becomes more and more our duty to keep in touch with the great questions of the day, whether educational, political or philanthropic or whether they be the three combined.

We should not only read, but should develop an opinion of our own.

## ATHLETICS.

## BASEBALL.

U. N. C. 14.

GUILFORD 1.

Our baseball team lost its first game to Carolina at Chapel Hill on March 18. The showing made by Guilford was encouraging and even better than we expected, the team having practiced together very little up to that time. John Fox pitched well, and received good support behind the bat, eight Carolina men retiring on three strikes. The fielding was ragged at times, and errors were responsible for half of Carolina's 14.

The line up :

## GUILFORD.

Short lf.  
 Daniels 1b.  
 John Fox p.  
 Jim Fox s. s.  
 Foust c.  
 Barbee c. f.  
 Parker 2b.  
 Moir 3b.  
 Mendenhall r. f.

## U. N. C.

Rogers cf.  
 Winston 1b.  
 Lawson p, rf.  
 Woodard s. s.  
 Lambeth 3b.  
 Graves c.  
 Alston 2b.  
 Allison l. f.  
 Harkins p.  
 Bren r. f.

Umpire, John R. Carr, of U. N. C.

## OUR BASEBALL TEAM.

In accordance with the request of the editors of THE COLLEGIAN, the manager of the team will attempt to say a few words in regard to our schedule of games, as it is arranged at present, and our prospects for success together with a personal mention of some of our most deserving players. As it will be seen from another article in this issue, the game with the University at Chapel Hill on Saturday, March 18th, was not a poor one for Guilford. When everything is taken into consideration, especially when we remember that our team had played together for only three days, we consider this a creditable showing.

The remaining games on our schedule will probably be, Guilford against

Oak Ridge at Oak Ridge, Saturday, April 8th.

Oak Ridge at Guilford, Wednesday, April 19th.

Trinity at Durham, Wednesday, April 26th.

A. & M. at Greensboro, Saturday, April 29th.

Oak Ridge at Greensboro, Saturday, May 6th.

Alumni at Guilford, Tuesday, May 9th.

A few words about the players personally. We could say quite a little about each man who is playing for the team, but the space allotted to us forbids this and we prefer to let the men show up for themselves. We think that they all deserve praise and encouragement. The Fox brothers help most to make the team what it is. For all round playing these two brothers are perhaps our best. In the University game John Fox began to show what we may expect from him as our pitcher. Jim Fox as short-stop has developed rapidly. These men are without a doubt the hardest hitters on the team.

Foust as catcher is a strong man. His playing is rather a surprise, because he has developed so steadily and surely. We venture to say that he can throw a ball to second base with more ease and force than any catcher in the State. His hitting is very good.

Daniels, as first-baseman, makes a good man. He is a sure catch and a good hit. Parker plays as pretty a second as one could wish. Although he is the smallest man on the team he has successfully held his position against all competition.

On third base Groome, Dalton and Moir are all good men. It is rather interesting to watch the struggle for this place. Dalton has a strong arm and Groome a quick movement.

In the field Capt. Barbee, Prof. Wilson, Short and Mendenhall are putting in their best licks. We are pleased to notice such an improvement here. We are led to expect much from our fielders.

The team as a whole are now beginning to work together and our coach is reasonably well satisfied with the results of his training. Guilford will not fail to hold its own in most of the games which she is to play.

MANAGER.

## THE ATHLETIC ENTERTAINMENT.

Saturday night, March 25th, at 7:30 o'clock the entertainment, as announced in the last COLLEGIAN, was given by the Athletic Association in Memorial Hall. In spite of the disagreeable weather more than two hundred people were present. A large delegation from Greensboro and High Point were expected but on account of the condition of the weather very few came from these places. The entertainment was the best of its kind ever given at Guilford and in every respect was very successful, both financially and otherwise. The entertainment was of the nature of a minstrel, all the characters being black, except Prof. Wilson, who was interlocutor. Fred Watson and Alvin Parker were end men. All acted their parts well, and between Parker and Watson it was hard to tell which was the best, but it was generally decided that they could not be surpassed in their places. The performance was an intermingling of negro speeches and songs, stringed music and jokes. The music was excellent and the jokes especially good, containing many local hits.

After the minstrel was over refreshments were served at the hands of the young ladies. The Athletic Association would like to express its thanks to those ladies who in any way contributed to the success of the entertainment. The net profits of the entertainment were something over \$25.

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LOCALS.

—Prof. S. H. Hodgin paid a visit to his home during the Easter holidays.

—Miss Elizabeth Coffin spent a few days recently visiting relatives in High Point and Jamestown.

—John and Jim Fox were called home on April 4 to attend the funeral of their grandmother.

—T. Gilbert Pearson came up from the University to spend Easter with his Guilford friends.

—The lady members of the faculty visited the Henry Clay Society Friday evening, March 24th.

—Perkins, gazing at a bolster in a hotel: "Gee whiz! what a long pillow!"

—Quite a number of the boys and girls in the neighborhood went to Guilford Battle Ground on a picnic Easter Monday.

—There being a holiday on Easter Monday, quite a number of students went home to spend Easter.

—Misses Osborn, Hackney and Wilson spent Easter Sunday in Winston, attending the Easter exercises of the Moravian church.

—Teacher in Physics: "Alvin, is there anything that gives light without heat?" Alvin: "Yes, sir; a lightning-bug."

—Franklin S. Blair attended the recent Sunday-school convention at Salisbury, and made an excellent address before the convention.

—Miss Antoinette Glenn, of Winston, has been in charge of the music department since April 1. Miss Glenn is an efficient teacher in both vocal and instrumental music.

—The tin roof on King Hall has been thoroughly repaired lately, and it is hoped that this time the workmen have succeeded in stopping the leak which has repeatedly given trouble.

—Commencement day is May 9th this year, about two weeks sooner than usual. The change was made on account of the closing exercises of the neighboring institutions coming at our usual time previously.

—Prof. Hodgin entertained the Senior Class in his parlors at Archdale, with the exception of Miss Coffin and Mr. Allen, who were absent from college, on the evening of March 18. Those present were given a pleasant evening by the Professor, and it is hoped that the Seniors will be entertained by Prof. Hodgin again.

—Rev. James R. Jones, who has spent the last year in England and on the continent as a representative of the North Carolina Yearly Meeting, has returned. One of the objects of his trip was to attend the International Sunday-school Convention at London. He reports a very successful trip, and we welcome him back to Guilford.



—Every one was glad to see Carl Ashcraft on the Campus several days ago.

—Were you the light-headed individual who broke out the window-lights in King Hall?

—Cowles has been heard to remark that he wished Easter didn't come on Sunday this year.

—Pinkney Groome has returned to school, much to a certain young lady's delight (?).

—Will Allen attended the State Sunday-school Convention at Salisbury as a delegate from this place.

—Roseola is abroad in the land. About twenty students have been confined to their rooms with it during the last few weeks.

—V. L. Brown was at the College a day or so during March's gloomy rains and winds. All were glad to see him.

—Several of the students attended the concert by the British Guards' Band at Greensboro Female College on March 9th.

—Mr. Will Stanley and family have been making a long visit to Mr. Stanley, our postmaster. "Will's" many friends are glad to see him back at his old home.

—Proressor (to lazy pupil): "You ought to be a music teacher; you'd make a good one!" Dull pupil (in surprise): "Why?" Professor: "Because you are so good at *beating time!*"

—Prof. Wilson, Lacy Barbee, Perkins, Carpenter, Stone, Haynes and Willis attended the Y. M. C. A. State Convention in Durham March 9th to 12th, and report a very enjoyable occasion.

—Several of the students and professors attended the lecture given by Mr. Walter Page at the Normal College, Greensboro, on the 10th of March. The lecture was very instructive and entertaining.

—By-words heard around the College: Ellington—It's the truth! Emma King—O! do come! Annie Blair—I assure you! Parker—Ain't you shoutin'! Cowles—My-O! Some others are: Ye gourds and little squashes!

—Since our last issue we have been blessed (?) with a visit from the hypnotists who are abroad in the land. Two of Greensboro's young men entertained us on the evening of March 10th in the gymnasium.

—On March 23d Rev. James R. Jones spoke to the students at collection on "Impressions of England."

—One of the young ladies said that John Fox was the most stylish looking negro in the minstrel, and that he really looked better with his face blacked than otherwise.

—Mr. Moore, representing Robertson & Co., publishers, of Charlotte, N. C., has been on the campus several days securing agents for the summer, to canvass for their latest publications.

—New books are being constantly added to the library. Recently the lives of Gladstone, Bismarck, and numerous works of poetry, history and fiction have come to adorn the shelves and instill learning and culture into the minds of the students.

—Mr. Kirk, of Iowa, has recently been at the College and in the neighborhood in the interest of the *American Friend*. On March 22d he spoke at morning collection on the subject of "Salt," which was very interesting and instructive.

—We welcome John and Jim Fox back to Guilford. The former with his swift movements in the box and his "lucky curves" will strike terror into the souls of his opponents at the bat, while Jim will hold down third and knock *parkers* over the heads of the fielders.

—By special invitation a number of the ladies of the community were present at the regular meeting of the Websterian Society on Friday evening, March 31. No special program had been prepared for the occasion, but the regular exercises were gone through with, the program consisting of papers, recitations and debates. The visitors reported themselves to have been highly entertained and a very enjoyable occasion, and the members of the society will long remember it as being the most pleasant evening spent in the Websterian Hall.

—On Sunday, April 2, the Senior Class, together with a few of their friends, were invited to an Easter dinner at Greensboro, the guests of W. W. Allen, Jr., president of the class. They drove down in the morning and attended the Easter services at the Presbyterian church. At the sumptuous dinner, which was served at 1 o'clock, Mrs. Allen acted as hostess. In the afternoon the party drove around the city and then back to Guilford in time for supper. Everyone reported a most enjoyable occasion.

—The students were very highly entertained on Saturday evening, March 18th, by Prof. Samuel H. Hodgkin with a lecture on Dr. Samuel Johnson. He gave a brief but interesting sketch of the life of Dr. Johnson, noting especially his two great struggles, one against poverty and the other for a recognition as a man of letters. The speaker reviewed Johnson's success in both cases, but said that he is not now remembered by his writings which he left, for they are out of date now, but by the man himself and his remarkable life.

—The boys as they are known: Mendenhall, Buzzard; Parker, Little Breeches and Pants; Grantham, Father; Perkins, Eli and Uncle Steve; Witherspoon, Spoony; Schiffman, Dutchy; Allen, Kid; Dixon, Shorty, or Sawedoff; Gainey, Going; Will Davis, Long Davis; Chas. Davis, Little Davis; Jim Fox, Lengthy; Rogers, Sparrow; Blair, Randolph; Boyce, Colonel; and Calvin Cowles, Pomona; Leach, Star, or Jupiter.

—The following is the program of the Commencement Exercises:

Friday evening, April 28th, at 7:30, Websterian Contest.

Saturday evening, April 29th, at 7:30, Henry Clay Contest.

Saturday evening, May 6th, at 7:30, Lecture.

Sunday morning, May 7th, at 11:00, Baccalaureate Sermon.

Monday evening, May 8th, at 7:30, Alumni Address.

Tuesday morning, May 9th, at 10:00, Commencement Exercises and Address.

Tuesday afternoon, May 9th, at 3:00, Base Ball—Guilford vs. Alumni.

Tuesday evening, May 9th, at 9:00, Alumni Reception.

The lecture Saturday night, May 6th, will be given by Prof. Ormand Stone, director of the astronomical observatory on Mt. Jefferson at the University of Virginia. The lecture will be on some phase of science. All the commencement exercises will be held in Memorial Hall.

The Baccalaureate sermon will be delivered by Rev. J. W. Stagg, D. D., pastor of the First Presbyterian church of Charlotte. The Alumni address will be given by Frank B. Benbow, of the class of '91. Rev. Rufus M. Jones, of Haverford College, Pa., will give the Baccalaureate address. Mr. Jones is the editor of the *American Friend*, and is a speaker and scholar of high rank.

## PERSONALS.

Charles Kirkman is in business at Winston, N. C.

Ida Taylor is visiting her brother at Porca, Oklahoma.

Joseph Hare is a successful farmer near Box Elder, Va.

Rosa Cude was recently married to Mr. Charles Robinson.

Alice Wakefield and Charles Stewart were recently married.

H. Sinclair Williams, '95, is studying law at Wake Forest College.

Herbert Peele, a former student, is farming near Rich Square, N. C.

Fannie Vuncannon has just closed a successful school at Ridges, N. C.

Lizzie Hodgkin is now at her home, having lately closed her school.

Lellie Tiller was married April 4 to Mr. Kelly, of Richmond, Virginia.

Mary Saunders is an assistant teacher at the Academy of Woodland, N. C.

Charles T. Outland, who was a student in '85-6, is farming near Woodland, N. C.

Joseph Lee is in the insurance business, and has his headquarters in Augusta, Ga.

We regret to learn of the death of Low O. Moore, which occurred at Goldsboro on March 24.

Miriam Copeland was married some time ago to James Lane, and lives in Perquimons county.

Mary Lane has lately closed a successful school in Perquimans county, and is now at her home in Hertford.

Caro Richardson has lately returned from a visit to relatives in South Carolina to her home near Jamestown.

Dora Spencer, who was a student during the past year, was recently married to Mr. Lassiter, of Farmers, N. C.

William Cook and Isa Woodley, both well known students of Guilford, were married March 15, at the home of the bride in Charlotte. They are now living at Pomona.

## EXCHANGES.

There seems to be a growing tendency among several of our exchanges to confine themselves more and more to matters of purely local interest. Without doubt the chronicling of the happenings around the college and the keeping in touch with the old students is one of the very desirable aims of college journalism. But to make this news the whole substance of the paper is running a good thing a little too far. No college magazine can be a real success unless it strives to stimulate the literary talent of the students in the institution, which it represents. This should be the chief aim of college journalism and a college paper, and the magazine which neglects this most important factor in its development fails just that much in its duty to itself, to the institution and to the student. Such magazines are *The Westonian* and *The Phoenix*, both are neat examples of the printer's art, and to the students and alumni of their respective institutions, cannot fail to be of interest, but there is not a single article in either which at all represents the student's ability to write. Of course we do not know the purposes for which these papers were founded; they may be a perfect success in their line, but if they were founded to be specimens of up-to-date college journalism, they certainly fail in their purpose.

The March number of *The Central Collegian* lies before us. On the first page is found Kipling's poem "The White Man's Burden," and Labouchere's Parody on the same. We cannot but be of the opinion that Labouchere expresses the truth of the matter much more than Kipling, whom he calls "Imperialism's Prop." We also found several good literary productions. "E pluribus Unum" is a very thoughtful oration on the duties and destiny of America. A sketch of the life and works of England's most cherished poet is presented in a most able manner. The writer gives a very good idea of Tennyson's poetry and rank in one paragraph:

"Much has been written concerning Tennyson's poetry, and many reasons have been assigned for his popularity, both at home and abroad. No doubt every one has seen at some time an eulogium which justly gives to Tennyson a place in the front ranks of poets of all ages. He is not as lofty as Byron, not as impassioned as Shelley or Keats; not as weird and fantastical as Coleridge; not



as enigmatical as Browning, yet his poetry—pure, artless, easily understood, never rising to the heights of the sublime, yet never falling to the level of the commonplace—has found its way into the heart of every Englishman and American. And as long as the standard of popular taste is pure and elevated, so long will Tennyson be admired and loved.”

“Komical Kollege Kavortings” take a little too much space, we are inclined to think. The exchange department is far above the average. In fact the *Collegian* is one of the best papers coming to our desk. We have however one suggestion to offer, print your magazine on better paper. A shoddy paper does more to spoil the appearance of a magazine than poor typography.

Again we welcome the *Purple and Gold* to our desk. Again we find no verse, but feel somewhat compensated after reading the articles contained, “For Humanity,” and “Opurtunities,” both well written essays. Again we find the Editorials brief and to the point, and this time we found an Exchange Department, a welcome, and we might also say, a necessary addition to any College Magazine. From the editorials we clip the following which speaks for itself:

“Clara Barton on being asked how she was able to stand her work, replied—‘Economy—I don’t putter.’ That is what is the matter with half the people to-day—the reason that no more is accomplished; there is too much puttering. If a lesson is to be learned, learn it thoroughly but in the shortest possible time. Use all the energy of your brain and then rest. Save your strength. Don’t worry. The power to concentrate the mind intently upon one subject and to keep it there until the task is accomplished is a great one, but equally great is the power to put away thoughts of work at the proper time. Total relaxation is necessary for perfect physical and mental health. Few people take enough sleep; this is required for good work. Remember the old adage, “work while you work and play while you play” and there will be fewer failures in examinations, and fewer persons leaving college wrecked in health.

“A Hero of Two Wars,” in the *Normal Monitor*, is an article which should be read by every student who loves America and American Heroes.

We have seldom seen a story better told than “The School Master of the Slums,” in the *Silver and Gold*. It has a lesson of

life in it which we all should learn—not to judge a person by clothes and surroundings.

Some very good sketches may be found in the *Haverfordian* for March. "Two Dogs" and "The Shadow," are particularly good, while all of the other well worth reading. "When I Was Young" is a very charmingly written reminiscence of childhood days.

"A Cat Tail," "For Old Glory," and "The Last Lowry," are three well written stories in the *Latin and High School Review*. Some of the "Witty Words" are not as witty as they are intended to be. Some of them read like Adams first efforts.

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GREENSBORO, N. C.

# The Guilford Collegian.

VOL. XI.

MAY, 1899.

No. 9.

## THE FRAMING OF OUR CONSTITUTION.

ALVIN S. PARKER, '01.

As a great mountain suddenly rising from an extensive plain stands prominently forth as monarch of the hills, so stood the great question of constructing a government for the United States above all other great questions of the 18th century.

But Carlyle says it is a century that has nothing grand in it except that great universal suicide, the French Revolution. Viewed however in the light which has been thrown around it by history, no century has been characterized by more important events, by more exploits of military genius, by profounder speculations in philosophy, by higher triumphs of the intellect in the practical sciences, by more splendid display of the power of eloquence, or more astonishing improvements in the science of government.

While these memorable events followed each other in quick succession in the old world and the actors were performing their parts with such admiration, the New World was undergoing labors, the influence of which must be felt through all succeeding ages.

It was between the years 1763 and 1775 when arguments ceased and the appeal to arms was made, that the great debate on England's rights to tax America waxed warmest—a debate that enlisted more of the fire of eloquence than any to which the world had ever before listened.

This discussion ended in the American Revolution, when the thirteen colonies proclaimed "We are free and independent," the utterance of which threw the American people into a struggle unparalleled in history.

It was not a question of a day, of an epoch, of our continent or hemisphere; but it was a question in which were involved the rights and happiness of ages to come and the destiny of the civilized world.

The downfall of the British possessions in America and the acquisition of that vast region between the Alleghany Mountains and the Mississippi river was a prelude to the coming greatness of this country.

The immortal victory of Washington and the peace of Paris that struck these vast territories from the diadem of England broke the fetters that bound the British colonies in America and thus made possible the present greatness of the United States.

After the close of the revolutionary war and the foreign foe had been driven from the field and there was no longer any European power trying to take away their liberties, the spirit of the American people for a centralized government became very weak and between 1782 and 1788 was a period of internal strife and political disunion. Commerce was at a standstill. England was jealous of the rising commercial power of the United States and passed a law that no goods should be shipped from the West Indies to the Colonies except on British vessels.

The New England States as an act of retaliation said that no British ships could carry goods away from their ports, and levied a four-fold duty on all that brought goods in. The different States themselves were pitted against each other.

No sooner had three of the New England States closed their ports to British ships than Connecticut threw hers wide open and followed by laying duties on imports from Massachusetts.

Pennsylvania discriminated against Delaware. New York, New Jersey, and Rhode Island were fighting each other as were the Southern States. Besides these commercial troubles were the disputes over territory.

Pennsylvania was almost at war with Connecticut over the valley of the Wyoming, as were New York, New Hampshire, and Vermont, over Green Mountains and the territory along the Connecticut river.

Our foreign ministers were kept from making treaties with other nations by such disunion. They were told that a government that was one to-day and thirteen to-morrow could not keep an agreement with another nation.

To add to all this was the money panic which would naturally come with such disorder. There was no regularity about coinage. Different States coined money and set it up as a legal tender and they also issued paper money which rapidly fell in value. This



great variety of monies and no certain one as a legal tender caused great confusion in prices.

This was the state of things when in 1787 commissioners from the thirteen States met in Philadelphia to frame a more uniform and stable government for the country.

This great assembly grew out of the invitation of Virginia to Maryland to elect delegates to meet and decide on some plan of navigation on the Potomac river, afterwards Pennsylvania was called in, then they decided if three States could agree thirteen could, so invitations were sent to the rest of the States to send delegates, and for four long months in the midst of summer these delegates struggled over the great task that was before them.

The members of this assembly were of many political opinions and represented sections far different from each other in commercial and social life. One of the first questions to come up was the representation each State should have in the Senate and House of Representatives. The small States wanted an equal representation in the central government, but the large states said that it was not just for a state with a small population to have as much power as one with twice the number of inhabitants. Thus they wrangled until the convention was on the verge of breaking up, when a compromise was brought forward that resulted in our present system of representation.

The next great question to come up was that of slavery. The Southern States insisted that slaves were a part of the population and as such should be counted in the basis of representation, which would of course give the south more representatives than she would otherwise have.

The North claimed that slaves were not to be counted any more than any other kind of property. Thus feeling was worked up to intense heat. South Carolina said she would have nothing more to do with the convention, but at this critical moment a compromise was again brought forward that settled the matter satisfactorily.

It was agreed that in counting population whether for taxation or representation in the lower House of Representatives that 5 slaves should be equal to three individuals. Thus the second great crisis was passed.

Other questions were the abolition of the slave trade and the power of the Federal government over commerce. All the states except South Carolina and Georgia wished to stop the importation

of slaves. These states on account of their rice and indigo industries did not want the slave trade stopped and informed the convention that they would consider a vote to pass such a law as a polite way of telling them they were not wanted in the Union.

On the other hand the New England states made up their minds that it would not do for each state to regulate commerce according to its own will any longer, but none of the Southern States were in favor of granting this power to congress. They were afraid that the North would get all the commerce in their hands and charge high rates on the Southern produce, but here again came in another compromise. The New England states consented to prolong the slave trade for twenty years and South Carolina and Georgia agreed to a law allowing congress the power over commerce, and thus it is that our constitution from beginning to end is a system of compromises.

Never before had an assembly come together to consider such an important question. It was a question that was to determine the destiny of a great republic. Neither Greece nor Rome nor any of the great states of modern Europe had ever encountered just such an issue.

Imagine the emotion of the Athenians, when under the thunders of Demosthenes they realized for the first time that Phillip with his victorious army was at their gates. Of Rome when her matrons were sent out to appease the wrath and avert the vengeance of Carthage.

Realize if you can the throbbings of the mighty heart of Europe while that dreadful battle of Tours was raging, on which field Charles Martel rescued Christendom from the yoke of Mohammedanism and you have a fair conception of the anxiety, the suspense, the intrepid resolution, that swayed the minds of men as that great and memorable debate progressed.

The outcome of this discussion was the constitution of the United States which is, as the renowned Gladstone has said, "The most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man."

Never before in the world's history had such an array of talent assembled.

There were Washington and Franklin, Hamilton and Madison, Morris and Rutledge, Elsworth and Roger Sherman. These men have left the stage of action and their eloquence is no longer heard,

yet their influence and noble deeds still live, growing on to more perfect maturity for generations to come.

When the monuments that mark their resting places shall have crumbled into dust, their voices will still speak more powerfully than the dramatic eloquence of the policy-loving debators of Congress to-day.

They were eloquent in defense of the right as they poured forth the sentiments of honest hearts for the good of their country. So in the wake of duty, pleasures followed which they loved or death came to relieve them from their labors.

Their achievements are inseparably connected with the maintenance of a great empire, and the fortunes of a great people.

So long as history is read or studied, so long will they stand as the master-builders of a great republic, and so long as the union of the states endures or holds a place in history, so long will their names be honored and remembered and their stately eloquence find an echo in the hearts of their countrymen.

## MEN I HAVE SEEN.

"BILL WILSON."

"Show me a New Woman and I will show you an old maid, or one who would have been if she hadn't popped the question."

It is my intention in this—the last of my series of articles—to consider as calmly as possible the newest type of "Men I Have Seen;" that particular portion of humanity which is now engaging so much of our attention, both through the press, through the platform and even in our homes—or our neighbors'—

### THE NEW WOMAN.

To some of my readers it may seem as though the New Woman was a subject scarcely fit to be included among "Men I Have Seen," but—poor things—they strive so hard to be men and imitate men's ways that it would be a pity not to give them the benefit of the doubt if they want it. They are welcome to it, I am sure.

I have seen quite a good deal of her lately. And she is always the same—always striving to be a man. She is generally an old maid\*, who has failed in all her attempts to get married, and becom-

\*If I unintentionally tread on any one's toes, he or she must remember that I am speaking of the rule rather than the exception. Of course, you are one of the exceptions, and can readily forgive my reference to the rule.

ing discontented with the woman's lot (waiting till the question is popped), she has taken it upon herself to become a man and not wait for Leap Year. She always wears a manish looking coat, collar and all accoutrements, and a pair of bloomers. She generally wears a derby or a beaver, and rides a wheel whenever she can. She takes the platform eloquently and fervently appeals for the "emancipation of the sex†," harrangues on the mean and degrading bondage in which her sex is kept by the lords of creation—man,\* and with tears in her eyes beseeches her audience—a score or two of old maids and a bevy of 16-year-old school girls and a couple of "mothers-in-law"—to rise and free themselves from their cruel oppressors. Don't she and those mothers-in-law know that a mother-in-law (again I am speaking of the rule, so this does not apply to you) is the cruelest oppressor on the face of the earth? If she doesn't, it is only necessary for her to subpœna a son-in-law or two for a witness and let them testify. She would then cease her harrangues for the "emancipation of the sex" and become the most earnest advocates for the emancipation of sons-in-law. O! when will men rise in their might and show their mothers-in-law that they will be free!

She shows them the immense wrongs they are enduring by not being allowed to visit the polls and cast their ballots for the cessation of their wrongs. She beseeches them to become free; to maintain their rights; to stand up for their colors and to don a mustache and a pair of bloomers.

I have seen her playing base ball, and she is a dandy. I have seen her play foot ball and scorch on the Avenue, but I have never seen her hunt for a collar button she has dropped at the critical moment. I would like to see her do that. I would like to see the sweat pour from her disheveled hair and face flushed with excitement. I would like to hear the torrent of words which would accompany her most ably directed and unsuccessful attempt. I would like to see her and hear her then, because I have been there myself and could sympathize with her and also give her a point or two on the appropriate words. I would also like to see her, because it would be balm to my inflicted pride and would soothe and pacify my conscience to see her supreme and womanly efforts.

I could learn to love a parrot, when he was dead, but a New

†I have never been able to make *emancipation* as here referred to, mean anything but *license*. License to vote at the polls, to become "ward heelers" and city "bosses," and make themselves odious to men and all self-respecting women.



Woman—never. I do not say this because I am prejudiced against her, but because I have seen enough of her to know her. I know she's a failure as a man, and have my doubts about her success as a woman.

She possesses none of the manly qualities we admire, nor the womanly ones which we adore. She cultivates that which is worse in her. Her love for show, for conspicuousness and boldness are given full swing and win for her the ill-concealed contempt of both sexes. She is despised by the men and hated by the women. How her life can be pleasant is difficult to imagine. It may be because there is so many of her.

If she can find any comfort in her life—any real pleasure—let her enjoy it. She can live but once, and may not enjoy—eternity. If she likes to wear bloomers, all right—there is lots of cloth in the world yet. If she wants to go to the polls, all right—put some up for her and let her vote on the fashions. She can hurt no one but herself then.

It is fortunate for America that there is not more of her. There are too many now. How many homes have been destroyed, how many lives have been blighted by her hands! Who can be a good wife and preacher of the gospel of Women's Rights? Who can be a good mother and member of countless itinerant clubs?

Woman's Rights! Woman's Rights! You may talk of Woman's Rights forever, but until the time when self-respecting men and women are a great deal scarcer on the earth than they are now, no higher "Woman's Rights" will be desired by man or woman than the right to rule in a Godly home. This is all that man desires and all that God has given.

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## A NIGHT'S EXPERIENCE.

(Concluded.)

'99.

"Fellows," said Smith, the shortest of the Freshmen, "we came around a long way to get here, and it's getting late; suppose we take the short cut through the woods back of Edgerton's." At first some of the Sophs dissented, but when the Freshmen urged that they get home as quickly as possible and relate their experience,



they finally consented, though not without the protests of some. Once started on the road through the wood, however, things went along smoothly, and they seemed to be taking a direct cut in the direction of Guilford. Smith and his two classmates were leading the way. By this time things were pretty dark, and it was hard to distinguish anything among the tall trees. Their companions kept close to the Freshmen, who soon came to a cross-roads and shrewdly turned to the left. Had the unsuspecting Sophs only known it, they were now being led toward Friendship, several miles from Guilford!

When the leaders feared to go any nearer to this town lest the lights be seen and their position realized, they again shifted to the left and carried the crowd around in a circle. Soon they were completely lost and were unable in the darkness of the night to discern north from south. They found out too late that they had been caught in a trap, and that their hope of a safe return to Guilford that night lay in their keeping close to the Freshmen. These, however, showed no disposition to remain with them, and before long broke into a lively run.

Across the country, in the dark, over fence and branch, they were led a merry race for about four miles. Some of the company were now beginning to lag behind and were almost despairing of keeping up, when they suddenly emerged from the woods and came upon a quiet farmhouse. Here the Freshmen halted at a well, when all were glad to get some water.

During the few minutes' rest allowed them, the Sophs were tempted to heap abuse upon their unfaithful guides. They knew, though, that this would not do, for Rainey struck a match and saw by his watch that it was now after twelve o'clock, and they were eager to get back home. The Freshmen, moreover, knew just where they were, and if they were offended would keep them out all night.

When the Freshmen had left 'Simmon Grove it was their intention to turn the Sophs around in the woods, and when they had lost them to escape themselves and leave the unfortunate ones out all night. When, then, it became impossible to separate themselves from the crowd, they decided to make a large circuit by means of a cross-country run, always keeping Guilford far to the right, and at last approach Founders' Hall directly from the rear. This plan they had immediately begun to execute and were at this time about half way around to their goal. Little did the tired Sophs think that

there was yet five miles of weary road for them to travel that night!

When the company had been seated only a short while and were talking in loud voices, an upstairs window quietly opened and gun, man's head, and lamp made their appearance at the same time. In an instant the Freshmen had darted around the house through the orchard and out into the road. The Sophs were close behind them.

After a steady run of about one mile, the Freshmen complained that they were tired and suggested that they lie down under some trees on the side of the road. When the leaders did this, there was nothing left for the rest but to comply, and soon two tired Sophomores were fast asleep and snoring loudly. When all became very quiet, the Freshmen stealthily tried to make their escape, but the Sophs were not to be deceived another time. Quick as a flash they were all up again and off at the heels of their guides.

After alternate walking and running, they at length arrived at a school house in the midst of a dark grove. Here they all sat down to rest once more. By this time the Sophs could contain themselves no longer. Another glance at the watch told them that it was half-past one. They decided that this must be their last stop. Seizing the Freshmen by their collars, they demanded the way home, and threatened to give them a sound thrashing. Tired out themselves, the Freshmen were ready to comply with this demand, and Smith said: "Well, boys, this place is New Salem, and we are just three miles from Guilford and a good bed. We'll take you home now if you'll follow us."

Accordingly they struck out for the road and started on their last tramp toward home. Pretty soon the way became familiar, and all knew just where they were and that they were going straight in. But imagine their surprise when they at the same time realized that they were approaching from the opposite side that they expected! They were now filing through the orchard and arrived at Founders' just fifteen minutes of three in the morning. 'Twas a company of weary young men who soon passed over to Archdale Hall to snatch about two hours of sleep before breakfast.

## THE GUILFORD COLLEGIAN.

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## EDITORS.

*Websterian.*

J. W. LEWIS, '99.

*Locals.*

R. C. WILLIS, '01.

W. W. ALLEN, '99.

*Henry Clay.*

E. K. STONE, '00.

*Exchanges.*

C. D. COWLES, JR., '00.

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R. N. KING, '01.

*Philagorean.*

OCIA REDDING, '01.

*Personals.*

EMMA KING, '01.

ANNIE K. BLAIR, '00.

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MAY, 1899.

With this issue the 11th volume of the GUILFORD COLLEGIAN comes to a close. It is not what it should have been, nor what it could have been had it received any support whatever from the students. We have striven to make it the best possible and have succeeded fairly well under the circumstances. We have received no encouragement whatever from the source we expected it, but lots of discouragement. We expected to be cheered along our course by the efforts and words of encouragement from our fellow-students and the faculty. We have received only criticisms for our most arduous efforts. We did not expect to steer our craft so skillfully that we would not merit criticism, but we did expect to receive it in a charitable spirit.

If we might be allowed to judge from the comments of our exchanges the GUILFORD COLLEGIAN has not been altogether without merit, even if our critics, who by the way read the COLLEGIAN over their roommates shoulder, have been unable to find such. We are painfully aware of the numerous defects to be found in the COLLEGIAN. We have not exactly liked every article we have printed, and in nine cases out of ten predicted the very criticisms which were

offered. We have printed them not because we looked upon them as perfect, but because nothing better was offered.

It is no easy matter to fill from 12 to 15 pages with choice literary productions every issue, when none are handed in by the students and when some have been hurriedly written by members of the staff it should be no occasion for surprise that they were somewhat loosely constructed.

But we are not complaining. We have had as good fortune as our predecessors. We can now understand their eloquent appeals for student support. We have seen how absolutely indispensable this is for the management and editing an up-to-date college journal. And we predict that if the students and the patrons of the COLLEGIAN do not arouse themselves in this matter in a few years there will be no COLLEGIAN for them to criticise.

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#### WEBSTERIAN CONTEST.

On Friday night April 28th, at 8 p. m., the Websterian Literary Society held its annual Oratorical Contest in Memorial Hall. The auditorium was well filled with an attentive and appreciative audience. The decorations were simple but very tastefully arranged. The Society's three valuable portraits helped to make the entire effect more pleasing. While the busy marshals were seating the assemblage Brockmann's Orchestra of Greensboro rendered several pieces of music.

As the next exercise on the program the president, J. W. Lewis, addressed a few words of welcome to those present.

The six orations then delivered showed that they had been carefully prepared and were the result of hard and persistent training. The conduct of speakers upon the stage was especially noticeable and the ease with which they delivered their productions spoke well for the Society which they represented. As the average length of the orations seemed comparatively short and the selections from the Orchestra excellent, the weariness generally attending such exercises was completely removed and the many expressions of satisfaction and appreciation served to show that the entire evening was enjoyed by all. To express it in a few words it was decidedly one of the most successful contests ever given by the Websterian Society.

The speakers of the evening with their various subjects were as follows:

## MUSIC.

1. Character the Basis of True Success.....K. E. Hendricks
2. A National Shadow.....R. C. Willis
3. An Uncrowned Hero.....C. M. Short

## MUSIC.

4. America's Colonial Power.....T. B. Hinton
5. Labor Advantages in the United States.....H. C. Taylor
6. A Plea for Arbitration . . . . .C. O. Meredith

## MUSIC.

The judges of the contest were Mr. W. P. Ragan, Mr. N. E. Pepper and President L. L. Hobbs. It was indeed an unenvied task which was imposed upon these gentlemen in deciding who was the successful contestant. After careful consideration, however, it was at length agreed that the honors of the evening were to be conferred upon Mr. T. B. Hinton. When this announcement was made to an eagerly expectant audience a kindly cheer greeted the winner. In a few well chosen and appropriate remarks Professor J. O. Redding delivered to "Tom" the Orator's prize which was a Webster's International Dictionary and stand. The gold medal given for the most improvement in debate during the year was awarded to Chas. W. Davis. This medal was delivered by Mr. W. P. Ragan in his characteristic and impressive manner.

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**THE HENRY CLAY ORATORICAL CONTEST.**

One of the most successful contests ever held at Guilford was given Saturday night, April 29th, by the Henry Clay Literary Society. On that night six well known and close competing orators were to contest for the medal, and accordingly a large audience began to file in at 7:30 o'clock to witness the struggle.

The stage, handsomely and tastefully decorated in the "Royal Purple and White," the luxurious palms, the pride of Pomona, and the fragrance of rare flowers combined to assuage the impatience of the assembly for the contest to begin.

Promptly at 8 o'clock President C. D. Cowles welcomed the audience to the thirteenth oratorical contest of the Henry Clay Literary Society, and Fred Watson held his auditors entranced at the touch of his bow. The three orations, "Our Poet," "The Basis of our Con-



stitutional Rights" and "The Framing of Our Constitution," were of the finest. Each in turn held the complete attention of the audience, and a pin might have been heard to drop as each speaker eloquently and irresistably built up logic on logic, facts and facts.

After listening to "A Dream," a solo charmingly rendered by Miss Antoinette Glenn, the audience were again ready to listen to an orator's eloquence, and accordingly a masterly oration on "William Ewart Gladstone" was delivered. "Benedict Arnold" and "The Unsolved Problem" were worthy of highest commendation and reflect great credit upon the speakers.

While the audience was listening to the sweet tunes of the "Clay Quartette" the judges were striving to make a decision. This they finally did, and President McIver, of the State Normal, ably delivered the medal to the winner, Mr. Alvin S. Parker. Cheer upon cheer greeted this announcement, and all in the audience thought that he had indeed fairly won it.

The entire programme is printed below:

#### HENRY CLAY PROGRAMME.

1. Violin Solo--Cavatina, *Raff*.....Fred. O. Watson
2. Oration--Our Poet.....Rush Ninde King
3. Oration--The Basis of Our Constitutional Rights.....Lacy L. Barbee
4. Oration--The Framing of Our Constitution.....Alvin S. Parker
5. Solo--A Dream, *Barlet*.....Miss Antoinette Glenn
6. Oration--William Ewart Gladstone .....Newton F. Farlow
7. Oration--Benedict Arnold .....J. Leslie Cartland
8. Oration--The Unsolved Problem.....J. Wilson Carrell
9. Quartette--Selected.....Cowles, Parker, Cartland, Watson
10. Delivery of Orator's Medal .....President Charles D. McIver
11. Delivery of Improvement Medal.....Hon. A. M. Scales

Mr. Parker's oration may be found on another page; and we wish we had space to give a slight reproduction of all. The medal for the most improvement in debate during the year was presented to W. F. Hollowell by the Hon. A. M. Scales in an eloquent speech.

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#### PROFESSOR STONE'S LECTURE.

On Saturday evening Prof. Ormond Stone, director of the observatory at the University of Virginia, delivered a very comprehensive lecture in Memorial Hall on astronomy, more especially in the

light of recent discoveries. He began by saying that the subject of astronomy is not as intangible as many believe and that a knowledge of astronomy is of much practical value to every one and that no other science tended to broaden the conceptions of man more than the study of this much neglected one. The speaker hurriedly reviewed the knowledge of the subject as held by the astronomers of ancient and mediæval times and dwelt especially on the progress made in the science during the present century, because the strides made during this time have been phenomenal. The lecturer took in the whole celestial sphere, beginning with the sun as the centre of our system and working out to the stars and beyond. A brief description was given of the sun, and other planets, their distance, shape, size, atmosphere, and composition, also the asteroids, meteors, comets and stars and an explanation of the apparent and real movements of the heavenly bodies.

The subject very naturally called attention to the instruments used in the study of astronomy. The two important ones are the telescope and the spectroscope. Gallilei's instrument was described and the development followed up to the present time; special mention being made of the most noted telescope in use to-day. While the instruments we have are seemingly perfect they still fail to tell us but very little of what is beyond our own small world. The spectroscope is that instrument by which the composition of the distant bodies is determined by the light which is analyzed by its means. The lecturer said that America leads the world to-day in the size of observatories and the quality of instruments used in astronomical research, and that while the progress made during the past one hundred years has been remarkable and that while there are yet many unsolved problems, we know not what the next hundred years may produce, and we may expect things to be brought to light which are now as obscure as many present known facts were a few years since.

The lecture was given in such simple language and terms that no one could help but understand, and really at the end all had a very comprehensive idea of this universe of which our little world is but a small part, of its immensity and complexity yet its orderly arrangement; and this alone is enough to prove the existance of a higher power.

## BACCALAUREATE SERMON.

On Sunday morning, May 7th, at 11 o'clock, Rev. J. W. Stagg, D. D., of Charlotte, preached the annual Commencement sermon. As the subject of his discourse he took the last verses of the 25th chapter of Genesis, especially the 31st verse,—And Jacob said, Sell me this day thy birthright. In a strong and impressive manner the differences in the characters of Jacob and Esau were clearly shown. By an original method of treatment these men were held as representatives of the two classes of characters which we find in every-day life. From the lives of these two men the law was established that "a man is just as strong as the things he can do without." Jacob could do without everything except Esau's birthright, but in that he seemed to see the prospects of his future life.

Had the speaker desired it, he could not have selected a topic which was better suited to the audience whom he addressed. Some truths were learned that morning which we trust will be beneficial to many of his hearers through life.

It was hoped that the COLLEGIAN would be able to print the entire discourse in full, but limited space prevents its issue in this number. In some of next term's editions, however, we hope to favor our readers with this simple but powerful sermon.

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COMMENCEMENT.

## GRADUATING EXERCISES.

"No Commencement without hard rains," was a saying that we had almost come to believe as true. May 9th of this year, however, proved to be a glorious exception to this rule. A more perfect day could hardly have been desired. Very early in the morning buggies and carriages began to arrive, and before long the whole campus seemed alive. Guilford had on her best appearance. 'Twould be difficult to find a place more naturally beautiful than the grounds of the college that morning. Nature seemed to have lent her aid and the trees had burst forth with all their splendor. The number of vehicles around the edges of the campus plainly told that the attendance would be full.

By ten o'clock a large and impatient assembly had collected in the auditorium in Memorial Hall, and were eagerly awaiting the

exercises of the day. For a few minutes, however, the audience was left to admire the artistic decorations of the stage, while the half dozen marshals were busily employed in seating those constantly arriving.

When all had become quiet, the Board of Trustees took their seats upon the rostrum, followed by President Hobbs and the members of the graduating class. As the Seniors were seated hearty applause greeted them.

In his characteristic and pleasing manner President Hobbs made the audience feel welcome, and expressed his pleasure in having Rufus Jones conduct the devotional exercises. After this came the selection given by the chorus class. This song was well rendered and was apparently enjoyed by its hearers.

The next forty minutes were occupied with the orations of the Senior Class. An attentive and appreciative audience listened while J. W. Lewis, as the first speaker, delivered an oration, the subject of which was "The Virginia Colony." Graphically the speaker traced the part which Virginia took and the influence she exerted in the making and preservation of the Union. The debt of gratitude which we owe to the noble spirit found in that representative Southern colony was clearly portrayed.

Elizabeth White Coffin next read an essay upon "England's Colonial Policy." In an interesting and pleasing way she treated of the beginning and process of development of England's relation with her colonies and of the great benefits which they derive from her power of civilization.

"Tennyson's Influence on Religious Thought" was the subject of the last oration, delivered by W. W. Allen, Jr. The purpose of this oration seemed to be to trace the deep religious life and spiritual feelings which underlay his poetry, and to show that "his poems expressed the principles at the foundation of his faith."

These productions showed deep study and research. Each one was a credit to the speaker, who delivered them in an easy and graceful manner.

As the next exercise on the programme, the quartette of young men rendered a very pleasing selection. The diplomas were then awarded and degrees conferred by the President. Although the class is the smallest in the history of the college, President Hobbs spoke in a very kind and appreciative way of the work accomplished and the high stand taken by the class. It is to be doubted if a

class has ever left college which is more representative of what Guilford is to the student. After the degree of Bachelor of Arts had been conferred upon each member of the class, it was announced that the Bryn Mawr scholarship had been awarded to Elizabeth White Coffin, the Haverford scholarship to W. W. Allen, Jr., and the Guilford scholarship for the Freshman year to Muriel Lowe.

The President then addressed a few words of appreciation and encouragement to the graduating class. The members of the class will not soon forget the kindly manner in which he spoke of their efforts and attainments and of the bright future that was predicted for them.

A notice of the Baccalaureate address which followed is given in another place. At the conclusion the audience was dismissed. And thus ended one of the most successful Commencements that Guilford has ever held.

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#### BACCALAUREATE ADDRESS.

On commencement morning when President Hobbs introduced Rufus M. Jones, of Haverford College, Pa., as the orator of the day nearly every person in the audience was anticipating a rare treat. They knew that the speaker had come all the way from Philadelphia for the special purpose of delivering this address and consequently were justified in their expectations. In these they were not disappointed. The masterly address which was delivered claimed the close attention of his listeners for one hour. To hear this address was but to appreciate it. The subject was religious but such an one as members of any denomination might thoroughly enjoy.

In the opening exercises, in the few remarks by President Hobbs, and in the oration on "Tennyson's influence on Religious Thought," the principle theme seemed to be "Immortal Life." All this accorded naturally and easily with Rufus Jones' entire address. He seemed to take up this thread where it had been dropped and carry it through to its fuller development. It would be safe to say that in the large and intelligent audience which filled the auditorium on that day there was not one who failed to enjoy and appreciate the Baccalaureate Address.

It was "without doubt one of the most helpful and edifying addresses ever made at Guilford. It was a powerful presentation of



the fundamental principles of Christianity, and a clear setting forth of the appeal which the gospel makes not only to reason but to the whole man. The address will remain in the minds of all who heard it as the outflowing of a mind and heart aglow with love to God and man."

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#### THE ALUMNI RECEPTION.

On Tuesday evening of commencement day at 9 o'clock the Alumni Reception took place. Quite a number of invited guests were present and the elegant refreshments were enjoyed to the fullest extent. Miss Antoinette Glenn sang a beautiful solo and also rendered some instrumental music. After the social part of the evening responses were made by some of the guests and members of the different classes present at the business meeting held after the reception, Mary E. M. Davis was chosen President, H. C. Hackney, Secretary; A. W. Blair, Treasurer, of the Alumni Association. E. E. Gillespie was elected to deliver the address next year.

It was decided to establish in place of the Alumni scholarship, which was discontinued last year, a loan fund to be in charge of the Treasurer and three trustees and to be open to number of the Junior and Senior classes only.

## ATHLETICS.

GUILFORD 7; A. &amp; M. 8.

On Saturday April 29th the ball team went down to Greensboro to have a game with our old opponents, the A. & M. Team, of Raleigh. It will be remembered by our readers that Guilford defeated A. & M. in both foot-ball and base-ball last year but this year Guilford has lost in both cases. The team went down in hacks and though minus two regular men they played a good game. The game was interesting from start to finish and at the end of the sixth inning the score was six to four for Guilford but wild throwing lost the game. The final score was 8 to 7 in favor of A. & M. For Guilford the Fox Brothers were the most conspicuous as usual. For A. & M. Persons' pushing was good, though our boys did not fail to found him out for a number of good bits. Mr. H. F. Bennet of Oak Ridge, umpired the game.

## GUILFORD.

Short, l. f.  
 Daniels, 1b.  
 Landreth, 2b.  
 Jim Fox, 3b.  
 John Fox, p.  
 Foust, c.  
 Wilson, c. f.  
 Dalton, s. s.  
 Mendenhall, r. f.

## A. &amp; M.

Dorsett, l. f.  
 Shore, 1b.  
 Caserly, 2b.  
 ———.  
 E. Person, p.  
 Fenner, c.  
 Bonitz, c. f.  
 W. Person, s. s.  
 Ross, r. f.

## LOCALS.

—Commencement!

—Orations! Rain! Music!

—The voice of the orator has been heard in the land.

—Lister Jones came up to the Oak Ridge game on the 19th.

—Miss Rosa Moffitt was at the college Commencement day.

—John H. Jordan of Bennettesville, S. C., came up to attend commencement.

—Charles Cude and Callie Stanley, both old Guilford students, were married April 27.

—Ernest Leach and Barentine left school before examinations on account of home duties.

—His many friends were glad to see Carl W. Ashcraft on the campus during Commencement.

—Rogers and Whitaker left before Commencement to attend the Confederate Reunion in Charleston, S. C.

—Prof. R. N. Wilson will take a special course in chemistry and physics at Cornell University this summer.

—Frank B. Benbow of the class of '91 delivered the Alumni Address on Monday night before commencement.

—Miss Estelle English left school before examinations, and since then her smiling face has been greatly missed.

—Annie Worth and Clara Cox attended the State Christian Endeavor Convention at Salisbury, held April 21-23.

—The Senior class was royally entertained at supper at the home of President Hobbs Friday evening before commencement.

—Have you seen Boyce ride his new wheel? They say that he forgot he had an examination while out riding and had to be sent for.

—In the tennis tournament held the day before commencement John Fox was the winner. The prize given was a gold dollar. Only singles were played.

—The new catalogues were out before commencement and in many respects are an improvement over last year's. The program of recitations is a new feature.

—The Y. M. C. A. Summer Conference committee sold refreshments on the campus commencement day, the proceeds going toward the defraying of the expenses of the delegates to Asheville.

—The Alumni baseball game this year was not as interesting as usual because some of the best players did not make their appearance. Only six innings were played and the college team won by a score of 7 to 2.

—Elizabeth Wilson was very sick during the last week of the term and was so closely confined to her room that she was unable to attend her examinations and was compelled to miss the commencement exercises.

—Recently the Juniors of Greensboro and the Guilford second team met on the diamond at Guilford. Lindsay's pitching proved too much for the Greensboro boys, and they went home defeated by the score of 28 to 17.

—It is with pleasure that we announce to our readers that J. M. Greenfield, Jr., and T. G. Pearson are to represent Guilford at the University this year. To speak there on Commencement Day is considered an honor, and we heartily congratulate these two editors of the COLLEGIAN.

—L. L. Barbee, C. N. Short, J. W. Carrell and L. O. Perkins will be the representatives from our associations to the Y. M. C. A. Summer Conference at Asheville this year. These are strong men in the work at home and next year will make their influence and training felt in the Association.

—The "Hobbs Hollow" base ball team, since their entertainment on the 22d of April, have been in full force on the diamond, winning two games from the Greensboro small boys, the first by a score of 18 to 3 and the second 32 to 0. The Hobbs brothers' battery promises to be a feature of Guilford's future teams.

—On Sunday, April 30th, Rev. Mead A. Kelsey was at the college. In the morning he preached an excellent sermon at the church and at night he spoke very impressively at the regular prayer-meeting. We are always glad to have Mr. Kelsey with us and extend a cordial invitation to come again.

—We have been informed that the Trustees expect to make some expenditures next term in the purchase of additional appa-

ratus for the Laboratory. We are glad to see any improvements, and now that we have room enough, the facilities for a thorough course in Chemistry and Physics seem to be steadily increasing.

—We welcome the new COLLEGIAN staff to their year's work and wish them the success of the lucky. The Websterian Society elected officers as follows: Editor, K. E. Hendricks; associate, R. C. Willis; business manager, T. B. Hinton. The Henry Clays elected E. K. Stone, editor; C. D. Cowles, associate; J. W. Carroll, manager.

—Since our last issue several valuable additions have been made to the college museum. Joseph Moore Dixon, of Montana, presented a mountain lion from the Rocky mountains. The lion is something over seven feet in length, and makes a very formidable appearance on the top of the case. Rev. James R. Jones has also placed on exhibition a number of relics, collected in his European tour last year.

—The attendance at the closing exercise was very large this year and it was especially gratifying to see so many of the alumni present. Some of those whose faces were seen were: A. W. Blair, F. B. Benbow, Walter Grabbs, W. J. Armfield, H. B. Worth, Ruth Blair, Elizabeth Meader, Joseph Blair, V. L. Brown, Lelia Kirkman, E. E. Farlow, David White, J. H. Peele, Laura Worth and Cornelia Roberson.

—The Junior class gave a reception to the seniors on April 18 in West Hall of Founder's. A number of the faculty were also present. Music was beautifully rendered by Miss Antoinette Glenn. Games were played and the successful one, who was Miss Elizabeth Coffin, was presented with a beautiful book of "views around Guilford." After the games were over delightful refreshments were served by ladies of the Junior class, and when all had a sufficiency of good things they departed deeply thankful to the members of the Junior class who had contributed so much to their pleasure during the evening.

—Prizes awarded this year:

Websterian oratorical prize, T. B. Hinton.

Websterian improvement prize, C. W. Davis.

Henry Clay oratorical prize, Alvin S. Parker.

Henry Clay improvement prize, Walter Hollowell.

Guilford scholarship, Muriel Lowe.

Haverford scholarship, W. W. Allen, Jr.

Bryn Mawr scholarship, Elizabeth W. Coffin.



## EXCHANGES.

The Exchange Editor has derived much pleasure from perusing the pages of many of the most up-to-date college journals in the country. He has noticed with much pleasure the steady and sure progress made during the year. He has seen several new craft launched on the sea of journalism and has witnessed them carefully and skillfully steer their craft over the troubled waters. He has found many of the most interesting and well written stories in his life in the pages of his exchanges, stories which make the efforts of some of our professionals seem tame and commonplace. He has found verses whose like he has looked in vain for in the leading papers and magazines of the day. He has seen enough to make him feel that the hope of America is in her college walls, and that there will never be a greater age or a better one than the age which will welcome into the world those who have made their college journals so successful.

We have endeavored to give at least a partial list of the many valuable and artistic magazines which have found their way to our table more or less regularly during the year. We wish to thank the business managers of the various journals for the promptness with which they have mailed their publications. We have found it impossible to make comments of all of the vast qualities of our exchanges, and if any have been apparently neglected we take this means of acknowledging the pleasure we have enjoyed in reading their pages. We mention: *The Haverfordian*, *The Swarthmore Phoenix*, *The Westonian*, *The University Sync*, *The Add Ran Collegian*, *The Purple and Gold*, *The Central Collegian*, *The College Message*, *Pine and Thistle*, *The Wake Forest Student*, *The Trinity Archive*, *The Latin and High School Review*, *The Normal Monitor*, *The Silver and Gold*, *The P. H. S. Journal*, *The Reveille*, *The Georgetown College Journal*, *The Carolina University Magazine*, *The Red and White*, *The Earlhamite*, *The Usurinus College Bulletin*, *The University Courant*, *The Southern Collegian*, *The Buff and Blue*, *The State Normal Magazine*, *The Hiram College Advance*, *The Philomathean Monthly*, *The Central Ray*, *The Davidson College Magazine*, *The Inter-Collegian*, *The Penn Chronicle*, *The Western Maryland College Monthly*, *The Oak Leaf*, *The Oakwood Index*, *The Southern University Monthly*, *The Index* (from Pacific University), *The Hampden-Sidney Magazine*, *The Randolph-Macon*

*Monthly, The Georgian, The Carlton College Gleaner, Cap and Gown, The Mt. St. Joseph Collegian, The Land and Water, The College Athlete, The Carolinian, The Crucible, The Tar Heel, The Crimson and White and The St. Johns Collegian.*

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